

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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MARGARET CULKIN BANNING • ARTHUR TRAIN • FAITH BALDWIN



"I want STYLE" Yes, of course you do! Bathrooms new must be kept new-looking. So Cannon towels have style—more of it per square inch than you'll find elsewhere. For proof, look up the Doepstones, Tropical Towels, matched bath sets and all our other 1934 originals.



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All things to all people ...



"I want VARIETY" There go to the Cannon counter of your own store. You'll find towels made to your order—from big, deep heavy ones that drink water by the quart to fine guest towels as dainty as handkerchiefs. More types, styles, sizes, weights, weaves—new ideas.



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"I want THRIFTY TOWELS" Any Cannon towel is a wise buy, at 25¢ or \$2.50. Since we make more than all the others combined, there's a plus value in each one. And the better the grade, the more you profit—a few extra cents may add many months of wear!



CANNON SHEETS have as many fine points as Cannon towels. They are made of smooth, strong, swan-white cotton—beautifully finished. There's one in any price class, for every bed—and always a top value.... Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.

CANNON TOWELS

EXCEL SIX WAYS

What a FOOL She is!



The TIME SHE SPENDS ARRANGING FLOWERS!...BUT SHE NEVER SEEKS

TO HAVE A MINUTE FOR HER TEETH AND GUMS . . . AND SHE HAS "Pink Tooth Brush"!

This young woman would feel nothing short of disgraced if her guests were to receive a "throw-together" bouquet or some faded blossoms or clash-ing colors!

Yet it has never dawned upon her that dingy teeth detract from her own charm far more than a careless bouquet can detract from the loveliness of her rooms!

It isn't that she doesn't brush her teeth. She does! But she doesn't know that weak, tender gums need attention just as surely as teeth need cleaning.

Dental authorities today are laying more and more emphasis upon massage of the gums. Why? Because today's foods are soft and creamy. They give so little stimulation to the gums that the tissues become flabby. You have probably noticed a certain amount of tenderness where your own gums are concerned. This is a warning. And if your gums actually bleed a little (a condition called "pink tooth brush") — the warning is even clearer.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. Put a little more Ipana

on your brush or fingertip, and massage it lightly into your inactive gums.

Your dentist will tell you why. He will tell you about the zincol in Ipana, which, with massage, aids in strengthening and toning the gums.

Don't neglect your gums! Keep them firm and healthy with Ipana and massage, and you will be in little danger of picking up Vincent's disease and gingivitis and pyorrhœa. Your teeth will be safer. And they will look far more brilliant!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY
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WEAF AND ASSOCIATED H. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
T O O T H P A S T E



BESTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. 5-54

73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE.
Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of
packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

ANNOUNCING . . . 3 new arrivals in the shortcake family

ALL FROM ONE
DIGESTIBLE CRISCO RECIPE

Oh boy, there's not
a crumb left! That
was swell shortcake!

It's one of Winifred Carter's
new CRISCO recipes. I like them
because CRISCO is so digestible.



SUMPTUOUS ORANGE SHORTCAKE

by all means, make it by the digestible Crisco recipe!

2 teaspoons grated
orange rind

6 large juicy oranges

½ cup sugar

cup sugar and 1 tablespoon cornstarch. Add slowly to boiling juice, stirring and cooking until thickened. Remove from heat. Cool until yolks slightly beaten. Cook until creamy. Remove from heat. Cool over cold water. Then add 1 cup cream, 2 cups powdered sugar, 2 egg whites stiff. Fold both whipped cream and cooled sauce. Fold both whipped cream and cooled sauce.

***TRY IT!** Bring your new Winifred Carter's new "Digestible Recipes," 66 tested and carefully illustrated, to Dept. XJ-54, Box 837, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Orange Foen Snu: You should have approximately 1 ½ cups orange juice. To this add ½ cup water. Heat over hot water. Mix ½

Mother, this is even
better than old-fashioned
strawberry shortcake!

Isn't the CRISCO biscuit
good, too? I like
to use shortening
that's quick-digesting.



DOROTHY'S APRICOT CARAMEL SHORTCAKE

"grand妈" and digestible, too!

CARAMEL FILLING:
2 tablespoons Crisco
½ cup light brown
sugar

MAKES DIGESTIBLE CRISCO SHORTCAKE (see
Master Recipe below). Divide dough—pat
out ¼ inch thick into two layers slightly
larger than Crisco pan (use 7" x 7", or
9" x 9" square). Place bottom layer in pan
with Caramel Filling made this way: Mix
fluffy Crisco with sugar and salt—add milks.
Put on top layer. Dampen edges and

crimp together. Bake in hot oven (425° F.)
12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot with

Apricot Cream: Strain cooked apricots
(canned or stewed dried apricots) to make
1 ½ cups pulp. Add 1 cup cream, 1 cup sugar,
stirring, sweetening with 2 tablespoons pow-
dered sugar. Fold apricot pulp into cream.

All Measurements Liquid Recipes based
on U.S. Standard Measures. Home Economics Institute.
Crisco is the registered trademark of
a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

Sis, this orange
shortcake is
simply grand.
Did I see you
making it
with CRISCO?

You, I'm using CRISCO
entirely now, because it's
digestible vegetable fat.



TROPICAL STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

try this new fruit idea with digestible Crisco biscuits!

2 ½ cups crushed
strawberries
¾ cup cold pine-
apple juice
½ cup sugar

MAKES DIGESTIBLE CRISCO SHORTCAKE (see
Master Recipe below) using ½ cup pine-

apple juice for liquid. Wash, hull, crush
strawberries. Add sugar and pineapple.

When shortcake is baked, put fruit between
layers and top. Serve with sweetened
whipped cream (use 1 cup heavy cream
and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar).

Master Recipe for Digestible

CRISCO SHORTCAKE

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking
powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 ½ cups sugar
2 ½ cups milk
2 eggs
2 ½ cups shortening
2 ½ cups flour
½ cup Crisco
½ cup milk, water
or juice

With dry ingredients. Work in Crisco (the
more digestible shortening). Beat egg in
measuring cup, add liquid to all cup measure-
ments full. Add to Crisco mixture. Di-

vide dough. Pat out into rounds to fit
bottom of pan. Place first round in pan with
misted Crisco. Place second round on top.
Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 20 to 25 min-
utes. Separate. Cut in half and serve
between. (Individual Shortcakes: Cut out
biscuits ¼ inch thick. Brush tops of half
with melted Crisco. Put other biscuits on
top. Bake in hot oven, 425° F., 12 minutes.)

CRISCO

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



digests quickly

Eugene Iverd is the Pied Piper of Eric, Pennsylvania. He has only to whistle, and all the school children come running—to have their pictures painted. His recipe for a popular painting is one part sunshine, one part green fields, and one part spirit of childhood, which when well mixed on his palette result in the little girl you have already seen on the cover of this issue.



LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

◎本刊特约评论员 刘晓波：中国的新左派

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ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES—for advertising business only; subscriptions not received—are as follows: Philadelphia, Independence Square; New York, 40 East and State; Chicago, 311 N. Michigan Avenue; Detroit, 3044 W. Grand Boulevard; Cleveland, 925 Euclid Avenue; Boston, Statler Office Building, 30 Providence Street; San Francisco, 1 Montgomery Street.

Margaret Colkin Banning has writing as a vocation, politics as fascination, and the raising of a daughter and a son as her biggest fun in life. Youthful in mind and in appearance, Mrs. Banning's keen insight is reflected in her skillful delineation of the kind of people you'd like to know.

Faith Baldwin says of her series, *Business Women in Love*: "Possibly because I have never been in business I have always been deeply interested in business women and their emotional problems. I happen to have come in contact with women who hold down all sorts of jobs, and so I dug out of my notebook the skeletons of several of their stories and tried to clothe them in flesh and blood."

The Lorimers—Germene and Sarah—are Mr. and Mrs. They have two daughters, neither of whom is Maudie, and a son who is far from Davy in name, in age and in behavior. The Lorimers are young enough to view seventeen with sympathy; old enough to see the humor of wise-cracking as a substitute for conversation. Their second book of Maudie stories will soon be issued.



Cornelia Otis Skinner, famous daughter of a famous actor father, is known as a ditzie, which the dictionary says is feminine of *diseur de bons mots*—a wit. In other words, she is a monologuist, and her characterizations and stories have made her a favorite on the stage and over the air. Her struggle with the encyclopedias is her first appearance in the JOURNAL.

Arthur Train's own experiences as a practicing lawyer and as assistant district attorney of New York County have given him the background for the unusual plots on which he so often bases his interesting stories. His Minerva McCann stories, like his famous stories of Mr. Tutt, are based upon little-known but none-the-less actual court decisions, and he is able to show the authority for them.



Have you **LOST** or **FOUND** the Beauty Secret every Baby knows?

LOST—my nice complexion. I miss it so! This one I'm wearing is dry and a little coarse. It's very unbecoming! I've tried lots of "beauty magic" but all these soaps and creams don't seem to work charms for me. Am enclosing picture of myself and baby. What heavenly skin! (Hers, not mine. She just gets Ivory baths, as the doctor advised.) **TRROUBLED**

Dear Troubled:

We're smitten with your baby. How well

her lovely Ivory complexion shows off her cuddly curves! Which reminds us—*why* did the doctor order Ivory for her baths? Because Ivory is *pure*, and a *pure* soap will not disturb the natural beauty process of even a baby's sensitive skin.

Did you forget all this in the care of *your* complexion? Impure soap is irritating—it tends to coarsen your skin.

You haven't lost that nice complexion, but you'll have to win it back with gentle Ivory

cleansings. Nothing, dear lady, takes the place of a *pure* soap. **PROCTER & GAMBLE**

FOUND—my fresh, clear complexion. My husband loves it! Even the baby patty-cakes my face as if she's proud of me! I owe it all to Ivory! Heavens, how did I come to forget that I'd been brought up on Ivory? No wonder my complexion felt hurt when I tried all those fancy perfumed and colored soaps. I know now that far-fetched beauty promises do *not* make a *pure* soap. **THRILLED**

If you want a baby's clear smooth skin,
use the baby's beauty soap . 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure

IVORY SOAP



**SHE SAID: HAVEN'T DONE A THING TO BE
ASHAMED OF. IT WAS JUST A FLIRTATION. THAT'S**

All There Was to It

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

IT CAN all be put in a sentence—her own sentence. Cilla had done nothing to be ashamed of. Joe was certainly ashamed of himself, and Frances Cummings left the city, and heaven knows what happened to Ralph. But Cilla was right. There was no way of getting further away from the kind of flirtation that happens not only every day but probably every minute, that is made up of boxes of flowers and telephone calls and a curious mushroom intimacy that grows up suddenly and is quite rootless. There were no letters. There had been scarcely a written word between them. And there was no divorce. Cilla wouldn't have dreamed of going to court. She had given Joe a big cube of diamond that Joe had given her from her finger, even when her hand was resting fondly on another man's arm.

There were no letters, no divorce and no tears. For Frances never pitied herself. She had a vast and tearing pity for the world sometimes when she saw the wear of life on people's faces or when gossip or slander took all the air out of a room. She used to have a way of standing at an open window, as if she were some sort of sifter with the outdoors than the indoors. On that last afternoon she stood like that in Cilla's living room, pushing one of the beautiful

casement windows far out on its smooth hinges until Cilla said:

"Frances, you act as if you weren't even listening. Of course I'm sure you do understand. There never was a thing to make a fuss about. But I wanted you to know just how it was, so that there never would be anything between me and Ralph—not really. It was just a friendship."

Frances said, "Friendship." What queer words you use, Cilla!"

On the face of it this is a love story. But that may be only the beginning. Perhaps, if Cilla had been a bit more bold and put it very surely in the right column, it would be a business story, a story of money and industry and the practical considerations that have a way of tapping some people on the shoulder when they step too closely to an emotional abyss, and of pointing out the dangers.

You wouldn't have thought it would be a business story from the time Cilla had been so fascinating, so exciting, that it seemed as if that sort of thing didn't interest her at all. She looked as if she had been cherishing all her life. But that wasn't true. Cilla at eighteen had been just one more

Illustrated by

thin slice off the blond girl beauty of the world, and she'd looked like most of the rest, a little too long of eyelash, a little too bright of hair to be quite convincing. She had to manage her life with two pairs of silk stockings then, and wear the clothes that showed her respects thin. It was at thirty that she had achieved that impression of being very good-looking and single that a man who was tempted by the thought of possessing her might very well grow desperate in the belief that no one so desirable would ever come his way again. Also, she had learned the subtle satisfaction of arousing love and coming through it unspent, unscathed. Not even tired.

Frances Clevings didn't want to be the kind of girl to be implicated in such a very obvious business, either. For she had very little interest in money. You always felt about Frances that she could get along on almost no money and keep her fine unconcern. Of course she had to. She had no job, though she had a talent for being useful. She was always going about in that old beaver coat—the worn polo one—doing something that nobody else had the energy or time to do. She hadn't any money, but she never seemed to care about it. She was a charming, funny, attractive girl. They believed in service to the community, at least they did when they could be hard-working and quiet about it. When it was organized into campaigns and parades, they grew a little shy and people left them out forgottenly.

Frances wasn't brilliant and she wasn't asked everywhere. But if there was a picnic, or if someone had to keep a golf tournament straight and see that there wasn't a lot of squabbling, she was usually those minutes available.

It was at a picnic that she met Ralph Levering. They were out on the shore of the lake, with small fires burning in the crevices of the rocks and black rocks lying like wet seals where the water washed up on them. She had on that yellow chamois jacket that she always wore to picnics, and it was very effective because of its square, boyish cut that went so well with her short, trim, unadorned figure and her profile that was so simple but made no concessions. She made Ralph Levering strong and all cleaned up mentally and at the same time comfortable.

No one was ever afraid that Frances would take advantage of moonlight. Or that she would have attacks of nerves. Or that she would care whether or not a man was making money. She liked Joe Burns immensely, but it wasn't because he was rich. She thought he was a fine man, especially when he gave Ralph a chance to do something with his lazy talents.

The reason why it is a business story is because Joe Burns was back of all that happened, and he was a successful business man. He was responsible for the development of Cilla's beauty. He paid for that as well as for the subtle growth of her fascination for men. He was responsible, too, for Ralph's job. Joe was a man who wanted to have a great tenacity of purpose, not only because it brought things to pass, but because they have seen the gallant way it started and persisted, bravely, insecurely, with all the odds against it. When Joe built his great new factory, when he walked into that fine office of his with its beautifully grained desk and pine-paneled walls, he was not thinking in vanity of bringing himself to such industrial luxury. He felt that he was bringing his business to the setting it deserved, as if it were a wife who had seen him through the struggles and hardships of his early days and was at last rewarded.

HE ALWAYS believed that was true of Cilla too. That kept him humble and grateful. She had a little way of saying "a man of his age" which made Joe feel good. He had never been handsome. He tried to keep himself fit but, though he was very strong, he did not have the kind of physique which displayed his health to advantage. Also, he grew somewhat bald quite early, and Cilla laughed a good deal about the bottle of hair tonic he would keep bringing home and always forget to use after the second day of possession.

Ralph Levering didn't need hair tonic. He looked very distinguished, with his dark hair combed down over his ears and with his amber-brown eyes. He was very masculine in a sophisticated way, and Cilla wouldn't have dared to laugh at him. For he always had—no matter how broke he was—that sense of personal superiority which often goes with a racing mind and a great appreciation of beauty. He knew that even Frances couldn't look into the moonlight and translate the beauty of it into words for her. And he knew that she would become jealous that her looks would stand upon her until she was taking a beating from them. Ralph, standing beside her, with his look of an impatient hero, would say something that would put the whole thing into words, release it for both of them. But



HE SAID: *C* WOULDN'T BE SO PROUD OF THAT,

John H. Crosman



CILLA. PERHAPS THERE SHOULD BE MORE TO IT

immediately afterward he probably would want to go and mix a cocktail somewhere. He disliked an overstated occasion, and always knew that he could bring another one to its climax. Or, more likely, he would want to go to see Cilla.

Sometimes Frances, much as he grew to care for her, tired him a little. But Cilla was different. She always tried to make him all she could and promise him even more. Cilla never promised anything. She had learned how to be unexpected, how to reverse a mood at just the point when a man thought he could anticipate what was coming next, and so keep the gamble alive in him.

But probably there is little use in explaining them. It does nothing to show what they are.

Joe Burns made glassware. Years ago he had taken over a small German factory in the city, a factory then laden with mortgages and not considered a good risk by any bank in town. Now it was really no more than a bunch of sheds, a patent and a few rather classic-minded workmen who respected their work. Now it was a sound, well-capitalized enterprise, which had been built up by green energy and raw courage. Joe Burns had been young when he bought out other plants and absorbed them, and now, in an era when a well-made beer were returning, he had every opportunity to make even more money.

Such glamorous prospects did not turn Joe Burns' head at all. He intended to make glass, not for one year or for two years but every year as long as he lived. He had an always-marketable product, and that was what interested him. But he knew that what his advisers said about advertising and advertising campaign was probably a good thing. They had always advertised, of course, reliable, extensive advertising. But this, to fit the times, was to be a little special, somewhat more dramatized than was their habit. The point was to find the right man or men to do it.

HE EXPLAINED all that to Frances Cummings one night at a dinner party because his mind was full of the problem and she had been listening so intelligently, without touching her hair or staring at her nails.

She said, "I know who could help you on that. A man called Ralph Levering."

"Who's he?"

"Well," she said, "he's a writer. But he's done advertising too. It just happened he hasn't a connection now."

"A whole lot of people are disengaged," said Joe shrewdly. "I don't believe one of these writing fellows is exactly what I'm after. Too laid-back for me."

"Why don't you let him come to see you?"

Joe shook his head. "Those things usually don't work out. And then somebody's sore."

He knew her kind very definitely. It was a combination he often used as rather characteristic of her. But Frances didn't let the idea drop. She so wanted Ralph to have something to do. She knew that it wasn't good for him to have so many idle hours in which to sharpen his contempt for a world that wouldn't even try to use his brilliance.

"I'd like to meet you again. Won't you do that?"

"I begin to think you like this fellow, Fran," said Joe teasingly. "She's a good girl."

Joe was fond of Frances. Of course he didn't have a spark of passion in him for any woman except Cilla, but he respected Frances, and that meant a good deal when it came from Joe. It meant that he'd like to put things in her way, if he could.

"I tell you what you do. You bring him around to the house sometime. But don't make it business. You fix it up with Cilla."

He didn't forget to tell Cilla that he thought Frances had her eye on the wrong man. Cilla was a good girl, but she was a little bit sentimental. And Cilla said, "Why on earth, Joe, should I bother with Frances Cummings' man? He's probably the kind that sings hymns."

However, she let him come. Frances brought him in for tea one day and called Joe up to make sure that he'd remember to be there. She was terribly in earnest, whipped on by Ralph's unhappiness. Joe left some letters and packages in order to get home on time. But he was glad to do it. He liked the young man. All the time he had known him he'd never been interested in him. All the time he'd known him he'd recognized at once the dramatizing charm of Ralph Levering, the imagination which could probably capture the future possibilities of making glass and selling glass. He saw that Ralph visualized better than he himself could what people's needs and desires might be.

Frances walked on while Joe told her how he thought there might be a market for it. She was wonderful to Joe, and to Cilla that she praised Cilla all the way home. And that was necessary. Ralph had never seen her before, but he was not likely to forget that beautiful woman with the still lips that looked as if they were only resting.

It all moved very fast, as was necessary in a business way, for all over the country laws were being changed and the point was that people would be buying new glasses for their new wines somewhere. Ralph thoroughly enjoyed the new work. He had a gift for advertising, because in a way he made light love

(Continued on Page 110)

PALMER USED TO FRY TWO EGGS
ROUND FOR THE MASTER'S BREAKFAST



BOTH REGARDED PRIME ROAST WITH RAISIN-AND-ALMOND GRAVY AS ONE OF THE NEEDS OF CIVILIZED LIVING

SUDDENLY AUNT BEATRICE
SMELLED THE TRIBE BURNING



Father Was Broad-Minded About Good Cooking

BY GAYNOR MADDOX

FATHER always liked good food. But he wasn't at all the big-eating type. He never overate and he never grew heavy. In many ways he was a lot like Cousin Ann. They both regarded prime roast with raisin-and-almond gravy as one of the needs of civilized living. Both of them had beautiful hands, too, liked to wear expensive clothes and knew more about the restaurants of Europe than anyone else in the family.

Of course, everyone admitted that the raisin gravy with almonds and slices of lemons and spices which these two compatriots had worked out was pretty grand eating. Yet lots of people hinted that both father and Ann were a little high-hat. Father used to laugh at this the same way he would laugh at a little old cat. Cousin Ann always enjoyed being called a cat. Even though she tapped her well-shod toe with visible impatience, you could tell from the look in her eye that she was a bit set up.

They perfected their gravy recipe in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Father arrived from the East in one of his roving moods. Cousin Ann and I were in San Francisco the winter in those days and always wintered there for what she called her rheumatism. But right after dinner the first night they met, my father suggested that gout rather than rheumatism brought her to the Springs. You see, this widow in handsome brocade was then over fifty. So close to regard such critical impudence from a tall, slender youth as an acceptable compliment. That was the beginning of the gravy recipe.

The Crowning Glory--Horse-Radish

Cousin ANN had lived a long time in England, so she naturally added the blanched almonds and the spices, because he insisted that any sauce worth notice needed Continental flavor. I never did find out which of them thought of the horse-radish which goes in last.

Put 4 tablespoonsful of drippings from the roast beef in a heavy iron pan. To this hot fat add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of plump raisins, 1 cupful of flour, 1 large onion, 5 tablespoonsful of flour on the outside, the sifted over the meat and stir well. Next, stir a little at a time, add 2 cupfuls of clear chicken stock. When the gravy begins to thicken, add 1/2 cupful of blanched and pounded, or at least chopped fine, almonds. Then peel a lemon and slice half of it fine into the bubbling pan. Next, toss in a few cloves and a shake or two of ground cinnamon. But the crowning glory is a teaspoonful of brown granulated horse-radish. Stir it in, simmer a few minutes longer, and serve in a huge gravy boat alongside a man-o'-war of eggs.

When Cousin Ann returned to her house in San Francisco she taught her Chinese cook how to make this. When father later called on her she invited him to dinner. You can guess what they had. But that wasn't the main point. Cousin Ann asked her cook to make a special dish. A girl not yet twenty with large, wistful gray eyes and gentle, unspoiled bearing. Naturally, father fell in love with her. I am very glad he did. Later she became my mother.

When father took mother and me to live in New York two years after this, Palmer joined our household. He had been father's Negro valet during the bachelor days



FATHER SUGGESTED A TOAST TO ALL THE BEAUTIFUL LADIES OF NUNDA

over the map of Europe. Even mother at first admitted that it would be nice to have father's old personal servant waiting on table and helping the girl with the housework. But right from the beginning Palmer started in frying eggs round for the master's breakfast.

This was a little bit of a shock, then he stirs it in a small saucer. When it was very hot, he would start it swirling with a spoon, and when this batter had been going round and round quite furiously, in he slid the raw egg. Yes, it actually fried round. Palmer used to cook two of these novelties for father's breakfast and serve them on a sizzling plate, with rashers of crisp bacon neatly wrapped around them. Mother never did taste it and she never could seem to do it. The eggs usually shattered.

However, mother did watch Palmer cook his ham with what he called "lots of sunshine," and I think she still feels superior about it. Get enough water simmering to cover your ham. Let it put all these associated things, which father says Palmer liked to call "sunshine"; A cupful of juice from spiced orange pickles. When the ham is done, take the pickles out and mother had me use them to substitute 1 cupful of brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of vinegar, 1 stick of cinnamon and 10 whole cloves for the pickle juice. Beside this, the simmering water received 3 dried prunes, a handful of raisins, a shrub of lemon peel and, odd as it may seem to one who hasn't tasted the result, 1 large, beaten fresh egg. When the ham is done this ham is lighter for twenty-five minutes a pound. Then it stands overnight in the same liquid. When it's time for baking, skin and also slice off some of the excess fat. Mix 2 parts of brown sugar with 1 part of pulverized cracker crumbs and rub all over the ham. Make it smooth and pleasant-looking. Dot geometrically with whole cloves and bake one hour. Father always insisted the only way to eat this ham was cold, with baked biscuit and creamed potatoes.

Now father admitted that mother could do this just as well as Palmer. Yet Palmer's remarkable eggs for the master's breakfast must have made her a little unhappy. But I really think it was Palmer's coffee which drove her to take a stand. He made coffee that was insultingly bitter than hers. So mother told father he could choose between

Palmer with his circus eggs and drip coffee or her. Palmer left. Even to this day mother doesn't like it when anyone asks her if she can fry eggs round.

By the time I was four, Grandmother Elizabeth had sent me forty dollars. She lived in Germantown, and every Christmas a ten-dollar bill. Mother didn't think that was very much so from a wealthy a relative. But father felt more or less certain she would some day leave me a good deal of money.

Grandmother Elizabeth was very stiff. Father was a little in awe of her. But he said he always had hopes, because once, years ago, in an unbending moment, she had told him about a mutton-chop pie which her younger sister Marion sometimes had made. Marion, you see, was father's mother.

It is a beautifully fragrant combination of tart apples and thick mutton chops. Use a crockery baking dish, a deep one, white on the inside, brown outside. Of course, you really do not have to, but it seems you ought to, just because that's what Grandmother Elizabeth told father to do. Peel tart apples and chop a small amount. Put a layer of sliced apples on the bottom, sprinkle with some onion and dust lightly with a little sugar. Then run your thick mutton chops under the broiler for just a minute to give them a nice brown. Brown on both sides, then place in baking dish on top of the apples. Cover with apples and sprinkle with the rest of the onion and some more sugar. Bake in moderate oven. Mutton chops should be delicately pink inside when done.

A Surprise for Grandmother Elizabeth

FATHER used to talk about this recipe rather tenderly. His mother had died when he was very young and he had been raised by Great-Grandmother Fletcher up in Northwestern New York State. That was quite different from being raised in Maryland by your own mother. So he liked to have this dish often, because it gave his vague remembrance of his mother a touch of reality. It was things like this that made my mother's two older sisters miserable; that father was a very strict disciplinarian and had a high character. Particularly Aunt Beatrice, who never did get used to him laughing at cat fights and talking about food as though it had a soul.

The summer before my fifth birthday father took us to Germantown. Grandmother Elizabeth's house was of red brick and stood on a wide lawn with a round bed of flowers in front. And in front of the house my mother was excellent. They had spaghetti soup he never forgot. He praised it so elegantly that his aunt ordered the cook to write out the recipe for her nephew.

Grandmother Elizabeth was very old. I can't remember clearly how she looked. I just remember lace on somebody's head and maybe a shawl on the shoulders of a dark woman. But she must have been attractive, too, for I was prompted to steal out to the lawn and get her a present. When I returned to the somber library I laid it in her lap. Grandmother Elizabeth screamed. I had given her a lively garden toad. Father was terribly awestruck with a lot of servants began crawling about on the floor, trying to snare the toad with white napkins. Mother took me out on the porch, but wasn't a bit cross. (Continued on Page 128)

The House—Docile and Confused

BY ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH

THE general habit of criticizing the Senate does not extend to the House. At least the criticism is not in the same terms. It is less in both volume and virulence. In the attacks on the Senate there is always, it seems to me, an implied fear that something is amiss in an administration that has left the Senate, and in some degree the will and determination to act on its own judgment. The House, on the other hand, gaged and humbuged by its rules, is pretty generally thought and spoken of as little more than a dissonant chorus, without collective will of its own, which removes its ear from the ground just long enough to vote as its leaders tell it, to make a few speeches for or against a position, and then once more to resume its predictable action of the Senate.

Looked at as a whole, there is indeed some ground for considering the mass of individuals who make up the House as helpless components of a series of "set pieces" which the Administration leaders touch off from time to time for a limited display of fireworks, usually merely to bring down a curtain on a political or sequel to the less predictable action of the Senate.

I do not believe that many will dispute that the Democratic representatives in the Seventy-third Congress are little more than mouthpieces, rubber stamps, what you will, for the Executive. The popularity of the President is widespread; he is, at this time, anyway, very largely unquestioned and uncontested. There is no real evidence of this than the practical unanimity the legislators to vote again whatever comes from the White House.

Leaders and rank and file alike are geared to pass whatever is sent up or suggested to them. In this era of the delegation of power to the chief New Dealer and of the appropriation of sums of money, vast beyond comprehension, to carry out the New Deal, there is no provision of the Constitution that all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives" comes to okaying such bills on the dotted line and sending them back as soon as possible to their real author. The minor changes that are necessary are speedily made in committee; the drastic rules limiting debate are clamped down—rules providing for debate rarely exceeding a few hours, rigidly apportioned among the speakers on the opposite sides.

As a matter of fact, there is curiously little opposite side. A large number of Republicans seem quite as convinced as

any Democrat that the President's popularity is so great that safety at the polls lies in going along with the majority. Such signs of revolt against the band-wagon control as are manifesting themselves at the time this is written seem to be, if anything, more a matter of yielding to the threats of certain groups of voters than an assertion of independent judgment.

The physical aspect of the House differs markedly from the Senate. In the Senate, conversation on the floor and in the galleries is never permitted. The Chair raps for order and gets it. There is considerable dignity, an atmosphere that is almost solemn. But in the House there is a nearly continuous stir and murmur of sound. Behind the rail that goes around the back of the chamber, members are loitering; sometimes leaning on the rail, watching and listening to the proceedings, usually talking. In the well of the House there is often not more than a sprinkling of members, a few attentively following the speaker, the majority committee, or the minority. But as the debate is on an important measure, more interest is shown; and then, too, the then interruptions and confusion make it all something to look at than to listen to. The individual speaking the speech seems small, alone, disregarded; he takes little steps, makes little gestures, which look as though some erratic puppet master were pulling him with invisible strings. The minutes allotted him are up; he asks for more time, is denied; stops abruptly; and the next little figure takes his place.

The original House of Representatives was in what is now Statuary Hall. The statutes there, of assorted shapes, sizes and materials, seem hardly less real than do the members of the House seen from the gallery, as they go through the routine of their congressional function on the floor.

Up to a recent date, the House of Representatives had its chair and desks allotted to him, but as the membership increased, owing to the growth of population, the desks were done away with; and they now occupy long curved rows of seats without desks or tables, except the large tables part way

up the chamber on each side, behind which sit the majority and minority leaders and the members of the committee from which the bill under consideration has come.

There is a go-as-you-please air about everything except the Speaker's rostrum. About the Speaker, there is always something impressive; the speaker in the chair, or the chairman of the Committee of the Whole House, seems aloof and apart from the casualness of his fellows on the floor; in the same semicircle of quiet the sergeant at arms, the parliamentarians, the reading clerks in the space below the Speaker, and the House reporters, strike one as the only people who really keep track of what is going on. And the reporters do know much more about it than many of the members.

In this Congress this is particularly true, for of the 435 representatives, 160 are serving their first term, and sixty are only in their second. So over half the House have been there less than three years. Yet out of the witter and confusion many interesting figures detach themselves, who have had a good deal of congressional experience and know the ins and outs of the business of legislating as well as who have been there.

Of course, the outstanding man in the House is always the Speaker. He is the third-ranking official of the Government, and the position is one of dignity, honor and sometimes power. It is regarded as a public career, a public service, to be Speaker. Mr. Sam Rayburn, of Texas, is different in appearance and type from any of his predecessors that I can recall. Physically, he has a fugitive likeness to the late David Belasco, due chiefly to his shock of white hair, and to his full black tie which somehow gives the effect of the clerical collar that Belasco affected. He has served nearly thirty years in the House and was entitled to a pension of \$10,000 a month. There was, however, very vigorous opposition to him in the party ranks, and a more or less undercover struggle took place before he eventually got a majority in the party caucus.

Mr. Rainey is not considered one of the strong Speakers, though this makes no particular difference in this session, as the real control is in the executive branch. It does, however, mean that the position may be won by even more modest men, less dignified than usual. Following the passage of the monetary bill in the House took place in the midst of what can be described only as bedlam. Yells, boos, general pandemonium

(Continued on Page 140)



THE HOUSE IS GENERALLY THOUGHT OF AS LITTLE MORE THAN A DISSONANT CHORUS

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY: WOODWARD & WOODWARD

Design for a Wedding

BY LUCIA ALZAMORA

AT FOUR O'CLOCK M. Roc was announced, and a moment later he stood smiling on the threshold.

"*Bon jour, madame,*" he said. "*Bon jour, mademoiselle!*"

"Why, he's very nice," thought Mrs. Dennis. "He's

very, very nice indeed. He's a charming person. He's not

at all like a dressmaker..."

"*Qui est ce?*" asked Rosemary, "this man can do anything."

M. Roc was taller than not, and very shising. His black hair, his bright cheeks, his gray eyes all shone, and when he smiled, under the mustache which was so distinctly *à l'anglaise*, his teeth shone too. An English tailor had dressed his close-knit frame, but his beautiful Gallicness vanquished the gray tweed.

"Do you know, in, M. Roc?" said Mrs. Dennis. "Come in and sit down."

He found a chair obediently, dropped his brief case on the floor at his feet. But it was obvious that M. Roc never sat happily nor for long. He considered Rosemary openly and yet politely. His strong, nimble fingers moved as though they ached to draw lines, to feel stuffs. At last he laughed, and the room was filled with a warm, enchanting exhalation.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I have been praying for a tall, slender and unwooden client, and I think that she is you." His English was fluent, and except for an occasional word or turn of phrase, perfect, but no one would have taken it for his native tongue. Turning to Mrs. Dennis, he drew a handful of sketches from his brief case. "I have had some drawings," he said to her. "They are very nice. One or two of them I would like for your daughter. But now that

I have seen her, I think I can do better; I think that I can do something special. I hope that you will trust me."

Rosemary and her mother looked at the drawings. From

Mrs. Dennis a series of ecstatic sights went heavenward, but Rosemary sat silent, only smiling a small, triumphant smile. Suddenly she turned toward her mother and doffed so she was aware of her size, low movements delighted her.

"I do trust you utterly," she said seriously. "I put myself in your hands, M. Roc. This is awfully important. I know you don't bother with a great many people, and I thank you for coming. Anyone can dress me well, M. Roc, but they've always made me look like a lady out of a bad novel. You want me to look like Rosemary Dennis and nobody else at all. Everything you make me need be special. And there is only a week."

"You are leaving Paris so soon?" asked M. Roc. The whole small, flowered sitting room reflected his infinite regret.

"No," said Rosemary; "no, we're not leaving. Some-one's coming."

M. Roc was so pleased that he left his chair and took up a more natural perch on the edge of the table. "Ah," he cried, "this is truly important. This is so nice. We shall work like angels, mademoiselle, and pray that no basting threads show!" He put his head a little to one side and regarded her steadily. "I think that you shall put into you—no, no, not this purple that you see about. I hate purple. It's not good for you. You have a very pale face when I show you the castings. And for moon usen wear, a brown that I have seen at Rodier. With the new greens it will be charming. Ah, mademoiselle, how I shall enjoy myself." He warmed to his task. "You may have one black dress—an evening dress. It will be very simple, very classic, and we shall make a little jacket with long sleeves that will look as though it were part of the dress—quite another dress. And there you will be, ready for dinner."

IT SEEMED that, with all his other qualities, this enthusiast was practical. Mrs. Dennis breathed a sigh of relief and took her courage in both hands. "After all," she thought, "we're not quite poor, and it's a nice sum of money and it would really nice, even if it were only the *Champs Élysées*." In her best manner she said, "It all sounds charming. And as you can see at a glance, the poor child is in rags!" M. Roc definitely forbore to glance—"but we can really afford only a very few things. I am sure you know, M. Roc, that the world has changed."

"Ach, mon Dieu," he smothered with a delightful and very French frankness, "even in Paris we have forgotten that there once were rich Americans. Please do not worry. We shall make for Mlle. Dennis a very beautiful and complete wardrobe, but we shall combine, we shall be clever." He paused a moment and made his decision. "In all it will cost no more than ten thousand francs. Perhaps less. . . . Now, "he said, sliding suddenly from the table. "I must take my leave. To-morrow I come to see you again. And tomorrow, if I may, I shall call for you at eleven o'clock and take you to my atelier. It has been a great pleasure. Au revoir, Mme. Dennis. Au revoir, Mlle. Dennis."

And he was gone. They were to find that he always left in just this way—quickly, politely and definitely. As though he found prolonged leave-takings horrible and had resolved to perfect a way to evade them. M. Roc was before you, bowing over your hand, and the next moment there was no M. Roc.

To the two ladies that he left behind him, his miraculous disappearance seemed only part and parcel of his amazing personality. Rosemary threw both arms about her mother's shoulder, giggled and squeezed until a series of gasps wrung her tiny torso.

"I'm going to be wonderful," she chanted. "I'm going to be wonderful. I'm going to be wonderful."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," said her mother dryly. "And no credit to you!" She patted her hair into order and looked at Rosemary curiously. "What on earth made you say such a thing to him? I was very much embarrassed."

"BUT, M. ROC!" SAID ROSEMARY, "YOU'RE NOT A DRESSMAKER; YOU'RE AN ARTIST!"



"What thing, mother? I don't know what you mean." "About someone arriving. You might just as well have said it right out like a brazen little hussy: 'I have a beau coming and I want to catch him.' That's what he thought."

"But, darling," explained Rosemary, "that's exactly what I wanted him to think."

"Well, I suppose he'll be here to-morrow," said Mrs. Dennis. And then quite suddenly, "Rosemary, how much do you like Charley Nesbitt?" She held her breath. This awful new poverty had to borne, but she hated to hit touch Rosemary, and it had certainly ignored Charley Nesbitt. If Rosemary married him there'd be no more economizing in Europe, no more third-class cars, no more watching out your own stockings. Underneath he might be a scoundrel, but he had no doubt that he was coming to Paris—her, not Rosemary. After all, he'd never written her before, even if she had known him all of his life. "Rosemary," she said again, "how much do you like him?"

Rosemary fingered a run in a thin silk stocking that too long ago had cost too much money. She folded slowly into the chair and turned to a window to Côte Noire.

"I'm pretty sure," she said, "that ever since that summer at Knebnekspurk when I was fifteen, I've adored him."

Mrs. Dennis let out her sigh as gently as possible. "I'm very glad, dear," she said, "that you got hold of M. Roc." Only three days later it seemed to both Rosemary and her mother that there had never been a time when they



ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

M. ROC ROSE IN HIS PLACE AND BOWED. "WHO'S THAT?" ASKED CHARLEY. ROSEMARY FOUND THAT SHE COULD NOT STOP SHAKING.

had not known M. Roc and depended on him for practically everything.

"Really," said Mrs. Dennis out of her great gratitude. "I'm perfectly sure I'd enjoy having him for breakfast."

"And no doubt he'd taste delicious," murmured Rosemary.

But her mother didn't consider this amusing. "You mustn't joke about him. He's a lovely character. He wears himself out doing things for us, and I've never yet asked him to do anything."

"I don't think he minds. I think he likes us."

Undoubtedly he liked them, and undoubtedly he didn't mind. During that second meeting, he had himself suggested it. "I hope," he had said to Mrs. Dennis, "that you will ask me anything I can do. I love to tell people things."

"Do you always go to such trouble to find just what you want?" asked Rosemary. This dress was a day behind the others because he had searched so long for the proper medium.

"Everything, I buy myself," he told her. "Oh, perhaps not the hooks and the eyes, but he ribbons and the buttons, yes. You send out one of these poor girls and what does she know of what is in your mind? But I like to do it. I like to see the smile on your face when I have found what held all his quick vitality." Rather would I be a dress maker than anything in the world."

"But, M. Roc," said Rosemary, "you're not a dress maker; you're an artist."

He shrugged, but she could see that he was pleased. "So is a sculptor. He makes statues, and a painter makes pictures. I make dresses. I am a dress maker. It is a good word." The next dress had been sewed over Rosemary's head and he looked at it critically. He said, "You cannot know, Mlle. Dennis, how you are a reward to me."

Rosemary felt as though she had received an accolade. She stood very still while the fitter ripped and pinned until his directions.

"Pull it a little tighter, Matilde," said M. Roc. "It is very *sigoux*, this little waist of mademoiselle's, and we must show it off."

How delightful he was, how knowing and charmingly worldly and yet how kind and simple and amusing.

"You must remember that you are a creature," said Rosemary. "Even if you do use Matilde as a go-between."

The fitter giggled through her mouthful of pins, and M. Roc smiled like a small boy found out.

"But I do not say these things when we are fitting the fat ones. Then I say, 'Not quite so tight just here, Matilde. It will be more becoming to madame.' And I am very serious."

"It is most be useful to dress the fat ones."

He threw up his hands, but then his expression changed. "And yet, no," he said. "I do not like it, and now I take only whom I please."

"He made Rosemary a little bow."

"But no client is dull. Sometimes you see them come in the door—impossible, they are—and you think to yourself,

"Now what can I do with this one?" And often you do something that makes them happy.

It was rarely, though, that he was solemnis to this extent. His fund of anecdotes was inexhaustible and invariably amusing, and to Mrs. Dennis'

(Continued on Page 50)

Life and Gail Anderson



FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF

THIS story of the woman whom I propose to call Gail Anderson is not really contained in my notebook; although it may be in hers. As far as I am concerned it exists in the row of autographed volumes which stand on my bookshelves, yet these are not autobiography but fiction; memorable and important fiction, the usual mechanics of plot concealed by the most felicitous phrasing, and the pure lucidity of true writing in words which, in lesser hands, often serve to conceal it.

I met Gail Anderson a good many years ago. At that time I was beginning to write, and hence to take myself more seriously than I've ever done, before or since. I had joined a club of aspirant authors, and we were a very odd lot indeed. We wore, in the main, rather curious clothes and coiffures; we were extremely "arty"; and we were, each one of us, determined on fame and fortune and success. Anything which was even slightly tainted with the term "facility" or "popularity" was anathema to us. We gathered in groups after a very inadequate dinner or a rather dismal tea, replete with dry cakes, and discussed Life in capitals.

When I now think of how many of us have dropped out of all memory, how many are happily or unhappily immersed in domesticity or the necessity of earning a living by office work, how many are dust, and how many are writing advertising, I grow a little sorrowful, remembering the qualities which we once held in common—youth, illusions and mortality.

In those far off days my interest lay mainly in poetry, and I spent many an entranced evening listening to the reading of verse—sometimes good, often indifferent, and occasionally very bad. But a poet, especially one who had published something between covers, was my idea of a super man or woman. I had very little patience with prose.

Therefore when, one hot summer night, one of our members brought Gail Anderson, a newcomer to the club, I was more interested in Gail as the writer of the short stories which were at that time just beginning to make their modest appearance in the type of magazine in which prestige was everything and the budget did not matter, as the only dollars and cents in the budget went to pay for printing and such mundane matters.

Gail was a few years my senior. She was a small woman, with very dark hair brushed straight back from a widow's peak, and an oval, ivory-skinned face, dominated by the

LOVE AND LOSS, BIRTH AND DEATH,
STRUGGLE AND ASPIRATION—THEY
ARE IN HER BOOKS, AND HER BOOKS
WILL ENDURE BECAUSE OF THEM

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN LA GATTA

FAITH BALDWIN

very strange, light eyes—I never have known if they were blue or green, although her official biography assures me that they are the former. These eyes and her exquisite and sensitive mouth were the only notes of color about her.

We sat next to each other during the reading of a long poem by a self-styled Irish poet. Irish he may have been, but he was a most curious character, and changed, in a hamdium sort of frame, into a dramatic Gothic equivalent, and his poetry abounded with such names as Deane—which I cannot, to this day, pronounce—and others. His poems were replete with yearning, blood, banishes, green isles and tears, and as my critical faculty, at eighteen, was not nearly so well developed as my emotional response, I overlooked a rather terrible imitation of Syring and Yeats and applauded with enthusiasm, clapping and cheering over and over again by his own words, drooping gracefully in a corner and swept back the mouse-colored hair from his brow with a hand that, if effective, was none too clean. It is significant that Gail saw only the lack of manning—and said so, rather to my horror.

This was, of course, long before the day in which male writers were dressed—dress and tie groomed like prosperous brokers, and before female devotees of art put the evidences of success—and with taste—upon their straight little backs. These were the days when art was still a bit unwashed and went in heavily for the forerunners of batik and sandials.

After refreshments of a singularly unrefreshing sort had been served, I found myself alone with Gail, exchanging confidences. She was a nice person. When she realized how awed, how impressed I was by all the gimersck proceedings, she didn't laugh.

Instead, she was noncommittally pleasant about the club and its various members. She told me then that she lived in New Mexico, had been married for two years, and had gone East for a visit with her old school friend, my fellow member, much to the despair of her husband and of her year-old baby.

"At least I think he despairs," she said. "He howled like—like your Irish friend's pet bantam when I left. But my last glimpse of him was reassuring. He was sucking the paint off a wooden dog and looking rather indifferent. He probably won't know me when I return."

She was young, I deplored, to have a husband and a baby. She wasn't more than twenty-two.

I thought of her rather condescendingly. How could she, already trapped by nature, expect to be a writer? I had forgotten, I suppose, a rather imposing roster of names. I saw her once again before she returned home, and found myself liking her very much, but disapproving of her a little. At that time I was devoted to writing Oscar Wilde's "Salomé." I was writing Oscar Wilde's "Salomé" because of facts. I called it cynical, astounded and frightened me. We corresponded in a desultory sort of way after she went away, and she sent me snapshots of the husband—a big, blond creature with a likable grin—and of the baby, who was quite enchanting.

After this encounter I looked for the magazines in which her name appeared, and I did not find them starting off well, but even I, in that greenish era, knew something startlingly good when I saw it. The stories weren't stories, really; they were, more accurately, sketches. They contained only a modicum of what I had been taught to regard as plot, and they were bright and bitter and extraordinarily unique. They were Katherine Mansfield—or the Kahn Boyle of today renamed—"Ellenore," with just a dash of the ornate O' Henry at the end.

OUR correspondence flourished for a year or so, and then dwindled to the Christmas-card stage. A number of things happened to me: I fell in love and out again; I forgot my ambition to write the great American epic; I went abroad to study art. Gail Anderson had married, and I forgot what I thought of as a "dumb" war, and did not return to my own country for two years. And returning, found that the club had disbanded, from lack of attendance. Almost all the members were working for the Red Cross, and a year later, either going to war themselves or sending their sons and husbands and lovers.

Gail had married, too, and eventually was invalided home. I learned that not because I had heard directly from her but because I chanced, one day, to run into the mutual friend who had sponsored her at the club. The friend was amazed that I knew nothing of Gail's great success. "Not—" she hastened to add, remembering our old nibbletooths, "not a popular success, you understand. But she's definitely significant."

I learned, further, that Gail had two young children and that, since her husband's return from France, she was practically the sole support of the family. David Anderson had been shell-shocked as well as wounded, it appeared, and it would mean many months of careful nursing before he would be able to go with life as he left it.

But Gail had gone on. It appeared that the seeking and torturing of the "right" publisher, the one whose magazine, now quite defunct, had seen possibilities in her earlier, modestly printed work and had written to her. After which she had written to and for him, and was now appearing regularly in this periodical, which was the Mecca of all young writers at that time.

I went to the library in order to look up back numbers and to find her address. There was in the vein of the sketches of her earlier period, somewhat elaborated, and sharpened and without the trick endings. They were exceptionally disillusioned, and the former unkindness had become a sort of dispassionate cruelty. I read these, and those current in the later issues, and I telephoned our mutual friend and asked, "Surely Gail is awfully unhappy?"

"Eh, no," she said. "She is. I was being sentimental, 'as usual.' " She said further, "No, I don't think she's unhappy. Of course this business about Dave—her husband, you know—is very unfortunate. But that's not what actuates her. She sees life that way; she always has."

I HAD meant to write Gail, and tell her how much I admired her. I had meant to commiserate her upon her responsibilities and what must be a source of constant anxiety to her; and to congratulate her at the same time upon achieving eminence in her line, and on becoming plainly the foremost woman writer in her genre of the day. She was even included in anthologies, and I was properly impressed. I had also intended to use her as an example of what to do—if you could do it—an ideal, final pinnacle of fame, people were beginning to imitate her. There was a Gail Anderson school of writing.

But I didn't write her. I don't know why. One means to and never does, and then the impulse passes. Life catches up with you, and somehow your own idiotic, unpredictable patterns of behavior have a way of pushing themselves to the foreground.

So I did not communicate with Gail Anderson for another brace of years. Not, in fact, until there came a time when she was guest of honor at a luncheon and I was merely a guest. She saw me, at my most obscure table, and waved to me; and after luncheon, after the interminable handshakes, coffee, cocktails and a week over, she managed to draw me aside for a word or two. She said, "I'm so glad to see you—you haven't changed much. What's been happening to you all these years?"

I couldn't. I told her, tell her in the few minutes during which we might not be interrupted. Couldn't we meet somewhere—how long would she be in town?

We could, we must meet, she told me; she'd see that we did. Dinner tomorrow? No; she had forgotten, she had an engagement. Lunch, the next day—but no, she couldn't, and she was leaving for home on the afternoon train. She was only in town, she explained, for a few days, principally in order to let her publisher about the second, forthcoming volume of stories.

At the end I agreed to turn up at her hotel on lower Fifth Avenue for breakfast the next morning. And did so, rather fancying myself, of course, for knowing her at all.

She was up when I arrived at a very early hour. She had ordered breakfast sent to the room. She was wearing, I remember, a pale straw-colored dress, a round collar, a Mandarin collar, heavy satin, black embroidery in certain peacock shades and fastened with milky jade. There were miles on her small feet. If I had not changed, she had. She had a certain strange, hard veneer, very shining—like lacquer. But she was exceptionally handsome, handsome than I remembered.

I asked her about her children, and her face softened. She had two, I believe: two boys and a girl. "Ducco," she said briefly, "rather." But she didn't have to say more. I could see then, with eyes a little more sharpened by the years between, that her pride in and passion for them was a living thing. But she didn't want me—or anyone else—to know it. She was Gail Anderson, who took an emotion on the point of a pen, connected it and let it dying and broken, and then had a little fullness.

I asked, of course, about her husband. Her face closed against me like a hand made into a fist. He was well, she said, and had returned to his profession, the law.

But morning coffee is a confidence-inspiring drink. Before I left the hotel that morning, she had told me, interrupted by telephone calls and, in two instances, flowers,

that she was peculiarly unhappy. She said, if I remember, "I use the word 'peculiarly' because there is, I suppose, no reason why I should be. I am very successful. I have work which engrosses me. I have my family. Dave and the children adore me. I have my own good. I have always presented a handsome and dignified front with the children. I would like to have independence of me, though, I mean—as soon as possible. With a man—a husband—it is different, of course. Dave and I do not see eye to eye on all matters. He is extremely male and he resents. I am forced to believe, the period of his illness during which I became the breadwinner for us all. Nor does he like my writing. Oh, I don't mean he objects to the fact that I write, but he doesn't like the style in which I write—it is a literary style. Like most men, he prefers action, gaiety, sentiment, humor and—all, you understand," she concluded. She added, for no good reason, but a little wistfully, "I'm very fond of Dave, of course."

The following day Gail was back home and we corresponded again. From her subsequent letters, from her later books, from her memoirs, we followed her during the year which followed. I learned the rest of her history during that time. I saw her occasionally when she came on one of her rare trips to town, and more recently I was in her city, a guest in her home, during a lecture engagement there.

This is the story. I asked her, not long ago, if I might write about her, and she said, "Why not? I might be interested."

A year or so after I had breakfasted with her, the magazine for which she had written with such prestige had changed hands and later perished. But by then she had several markets in what is known as the highbrow class, and went her way serenely, setting down her meticulous and acidulous little tales, publishing a *(Continued on Page 74)*



KIRK SAID TO HER, "IT'S BEEN A FATALITY, OUR NOT MEETING BEFORE. IT'S A FATALITY OUR MEETING NOW!"

THE night after my husband, Donaldson Carr, and I arrived in Wyckton, Don's home town, Mrs. Wyckoff, our neighbor, gave a dinner—and we were not invited. Thus did she put her seal of disapproval on my career—a career that had brought me a small measure of fame among the theatergoers of New York, Paris and London.

Mrs. Wyckoff ruled Wycktonian society with a rod of iron. To be ignored by her, not to be invited to her famous New Year's Eve party, definitely made one a social outcast. And I was out even before I could get in.

Small wonder, then, that I rejoiced when Don suggested that we return to New York immediately, where Don Grear was going into retirement with a new show in which he wanted me to play the lead, and where Don had an offer of a partnership in a law office. And small wonder that I rejoiced even more when Don's change of heart—he had wanted to stay in Wyckton and enter Judge Keller's office—I determined to show him that I had not failed in the role of wife, and resolved to stay in Wyckton until I had overthrown Mrs. Wyckoff, and myself had become the social dictator of the town.

As part of my campaign I enlisted the aid of Desmond McLaren, a theatrical director, and his troupe of The Amateurs, and had erected on our grounds a private playhouse. Mrs. Wyckoff attempted to interfere by securing an injunction against the theater, but I managed to break the injunction. As a result of these proceedings Judge Keller, who handled all the *grande dame's* legal affairs, retired—and Don bought out his practice, thus putting himself—and me—completely under her thumb.

And then I selected our first production to be the new *Feaster* for New Year's Eve—the night of Mrs. Wyckoff's party!



RUTH'S GREEKS FLUSHED, HER EYES

Impersonation of a Lady

XI

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRUETT CARTER

THE incessant activities which, during the fall, had stimulated me, now, in December, produced a feverish, breathless, a hectic feeling that could never catch up with myself.

This elated attitude was due primarily to the approaching climax of my campaign, which necessitated quick maneuvers, gathering fresh recruits and outwitting antagonists. The factor which caused me to feel so elated was a strain arose from an inner distress—a questioning, not so much whether I could attain social supremacy over Mrs. Wyckoff, but whether, even if I did gain it, it would achieve the purpose for which it had been destined.

On the surface, Donaldson and I led more unified lives than many of our acquaintances. I no longer had a tray brought to my bedside each morning, but appeared, dressed for the street,

punctually at eight-fifteen, in the dining room, to breakfast with him.

During the first days of this innovation, I thought that our little table, fragrant with tea roses and the cheerful wood fire in the setting of heavy old mahogany and silver, with Pierre's perfectly timed appearances, would make an excellent starting point for one of the drawing-room comedies in which I had once been featured.

But as time went on I found myself reflecting, with an apprehensiveness reason could not still that unless some miracle occurred the play I was staging in real life would not prove a comedy.

Not that we ever quarreled. No acrimonious, or even irritable, word had passed between us since the night we had jointly decided he would buy Judge Keller's law practice. Don no longer criticized any of the persons whose names overlapped in

my engagement book. During our matinal three-mile walk toward his offices, he would always stop to inquire if he might inquire, with almost absent-minded courtesy, what I was going to do after I had left him, but no matter what answer I made, he voiced no objections. He always knew where I was, and at first I managed to be at home alone when he returned late in the afternoon. I had hoped that in this quiet hour or two before dressing for dinner we might recapture the deep understanding which, in the early months of our marriage, had always descended upon us when we were together, apart from the world.

But I soon found that these periods of mutual silence thrust us further apart. For of sudden, inexplicably, without cause, neither of us dared speak. I knew that most of the work which he was attacking with zest, concerned Mrs. Wyckoff's numerous enemies, and Don knew that I, too, was interested, but his violent antipathy had not lessened. To be sure, I did not violate my impulsive vow not to mind his going to this house, but my bold disinclination to hear their names mentioned must have made clear that my emotional reaction was quite unchanged.



BECAME STARRY AS SHE WAS TRANSFERRED FROM ONE PARTNER TO ANOTHER

It was inevitable that he would start bringing men back with him, and that I should be the first to notice it, and yet appear so much less constrained by the presence of outsiders than Does concluded I enjoyed them, and therefore continued to reduce our privacy to a minimum.

In order to abate my uneasiness, I utilized every available moment of leisure as I could snatch to post my diary. After the sentimentally defiant announcement of the opening of my theater on New Year's Eve, I had been able to record only a few entries. The Amateurs had voted not to send out invitations as individuals, but to give me the names of their families and friends and allow me to use my discretion in the distribution of the two hundred cards.

I had told both Marie Keller and Helen Young, who were my most loyal allies from the group which Mrs. Wyckoff dominated, that I considered this a social occasion, and that I could invite only the people whom I knew. This resulted in an avalanche of visiting cards, telephone and written messages, to be presented to me by Pierre at the close of each day. No one of any prominence, except for the leader herself, failed to pay this homage; not

only were The Amateurs, themselves, of the social elect, but their first appearance under the Wyckoffs' roof was an opportunity to gratify the curiosity about me which even the most conservative of the older generation felt.

I did not, however, regard these attentions with the alarm as-sided by Helen. I selected the most attractive of the firmly entrenched, and I took care to include a goodly proportion of my acquaintances from the other groups.

In the days immediately preceding Christmas, I sat at the secretary desk in the library, with the completed list before me, and tried to convince myself that these acceptances were a cause for rejoicing. I even drew, on a large sheet of paper, a chart showing the number of my acquaintances and the respective levels of position.

Her line ran straight across the sheet, near the top. Mine, starting far below, rose gradually, until now they were close together. But, as I continued my line upward, until it crossed hers, At this intersection, I printed "New Year's Eve." Before I could go on, the penholder dropped, almost of its own volition. A superstition dread of tempting fate made me regret having already put down in

black and white my prophecy as to the results of this party.

I gazed out of the window, down to the river, only a darker gray than the gray sky in the early dusk. A few white flakes drifted on to the leafless trees. I shivered; then, as I looked toward the Wyckoffs' house, I saw a small, pale figure walking. For at the gap in the hedge, now covered over with canvas, stood Donaldson. Despite the cold, he lingered for several minutes, obviously talking to someone on the opposite side. When he turned to walk up his overcoat collar and started toward our house, I caught a glimpse of a white scarf, and recognized the other figure as Ruth.

"What, am I alone?" Does said, as he came in. His cheeks, reddened by the winter wind, had lost all color. As he assumed his key, as the best over and kissed me.

"Aren't you home early?" I hoped desperately this casual query would elicit a satisfactory explanation of his trest.

"Yes." He extended his hands to the blaze. "A white Christmas, I expect. Still working on your play, Irène?"

I flushed, but he never underlined him as to the nature of my authorship, but my heightened color did not arise from a sense of personal guilt, but, rather, from the

bitter realization that I had sworn not to be disturbed by his visits to the Wyckoff house, and that I was powerless to put a straightforward question.

But, as seems inevitable in marriage, the damming of one outlet only diverted my disagreeableness into another channel. I said, with a forced, strained sharpness, "I do wish you'd read Sir Arthur's latest book before he comes!"

Obviously Does picked up this volume, and he was still turning its leaves when Pierre announced, "Mr. Young; Mr. Wyckoff."

Fred laughed when he saw Does's occupation. "Helen's been trying to make me bone up too. But I can't understand the darned thing."

"Why is it simple?" Francis declared, with a knowing air, "once you get on to the stream-of-consciousness school."

"Where'd you hear of that?" Does inquired.

Francis' eyes met mine in amused understanding. "Oh, I'm getting educated!"

While Pierre brought in a tea-table Francis said to me *sotto voce*. "Louise looks thin. I don't think she eats enough."

"Pardon," I said, "it's a sure sign of interest!"

"Interest?" Listen, Irène, she's the most brilliant and fascinating and beautiful girl I've ever seen!" He grinned. "Even if she's, of course, a bit too fat. But seriously, I almost think she wasn't wonderful. For I've got nothing in the world to offer her. She ought to associate with important people, who do things, and write books, and—"

"Nonsense!" I interrupted. "Anyway, it's infinitely more important to live life than to write about it!"

HIS hazel eyes opened wide. As Fred and Does settled themselves at the other end of the room at a backgammon board, Francis went on. "But you see, Irène, I can't offer her any sort of life! My mother controls everything in my money, and she's a forty-five. Which is seven long years off!"

"Well, suppose you just went ahead and got married without her consent? She'd be bound to relent, wouldn't she?"

"She'd be bound to resent it, and aside from the fact that Louise isn't the type of person she'd want for a daughter-in-law, anyway, there are all those pieces Louise has written about her. No, she'd never forgive me. Just consider the way she's carried on that feud with Mr. Rieseler. Ever since we were kids of fourteen!"

An idea, of such seeming portent, arose in my mind, that I had no excuse to take my leave. I turned to Irène again. "Doris of not being overheard, I began. "Does your mother know you've been seeing Louise every day?"

"I'm pretty sure she doesn't," Francis replied.

"Then she probably still thinks you're devoted to Kitty Rieseler?"

His face became scarlet, but his gaze met mine with complete candor. "I'm really not, Irène. We've been given Kitty no reason to think I was seriously interested in her. As a matter of fact, if mother hadn't kicked up such an awful row about my going to Kitty's in the first place, I wouldn't have gone there nearly so many days ago. We'd have been company, and all that, but you can't mention my feeling for her, and the real thing, in the same breath."

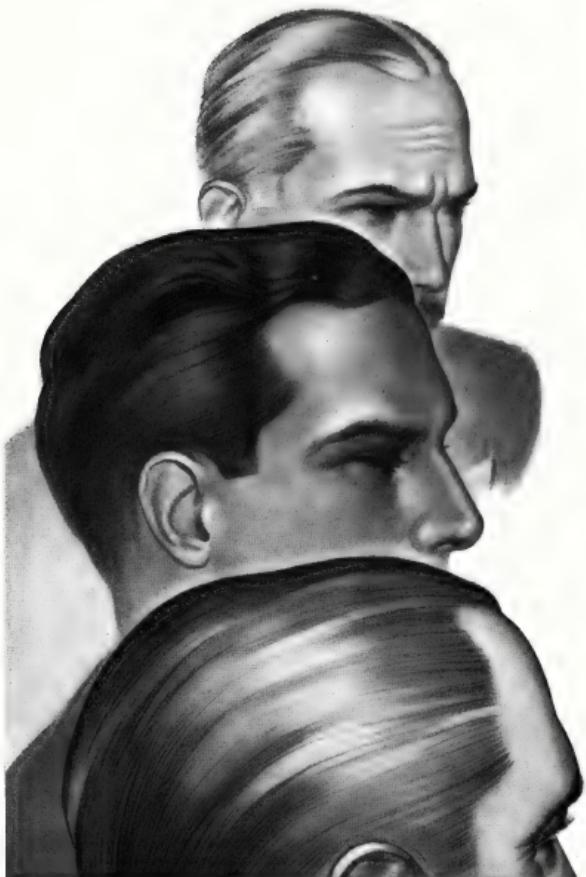
I returned to my own train of thought. "What, Irène?" I asked. "What is it, Francis, how your mother would feel if she thought you wanted to marry Kitty?"

"She'd do everything under the sun to prevent it! She's talked of cutting me off and I waited with the thought that then I'd have

(Continued on Page 87)

We Learned About Women From Men

BY MARY DAY WINN and CHARLOTTE JOHNSON



FOR men wrote this article. Lots of men; brothers, fiancés, husbands, fathers—hearty men, suave men, high-powered men, thoughtful men. Men who know you don't know they wrote the answers to the questionnaires we sent.

When you hear him say, "Yes, men don't like permanent waves," you know he means John, whom she sees nine nights out of seven. Women are apt to generalize like that. Because we were taking no chances on our own deductions, we sent out literally hundreds of questionnaires to all kinds of men, everywhere—from Boston to Hollywood, to college boys, to men in business, to salesmen, to put down their preferences in dresses, make-ups, and the general appearance of women. And we let them fill in the answers anonymously, putting on a very special hush at the end—a question about their pet hates!

And don't think that their answers aren't pretty important to you. Remember that last little affair which went awry? You had safely negotiated the dangerous middle of the first date, and were well on your way to a lifetime romance; then inexplicably it began to rain, and soon it was completely stalled—and oft moments still find you musing over why he never came back. The fault may be on your own shoulders—yes, literally. The turn of your whole life may have hung on a shoulder strap. One of the "hates" written again and again on our questionnaires from men was "shoulder straps."

We asked the men every question we could invent: what they noticed first in a woman's appearance; details of grooming they considered most important; their ideas on cosmetics and the application of them; their preferences in clothes—everything.

Not all men are alike, of course, and for the boy in Worcester, Massachusetts, who writes to have a woman girl dressed in an all-red dress, there are dozens of men who love you to be gay. We invite you now to peer over our shoulder and see for yourselves what men—many men—like.

Whenever you are meeting a new man, or if you still care enough for your old beau to take pains, do you often wonder, "What does he think of me?" Here is what goes on in his mind:

"How nice her hair looks tonight. Wish she paid more attention to her clothes, though—she just isn't neat. And why do women have to load on the make-up? Her nose isn't shiny—and her hands are beautiful. But I wish I dared give her my name of dentist."

For example, we have the social amenities, and not even a flicker of the inward irritation passes over your escort's face, but don't deceive yourself. The man has his thoughts! And according to their answers to the question on the details of a woman's grooming they particularly notice the above—the order named—are the points men see at a glance:

You need a check-up every time you make a public appearance in mixed company. And if you rate 100 per cent on each of the following points, you are what a man calls darned attractive:

1. Good complexion.
2. Good figure.
3. Good teeth.
4. Nice hair.
5. Good clothes.
6. Pretty hands.
7. Pretty feet.

Since we asked every man to write down the age group of the woman he had in mind, all ages were represented; and this is proof that there is no period in your life when you can resign from the job of self-improvement.

Next time you feel yourself growing careless, just read these words from our questionnaire: "The next ten per cent believe that you are most negligent about your hair, and their pet abomination is stringy, greasy hair. A good many men have a special aversion to 'artificial-looking märzels.' Next come uncared-for hands, slouched feet, neglected teeth and carelessly worn clothes. Most men are irritated by mannerisms only when it appears too obviously. But don't think that the boy who detests little things like that show below the hem of your dresses, a shaggy hairline at the back of your neck, an ungraceful carriage, body odors and stockings with runs. Men mention every single one of these points."

Men like "thin" women. But take this a grain of salt. On the other hand, when you go to write "slim" instead of "in," and for every man who wrote down thin, there is probably one who will conspire with his wife as she comes forwardly from the scales. "But, darling, you are just right." If the questionnaire had listed "plump" or "deliciously curved"—or any one of the various gradations between thin and fat—the vote would likely have been split. But in the hole, men do care a great deal to have a figure—and there is lots of room to do about that!

Blonde or brunet? Sixty-three per cent of the men who answered our questionnaires preferred brunettes. Really! Only 29 per cent preferred blondes—and the poor redheads rated only 8 per cent. This is good news for the brunettes, but the blondes need not be inconsolable—there are still enough men to go round.

Does he notice those graying hairs which will creep in among the brown and the gold? He does notice them, and he is decided upon his views about what you should do for gray hair. Do nothing. Ninety-five per cent of the men vastly prefer to have your hair naturally gray than dyed. Therefore if through some cause your hair is turning gray, keep it well covered for God's sake.

Indeed, what nice woman can do change with the years. Today, 83 per cent of the men—whose fathers paled at the thought of mother's owning a "paint pot"—approve the use of rouge. This is more surprising than the fact that 92 per cent approve of face powder, since a shiny nose is an abomination anywhere. And 70 per cent are in favor of lipsticks; this is very interesting, because we need no one to tell us Rouge perfectly matched powder, lipstick—all give a woman the natural bloom of health. And all are aids to making a woman look "natural." Men approve anything which gives women this natural beauty look.

Conversely, they are unanimous in their opposition to eye make-up. They do not like the way it looks, nor do they consider them an "artificial" look. But if you yourself are skilled in its application and appear before the man you know, with a tiny bit on, would he identify it as eye make-up? That's the question. We wager he would observe nothing except that you were looking exceptionally well that evening.

As for highly colored nail polish, hear their pencils scratch and they thunder! No! Well, we women know that men detest them—but we wear them still. Here's one fashion that has survived men's disapproval. And just between us, do men know what they like? They say they do, and here are their answers in black and white. But just let a knock-out girl, beautifully gotten out, walk down the street—and watch the shock a man feels! Her very perfect looks bring him from being critical. She will probably wear red finger nails!

Perfume throws a man off his emotional balance, and he doesn't like it at all in business hours, nor in the morning. But 67 per cent came out boldly in favor of perfume. The conservative 11 per cent sniff it pleasanterly when you wear it in moderation. No man likes to smell a scented handkerchief, even though we men say, "God protect us from the drenchers." Not a single man expressed a preference for one brand of perfume over another, but does a mouse confide his preference in cheese?

Do women really dress for men? We shall give you the benefit of our statistics and let you answer that question for yourselves. The majority of women brought up on the education that men are most susceptible to a "smart" woman. Sixty-seven per cent of the men who answered the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL questionnaire prefer smartness to prettiness. (And smartness can be wood, you know.) The majority prefer feminine clothes to tailored clothes, however, but we suspect that is because "tailored" to men suggests the manish, and we know what that means of hats. Given the choice between light colors, like cream and bright colors for daytime, men voted for light colors 69 per cent. Bright colors got less than 19 per cent of the vote.

Perhaps we could hazard a conclusion at this point, and guess that men like summer clothes best, since summer is the time when we wear light colors by day.

Men are more sophisticated in their tastes than you think. Forty-nine per cent favor dark evening gowns, and 78 per cent want these "steek and clinging," while for evening light dresses rank 31 per cent, and bright dresses 19 per cent.

And as for hats, we uncovered a secret masculine obsession here—overwhelmingly, men prefer small hats. Hats are a touchy subject, for under the question, "What do you dislike most that women wear?" hats are first on the list.

Let Paris raise the hemline an inch or two, or lower it, the men will not notice it one way or another, as long as their women do not wear skirts radically higher or lower than those generally worn. Eighty-nine per cent prefer skirts "the length of today." What the eye sees, the mind accepts.

If we were to wear only what a man here and there would like, we'd be in trouble. We'd have to wear hats that fit bony heads. Which of course, being women, we shall not think of doing! For instance, shorts, muskrat coats—and this from Buffalo—rubber bathing suits, white hats, anklets, berets, puff sleeves, cheap shoe loopettes, gaudy print dresses, short-trick veils, fur neck pieces, socks, hand bags full of junk, and shoes 5 feet in a size 3 shoe. We cannot imagine individual distinctions being given under the clothes question, but we shall stop with the wise observation of a man in Pittsburgh: "Nothing if it is worn carefully and at the proper time."

But we know that you're on tiptoe to see those pet hates. This is the largest collection of men's aversions ever made! There's the boy in the seventeenth-to-twenty-five age group who knows he's not good enough to catch light brown, blonde, or dark-haired girls. And there's the man over sixty who can't abide backless dresses. And the man over sixty who dislikes snooty manners in a woman. Women who walk on the wrong side on the street irritate another man, while ungainly legs are a red flag to still another. A man from Albany writes after the question, "To

have them tell me I'm wrong when I know I'm right!" And from a New Yorker, "Yes, I dislike bad manners of any sort of woman. I never take the same woman out twice who does not know how to behave."

A boy from Canton hates rough talk in a girl, and one from New York, "bad breath, and the way she smells." A St. Louis man dislikes "any woman who is naturally attractive but who tries to extend her natural charm by imitating movie or stage stars." From California comes a cry against overweight and high-society affectation. One man decries continual sarcasm as an attempt at wit.

Portland, Oregon, dislikes pants and catty women; Denver, a woman's attitude of "let-down" after marriage. Louisville City suffers under a poor sense of humor and bad conversation, and Louisville, Kentucky, likes a woman to be natural.

Indeed, there's not an attitude missed, from the Philadelphian who writes, "They all look like sisters to me," to the New Yorker's comment, "Yes, women in general: Can't get along with them or without them." And from a man in New York, "I like women to be like every man on earth. For the average woman, one man is her world. But pleasing even one man is a lifetime job with plenty of after-office hours, and the girl who is popular must please every man she goes out with."

You can learn about yourself from a man, and then improve on the girl you are. Draft out a simple questionnaire of questions and drop them on the man you like to do, what you wear and what you talk about. Confess now that they're down in cold print: Do you admire corn habits? Aren't there one or two mannerisms you want to change, beginning today? Put an artless question or two to the man, and discover his reactions to your clothes and your make-up and your ways. You'll have some surprises, and you'll find you have a lot to learn about clothes, and the way to put on make-up, and the way to act in embarrassing moments.

A hard job, we repeat, but what greater reward than to hear the one you would rather be with say, "I'd rather be with you than anyone else in the world?"



MAJOR FELTON



BEFORE DAVY COULD HOWL, MR. FLETCHER STEERED US ALL INTO A DOORWAY

The Grasshoppers and the Aunt

BY GRAEME AND SARAH LORIMER

I HAVE always loved Davy for himself alone; and sometimes it is quite a strain, like the times when he gets a bean shave instead of a haircut, and the way he mends getting his pants pinned when he comes home from New York, wanting to have him and me and Pauline and Sam Dear over to celebrate him having his eighteenth birthday, imagine my delirium! I realized that there is unsupposed good in everyone, even a person you have known all your life.

Well, none of us had ever been in New York except to go through it on our way somewhere else—Miss Hunt, Davy's aunt, had brought us at Trenton, for some reason, and ride over with us, for fear we might get lost—if anyone could imagine us getting lost—and a Mr. Fletcher, a friend of Miss Hunt's, was to meet us at New York and help Miss Hunt entertain us, which was a sweet idea but unnecessary, only we couldn't tell Mr. Fletcher that, whoever he was.

When we got to New York we were all huddled in the end of the parlor car while the porter threw people's bags out on the platform, when Pauline suddenly pinched my back and made a moaning sound near my ear:

"I'm Nudie!" she said. "Do you see what I see? What a man!"

I looked, and there on the platform, smiling into the train, was one of the most stunning-looking men I have ever looked past. He was definitely older—the kind of older man that wears a tan polo coat and a black derby hat meeting a train, and has eyebrows that give his eyes a kind of weary look, and a smile that makes you realize what the prime of life is all about.

"Who?" I said casually, and just that minute, if you could believe it, Miss Hunt waved at the god and said, "Hello, Roddy!" and it turned out to be Mr. Fletcher.

Well, for about twenty minutes I couldn't seem to remember who Davy was, and all the time Mr. Fletcher was

steering us up steps and across the station, which is so big and so high that the man who's fast you walk, you don't seem to be getting anywhere, only suddenly you come out of a kind of underground street where taxis were.

"Stay with me, child," Mr. Fletcher said, putting me in the second taxi with him—I had been in the background when he was loading the first one. "This is a big city."

"I know it," I said. "And I want to see how big."

"We're going to show you that," he said, leaning back and looking at me with an amused look. "We're going to start with dinner at the St. Regis tonight, and theater afterward. How's that?"

I smiled at him wistfully. "Can I sit by you?" I said. It was risky, and I knew it; but I had a hunch it would work, and it did. I was right about him being an older man.

"I won't mind if you do," he said, and I knew I was already cued up on Pauline.

We went to the Gotham Hotel, where Miss Hunt lives, and there Pauline was already dashing around unpacking and counting up the things she'd forgotten.

"Hurry up, Maude," she said, looking at me coldly. I sat on one of the beds and started peeling things off.

Davy and Sam were arguing in the living room when we came in, and I heard them talking about the new book of course, and Miss Hunt, looking really fascinating in a white-brocade evening coat, was protesting every chance she got.

"I read in this book," Sam was saying, "that the Cotton Club is the real Harlem swank—Ethel Waters and Duke Ellington's orchestra got their start there, for instance."

"Sure, sure," Davy said very scornful, "but I'm a side show."

"I'll say" Sam said.

"...meaning putting on no dog" Davy went on, not hearing him, "and I crave a little local color like you get at this Connie's Inn. Color—Harlem. Got it?"

Just then there was a knock at the door and Mr. Fletcher came in looking too wonderful, even with three little boys running around him to the floor. He was a well-preserved, polished way older men have, and it turned out that each boy had gardenias in it, for Miss Hunt and Pauline and me. It is a rule of mine never to be just one of a crowd where a man is concerned, but I felt that the intimate smile he gave me with them somehow set mine apart from the others.

We walked across Fifth Avenue to the St. Regis Hotel, where we went up to what they call the roof, which seems to mean the top floor. The dining room was round, with windows all the way around, out of which you would look



THE IMAGE OF AUNT RACHEL



casually across at the Empire State Building and Radio City and the Chrysler Building, which you can always tell because it has a point on it. They told me what they all were because Davy knows everything, for some reason; and I felt positively exalted being so high up with music playing softly and lights going on in little squares in the sides of the roofs and far-away bridges because the sun had just set.

There was a lovely young couple sitting at the table next to us. Mr. Fletcher had ordered dinner and I sat beside him, with Miss Hunt on his other side looking very pretty and breakable, the way some ladies do—I mean, you couldn't imagine them with a sunburn, for instance.

"Will you dance with an old man, Miss Mason?" Mr. Fletcher said. "I think I compete with these lads, but I'd like to try."

Well, I was thrilled, and of course I gave Paulie a kind look as we started off. Mr. Fletcher had a sort of thoughtful style of dancing, where we would hover in one corner and then sweep across the room and hover in another corner. It was quite fascinating. Davy cut in almost immediately, however, and Mr. Fletcher cut in on Paulie, who was dancing with Miss Hunt.

"Paulie's such a dear," I heard her say to Mr. Fletcher. "She told me she believes in being kind to older people."

Well, I had to admit that that hung one up on me. I could just see myself with a hymn book and a basket giving poor old Mr. Fletcher a bun.

When the music stopped and we went back to the table, Miss Hunt looked at him and smiled. "Save up, Roddy," she said. "These are very active young people."

Mr. Fletcher laughed devilishly. "I'm pretty active myself," he said. "The night is young, isn't it, fellows?"

"In the cradle," Davy said. "Swallow your steak, femmes—we gotta get to that show on time. This isn't the opera."

It was really a shame to have to rush, with that lovely room and the floor so supreme, but that was the way with everything in New York. We leaped into taxi at the St. Regis door, and out of them on a street jammed with people going into three theaters. Our play was in one of them, and we found our seats just about two minutes before the curtain went up. I sat next to Davy, and then Sam and then Miss Hunt and lastly Mr. Fletcher and then Pauline.

The play was called *She Loves Me Not*, and it was so funny that in three places I lost control of my whole face

the way you can't help doing when you get laughing and can't stop. Pauline was smuggling up to Mr. Fletcher, and once I heard Miss Hunt say to him, "You're being awfully silly, Roddy," and he said, "I wonder if you really know me, Lesore..."

After the theater Pauline and I said we just had to see Broadway, so we all dodged and ducked around jams of people trying to get into taxis until suddenly we went around a corner and Miss Hunt said, "Look, chaps," and we looked up and pretty near died of excitement. There were lights everywhere: Still white ones and wiggle red ones and wavy white ones and high white ones and long pointed green ones, and theater signs and actors' and actresses' names all over—and I found myself imagining how my name, Maudie Mawse, would look in bright lights on Broadway. For the first time I seriously considered the stage as a career.

Then there was Times Square, which you knew was it because there was a funny narrow building with TIMES in big letters across the front and pieces of news in a diary stream of electric letters running all around its middle. We stood and stared and stared, just drinking it all in, until Mr. Fletcher said,

Fletcher said come on. If we didn't get moving pretty soon we'd be arrested for blocking traffic, and he said Miss Hunt led the way up Broadway. There were thousands of people and everyone was strutting, as though there wasn't any use hurrying because here was the thing they were looking for. The queerest part was that nobody spoke English—at least not the kind we were taught at Irwin's.

"Broken hearts of Broadway!" Paulie said. "Maudie, what's up? You bet every third person we meet has a broken heart?"

"Oh, really?" Mr. Fletcher said, striding up to us from the other side. "I'll tell about hearts. Who would look at Sam, the big brute, and think that he had a crack in it the size of the Liberty Bell?"

"Nobody," Pauline said.

"And they'd be right," Sam said, shoving Pauline along. "Ankle along, Bright Eyes. I want to get around back of some of this night life."

(Continued on Page 63)



"I TELL YOU, IT'S A MAN'S WORLD"

"OH, MR. FLETCHER," I SAID, "LOOK WHAT SOMEONE LEFT BESIDE YOU!"



DECORATION BY L. BARBERESE & CO.

PHOTOGRAPH BY POWELL

Gay New Color With Quaint Old Maple

LOOK at these pictures and see how gay and colorful maple furniture furnished with maple may be. Many of us have reproductions of this furniture which was used in the homes of our forefathers, and a few of us are fortunate enough to possess some of the original early furniture. It is a type of furniture that is characterized by sturdy dignity and quaint informality. It is neither drab nor dull. It is full of life and vigor, and its gay colors were created by people who met difficulties with courage and determination, who welcomed the simple joys of life gayly.

If we have eyes quickened with interest and imagination and can picture this furniture in its Colonial homes, we do not see it in a lifeless background of cold grays, dingy browns and faded nondescript hues. We see it brightened with gay homey palettes and the bright patchwork the women made during the long evenings, and at their quilting bees.

Yet, looking about us today, we can see how maple rooms may become ordinary and just like hundreds of other rooms if we merely follow the beaten track and furnish them in a routine-like way. So why not put a little adventure into our maple rooms as the Colonials did—

pull them into new life with *color ideas*? It is easy to do this since there are so many inexpensive and attractive new fabrics and accessories available.

First make a plan and then, keeping it in mind, apply a few definite color facts. Bright color does not necessarily mean sharp, crude color. The clear blues, the orange reds, the masses of green and deep brown which are used in the living room of those farms is pictured here, have fully learned to contribute in a pleasing way with the yellow of the pine woodwork and to make a harmonious setting for the warm tones of the maple furniture. The textures and the patterns of the fabrics and the rugs are not too finished too subtle to go with this simple, unpretentious type of room, and the lamps and the other accessories are informal in character. It is helpful to remember that many modern pictures, fabrics, wall papers, rugs and accessories have these qualities of simplicity and informality, so we do not need to limit our selection of furnishings to the traditional things of the past. See how that very modern picture "Sunflowers" seems painted just for this room? Perhaps this picture may seem large to you. It is. That's a new and lovely idea that is creeping into home decoration.

Large pictures which are really hanging murals. They add much interest to a room, don't you think?

The real "garden room" of my dreams was that gay plaid room on the easy-chair in the photograph on opposite page. A snapping of this started our shopping adventure. In its colorings we saw a vigorous red orange combined with lighter tones of this same color and with stripes of green. A gay and suitable color scheme ready-made! So we chose a soft gray paint for background, a masterpiece of maple paneling, a hooked rug that effectively covered all these hues.

When accessories were to be chosen, we led rather than followed our guide. We chose them in tones stronger than those in the chintz. A tea set of orange-red pottery lined with blue green; an ivy pot of lacquer red. Such a bit of growing green adds a touch of life to any room, whether it is your room or the other side of the house. It'd look upon a long and comfortable couch covered in green, and curtains of the same gay plaid material. There's a table with a copper lamp, and places for books too.

Now, let us pass into the dining room. With sunshine patterning through the cream-colored Venetian blinds, this was perhaps the most fun to do. The West drapes and the butterfly valances at the wall paper with its annual blocked-out motifs of quaint peacock-like bouquets, landscapes and figures, gave ideas for color. Most of the woodwork is painted cream color to match the field of the wall paper, but the window sashes, the baseboard and narrow bands around the doorways are painted in audacious orange red. The walls are decorated with lower panels painted in vivacious hues. These panels

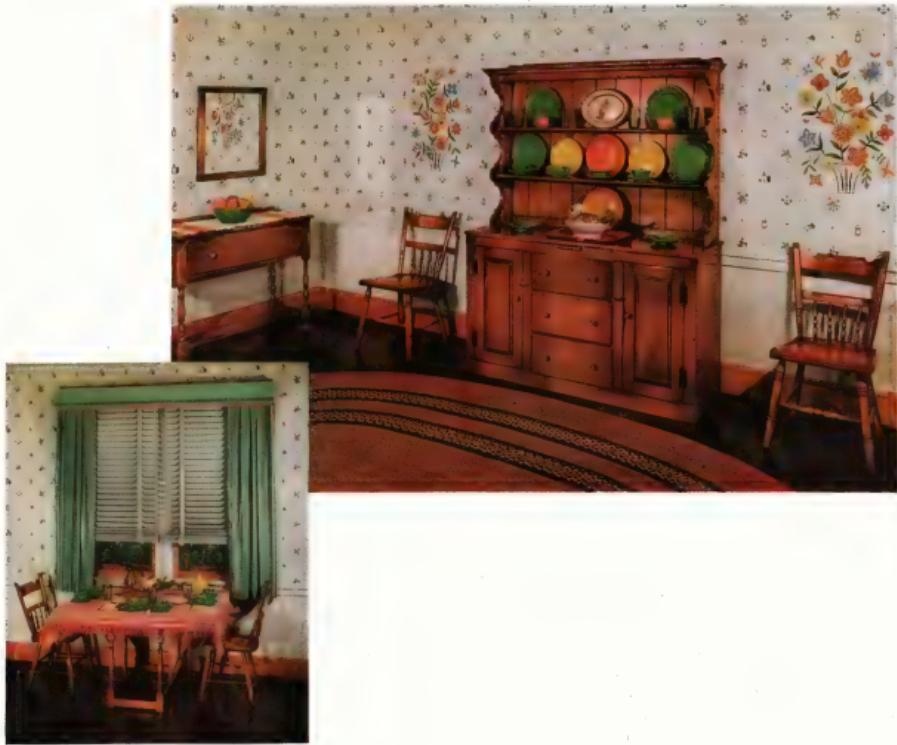
are simple in character, and any woman who has taste and ingenuity could paint similar decorations upon her own walls easily. If you doubt it, just ask her!

After the braided rug with its warm copper color was placed upon the floor, there came the fun of selecting and arranging the colorful dishes upon the shelves of the dresser, the choosing of the bright-head table linens, and the setting of the table with blue and yellow dishes, some Mexican plates, a fine silver fork, a gold spoon, a bowl of lucious fruit to go along with the animated color scheme.

I wish that there were space to show a picture of the bedroom which was one of my trio of maple rooms. It has a turquoise-blue-chintz bedspread and curtains trimmed with coral-color ball fringe. The walls are light yellow, which makes a foil for the blues and greens in the picture of the "Garden Child" by Max Cosca, a painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, but these are accurate but inexpensive reproductions. The bright accessories and the chintz-covered chairs in hues of yellow and coral make the room look as gay as a garden of zinnias.

So you see how cheerful, and different, rooms furnished in maple may be. And now, if you are thinking red and coral, would you be fearful of having your way? I've prepared A COLOR PATTERN FOR A MAPLE LIVING ROOM (No. A-1170, price three cents); A COLOR PATTERN FOR A MAPLE DINING ROOM (No. A-1171, price three cents); A COLOR PATTERN FOR A MAPLE BEDROOM (No. A-1169, price three cents), with samples of autumn wall papers, chintz and fabrics. Each one of these may be obtained from the Reference Library, Ladies' Home JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

BY GRACE CORNELL



Gone to the Bowwows!



GERMAN SHEPHERD



ENGLISH BULLDOG



ENGLISH SETTER

THREE o'clock in the morning and Windsor Castle, the sedate home of British royalty, is abuzz with excitement. Members of the royal family, not to mention half a dozen ladies and gentlemen in waiting, are dressed in a couple of prunes, rush about bearing hot-water bottles, and blankets, and jugs of warm milk. In the corridor outside a certain door a group consults in anxious whispers. Presently the door opens and the Prince of Wales, wrapped in an old dressing gown, steps out. He smiled and announced briskly, "Five thousand! not a cub is to be let off!"

A few moments later the entire household is up all right then. Come the Prince's favorite Cairn terrier, has just presented her master with a new litter of puppies. Mother and children are doing well. Windsor Castle goes back to bed.

Cora is dead now, but as long as she lived she could with impatience wait for the results of her breeding and time she chose to add to her little family. All the Windsor dog lovers, and, like most fanciers, they have their pet breed. From King George right on down the line, they confess to a weakness for Cairns—those sturdy, dependable little terriers that originated in the Isle of Skye, and that for years were unknown outside of Great Britain. Today, Cairns command respect and good prices throughout the dog world.

Undoubtedly they owe much of their popularity to the Prince of Wales, who has set more fashions than any other man alive. For there are fashions in dogs just as there are fashions in haircuts, and lipsticks, and kitchen sinks. One year, every third can you pass will boast a mournful-eyed collie patched beside the collar the next year, the collie class will be superseded by a cocker spaniel. And now, all members of the terrier family are in high favor. But, luckily for those of us who insist upon remaining faithful to an old love, any dog can be made smart by the simple expedient of telling our friends that we get him to match our temperament. For nowadays, dogs, like perfumes, must reflect personal taste.

According to Daisy Miller, who cares nothing about style, but who knows more dogs and dog owners by their first names than anybody else in America, about the worst thing you can do is to pick a breed simply because it has made a hit with Park Avenue or the folks next door. "The Jones' dog may suit them to a T, but it may prove just a lot of grief to you and me." And Mrs. Miller points out that with eightty-five recognized breeds to choose from, it is silly to be a copy cat.

"Before saluting forth in quest of a dog," she advises, "spend a little time sizing up yourself and your needs. Take a good look at your environment, your household and your disposition. Then—and then only—are you ready to pass on the qualifications of a possible canine addition to your family."

From now on, your job is simple—provided you know dogs. If you don't know dogs, call on somebody who does.

Perhaps you have a doggy friend whose judgment can be relied upon. If not, expert help is available absolutely free. The American Kennel Club will be delighted to give you any information you want, and upon request will send you a list of dependable breeders. So will the Animal Protection Union.

Any breeder thus recommended can be blackballed and forbidden to show his dogs if he fails to live up to his contract. Unfortunately, there are a number of unscrupulous persons who buy a license of breeding without the informed permission of the dog-loving public. For example, feigning dog owners as breeders. They set up shop in a promising neighborhood, offer for sale strayed or stolen animals, and pass off miffs for thoroughbreds. And then before trouble can camp on their slippery trail, they quickly fold their tents and slip away overnight. An excellent reason for buying only through an accredited breeder or dealer.

As founder and president of the Animal Protection Union, with headquarters in New York City and affiliations in every state in the Union, Mrs. Miller has helped thousands of people find the dog best suited to their pocketbooks, their surroundings and their temperaments.

Certainly nobody could be better qualified to give advice on this subject.

The Right Dog for the Right People

DAISY MILLER cannot remember when dogs were not her daily companions. On her father's plantation, down in Mississippi, she literally grew up with them. But according to her amusing young daughter, it is only in the past five or six years that she has gone completely to the bowwows!

Mrs. Miller's New York office is a meeting place for breeders and fanciers. It is a clearing house for lost and found dogs. Mrs. Miller herself is an inexhaustible source of information about dogs, their care and their training. But the part of her job that she enjoys most is fitting dogs to people and people to dogs.

Just the other day, a woman who had set her heart on a wire-haired terrier burst into Mrs. Miller's office and demanded to be told where she could get one in a hurry.

"My sister-in-law has one," she explained, "and it's just too good."

"Where?" countered Mrs. Miller. "do you live? City or country? How many are there in your family, and what are their ages?"

Somewhat impatiently the woman replied that she lived in a four-room apartment in New York City; that her family was composed of herself, her husband, her seven-year-old son and her mother, a widow of sixty-three.

When she was finished, Mrs. Miller said firmly, "You've picked the wrong dog. A wire is one of the most lovable

animals alive, but he won't do for you. He'd drive grandma crazy in less than a week. He's a wriggling, squirming bundle of buoyant nervous energy. Junior would adore him, but between them they'd wreck a small apartment, not to mention the nerves of an elderly invalid. What you want is a cocker spaniel."

And a cocker spaniel the lady got!

"A cocker is one of the best three-generation dogs I know," declares Mrs. Miller. "Bred for work with the gun, he comes under the head of sporting dogs, but to my mind he is also a class act. He is an ideal companion for young or old. Small enough to fit into a city apartment, he is rugged enough in appearance to appeal to a man. Perhaps more than any other dog he is sensitive to the moods of the humans about him. A cocker will romp with the children for hours, but he knows instinctively that Aunt Belle doesn't want to be poked or hide and seek. He is content to lie quietly, ear fest to ear, the reads or listens to the radio. In England he is the most popular breed, and his popularity is on the rise in America."

"Perhaps you remember Flash, the cocker spaniel who starred with Katharine Cornell in The Barretts of Wimpole Street. Several dogs of other breeds were tried for the rôle, but they lacked the necessary poise, the restraint and sensitive response to another's mood." Flash played the part two years ago, and since then has been the most popular cocker in beauty of a cocker; he never misses a cue, on the stage or off! "The first question I ask people who are looking for a dog is, 'Do you live in town or in the country?'

"It is cruel and stupid to keep cooped up in a small city apartment a big animal, like a great Dane or a Newfoundland that requires a great deal of exercise. Even an adorable German shepherd or collie is no good idea as a bell in a chisel sheep if you don't give him plenty of elbow room. But both make excellent house dogs in the country. Striking enough in appearance to satisfy the vanity of the most exacting owner, they are also extremely adaptable. For generations they have been work dogs, herding their masters' sheep and cattle, and the house with the family whose breed they helped to earn. They are plaid in temperament and they know how to accommodate themselves to proximity with humans and how to make allowances for human shortcomings."

The late Calvin Coolidge's favorite dog was Beauty, the stuning white collie who stands at Mrs. Coolidge's side in the porch paneling of the White House, by Howard Chandler Christy. The collie is no longer with Queen Victoria preferred the breed to any other. They are easy to train and they make marvelous companions. Even in these deflated times, a fine specimen will bring up into the thousands. Laund Loyalty of Belhelium, adjudged best-in-show at Madison Square Garden a few years ago, is reported to have brought \$14,700.

German shepherds, known all too frequently in this country as police dogs, also have their devoted rooters.

BY MILDRED HARRINGTON



SCOTCH COLLIE



SEALYHAM TERRIER



WIRE-HAIRED FOX TERRIER



SCOTCH TERRIER



CAIRN TERRIER



PEKINGESE



CHOWCHOW

President Roosevelt's Major is a shepherd. So is Padraig, the canine stand-by of his predecessor, ex-President Hoover. Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., who fills the shoes of his famous father so admirably, belongs to the same family.

Shepherd came into prominence during the World War, when they were used extensively in carrying messages under fire. Man has credited them with almost super-human intelligence. Undoubtedly they are brainy fellows, but don't expect a shepherd pup to develop into a second Rin-Tin-Tin unless you are prepared to give him the sort of training that Lee Duncan gives his accomplished dogs.

Size, Mrs. Miller points out, is not the only factor to be considered in buying a dog. Matching a canine temperament to yours is even more important than your dog's noise and perpetual motion about you? Then steer clear of the wire-haired terrier, his Irish cousin and the Schnauzer.

However, if you have the temperament of a sire, one of these lively rascals may prove perfect for you. Ross Poessle, the Metropolitan Opera star, admits that she would languish without her wire terrier, Whiskers. Ronald Colman, movie star, has a wire-haired terrier, Dandy, for his pet terrier. And the beautiful Julia Hoyt, who took a stellar rôle in society for one on the stage, would sooner leave behind her dozen trunks than her beloved Schnauzer, Lena. Gertrude Lawrence is another star who has a weakness for Schnauzers.

Incidentally, it is amusing to note that the Schnauzer is the only dog that is an ideal pet for women. I know of a woman whose newly acquired husband barely escaped being ripped to pieces because he playfully struck at his bride in the presence of her pet Schnauzer.

I said at the outset of this article that the terrier family as a whole is in high favor at the present moment. There is, as Daisy Miller took pains to remind me, an excellent reason for this: Terriers are medium-sized dogs endowed with more-than-average intelligence and personality. Besides, the group offers a wide range from which to choose.

"You will find," observed Mrs. Miller, "that Cairns and Scotties are the most dignified of the terrier clan. But if you demand demonstrativeness in your dog, don't pick a Scotty. He will be eternally loyal to you, but he won't tear off the roof every time you put your foot across the threshold. If you want a terrier that can stand up under a lot of bodily abuse, choose a Sealyham. They are built like tanks."

S. S. Van Dine, the mystery writer, swears by Scotties and breeds some of the finest in America. One of his dogs has the enviable record of having come off with the best-in-show award a dozen times. The Scotty, like the cocker, makes a good fireside companion.

If you dislike sharing your dog's affection with others, pick a Collie or a Cocker Spaniel or a Chow. All are one-man dogs, but the Chow has retained traits which even his own master never succeeds in penetrating. It takes a special sort of temperament to get along with this self-contained, self-sufficient creature. The late Calvin Coolidge and the Coolidge chow, Tim, understood each other perfectly.

Smooth-coated fox terriers from the scene. As companions they are hard to beat. One of the men on Admiral Byrd's Antarctic expedition tells me that Igloo, the admiral's fox terrier, was in some ways closer to him than any human shipmate. Peter Iglo, the dog, is dead. Certainly Admiral Byrd is a one-man man. He broke an important lecture date to fly to Boston to Iglo's funeral, and no dog has ever taken Iglo's place with him. Probably no dog ever will. You've heard many a man boast that his dog would go to the end of the earth with him. Iglo was the only dog who literally went to both ends of the earth with his master.

(Continued on Page 116)



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN - 34

"MR. TUGMORE," EXCLAIMED MINERVA, "YOUR COMPANY'S GOT MRS. BOOGS AND HER CHILDREN INTO A TERRIBLE MESS AND IT'S GOT TO GET 'EM OUT"

On the Road to Mandalay

MINERVA McCANN GETS MRS. BOOGS AND HER BROOD SAFELY OFF FOR BURMA

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"IT'S decided! We're really going!" cried Abigail Boggs, her eyes watery with emotion. "I'm so excited I can hardly speak!"

"Oh, I am glad, Abby! Although, of course, I'll miss you terribly!" answered Minerva McCann, leading her friend into the sitting room and plating her her husband's home-cooked meal.

"Now tell me all about it!"

Mrs. Boggs needed no encouragement, for this was undoubtedly the supreme moment in her life.

"Well, it's always been Pellatiash's greatest ambition to be sent out to do actual missionary work in the field. He's been running the Day Spring Mission here for the thirty years, and you know how much he's wanted to go. The board has had my application before it ever so long, but there never seemed to be any vacancy anywhere. Then about ten days ago, out of a perfectly clear sky, he got a letter offering him the post at Amboia, in Burma, because the missionary there had died of malaria, or something—at the same salary, that's a perfect guess, of course—just a woderful! There's a house there—a compound, a big garden, and you can hire native servants for about twenty-five cents a month. We'll be able to live on a tenth of what it costs us here in Athens! Of course Pellatiash accepted at once!"

"When do you go?" asked Minerva, thrilled at the mere thought of going to Burma—malaria or no malaria.

"Next week. There's a steamer sailing on Saturday from New York for Marseilles, where we catch the P. & O. boat for Ceylon. All expenses are paid, naturally."

"I wish I was going 'with you!' sighed Mrs. McCann. "I've always wanted to travel to foreign parts. And, now, to think of your going to Ceylon and Burma!"

"I wish you were!" Abigail pulled a typewritten letter from the black-beaded bag in her narrow lap and adjusted her spectacles.

"Rev. PELLATIASH BOOGS,
c/o Day Spring Mission,
17 Front Street, Athens."

"Are you arranging your inquiry regarding cost of transportation for yourself and party to Burma, and the relative desirability of sailing (1) from New York via Marseilles, the Suez Canal and Colombo, as compared with (2) sailing from San Francisco via Hong Kong, Singapore, and Ceylon? While the distances, costs and times generally involved are approximately the same, we would recommend the former route, owing to the better steamship connections at this season of the year."

"We would greatly suggest, therefore, that you allow us to book you as far as Burma, on the Irrawaddy (the last point of regular communication), taking advantage of the present reduced rates, and perhaps the regular discount for those going into the interior."

"The transportation will be issued for:

Rev. Pellatiash Boggs	1 full first-class fare
Mrs. Abigail Boggs	1 " " "

Master Hosea Boggs 1 full first-class fare
Miss Naomi Boggs 1 " " "
Miss Deborah Boggs 1 " " "
Miss Madeline Boggs 1 " " "
Miss Abigail Boggs 1 " " "
Master Zephaniah Boggs 1 " " "

from New York, N. Y., as follows: "On S. S. *Easter* to Marseilles, thence on S. S. *Pellatiash* (P. & O. Line) to Colombo, thence on S. S. *Lord Roberts* (of the British Steam Navigation Co. or Blue Funnel Line) to Rangoon, thence up the Irrawaddy River via Irawadi Flotilla boat to Mandalay."

"Here you will change to a smaller river boat for Bhamo, where you will arrive three days later and where you will have to make private arrangements for bullock cart to Amboia, which we understand is not far from the Chinese border.

"The entire trip from Athens to Bhamo, providing connections are made, will take about a round-trip of fifty days. Since east of Suez steamboat departures are at irregular intervals, the missing of one would naturally disarrange all subsequent connections and might involve a delay of several weeks. Trusting to hear from you further and be favored with your esteemed order."

"Very truly yours,

"RESTED-CANNING TRAVEL AGENCY, INC.
"by M.P."

"I can't bear it, Abigail!" declared Mrs. McCann, for whom the mere mention of such names as Singapore, Rangoon and Mandalay conjured into being a fascinating world of lost romance. "I almost wish I was a missionary myself."

"You are one in your own way, Minerva dear!" Abigail assured her with a faint shadow of patronage. "I'm sure no one I know does more good in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call her!"

B. McCann, who in imagination saw herself stepping up the muddy waters of a sluggish river overhung with umbreagueous tropical foliage filled with heavy-scented scarlet blossoms and alive with screaming birds of brilliant plumage. There were bamboo huts and tiny clearings along the swampy shores, and black men clad only in strange white breech-clouts and feathered hats, with their spears, shields, and lances, and temple bells, and idols made of mud, and the dawn coming up like one of those travaguettes out of China, so near to where Abigail was going—drive her!

"Mandalay!" she murmured dreamily. "Where the flying fishes play!"

"I don't believe there are any fishes that really fly," conceded Abigail. "But there are sampan and boats!"

"And there are elephants, and crocodiles!" added Minerva. "I'm usually jealous of you, Abby!"

"I wish you were going along too, Min! No doubt it'll be lonely. I don't suppose there will be many neighbors."

"I guess you won't want any. You're going 'where' every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.' Anyhow, you'll have your hands full with six children, including a pair of twin girls."

"I've got my hands full right now!" asserted Mrs. McCann. "The General Board has sent for Pellatiash to come to New York to get his instructions, and he leaves Athens for good next Monday. I shan't see him again until the rest of us join him on the *Easter* for Marseilles a week from Saturday. I must stay to see him off, outfit the children, pack, and dispose of our furniture and whatever of our belongings we don't take with us. Luckily, the lease on the house runs out next month."

"How about your tickets?"

Mrs. Boggs opened her bag and took out a package composed of eight fat claret-colored books fastened together by leather straps.

"Here they are—all paid for! They came only yesterday from the travel agency in New York. Want to look?"

She removed the band and handed one of the books, about the size of a small church hymnal, to Minerva. It was full of long, accordion-pleated strips of divers colors, interspersed with shorter vouchers for transfers, hotel accommodations, deck chairs, and so on.

"How wonderful! If she could only persuade Cable to go somewhere—even only to New York! She felt sure that, once she had got him as far as that, she ought to be able to have him onto a transatlantic liner."

"Isn't it wonderful to sit right here and realize that all we have to do is to pack our bags for Marseilles and don't have to give a single thought to our traveling arrangements until we get to Bhamo?" said Abigail. "Just step from one boat to another! The connections dovetail right into one another. We don't have to wait anywhere over twelve hours in either Marseilles, Colombo, Rangoon or Mandalay."

"I can't bear it, Abigail! chunkin'!" cried Minerva狂怒地。 "But, of course, if you did miss a boat anywhere—like the letter says, you'd be badly stuck."

"Yes, I suppose we might be delayed some time. However, I don't see any reason why we should miss any of our connections. But I do hate to have Pellatiash wandering around alone down in New York, leaving the other seven of us to meet him on the dock."

"We'll look after you," Minerva assured her. "Only why don't you leave here Thursday night instead of Friday?"

"There just isn't time!" replied Abigail. "I shan't have a minute until the express train leaves Friday evening. It arrives at eight-thirty in the morning, and the Express doesn't sail until noon. That gives us three hours and a half to cross the city. Besides, we have to think of the expense. To spend an extra twenty-four hours in New York would cost us as much as a day's travel."

"It sounds safe enough," agreed Minerva. "The express is always on time. Only you must be sure to get to the depot at least half an hour before it comes through. I tell you what, Abigail. I'll send Patrick with the car to take you all to the station."

"That will be sweet of you, Minerva. I'm going to check most of the baggage through the day before. But there'll be an awful lot of bags. How many does the car seat?"

"Patrick can make as many trips as are necessary!" declared Mrs. McCann.

II

DURING the rest of the week Minerva was a constant visitor at the Bogges' tiny cottage. She was, indeed, almost as much of a twitter over it all as Mrs. Boggs herself.

"Just think what they'll see, Caleb!" she exclaimed to her husband. "First they touch at Fayal, in the Azores Islands, and Gibraltar, in Spain, on the way to Marseilles; and after that they stop at Malta, Alexandria and Port Said, go through the Suez Canal, to Aden, and then over the Indian Ocean to Ceylon, before starting on the twelve-hundred-mile voyage across the Bay of Bengal to Rangoon!"

"MERCIFUL HEAVENS, ABIGAIL! . . . HOW AWFUL! . . . YES—AS SOON AS I CAN!"



"I don't envy 'em!" he answered. "What with seasickness and rotten food, and the heat and flies, I reckon they'll be lucky if they get there."

"Wouldn't you put up with a few flies if you could see a real pagoda, Caleb?"

"What do I want to see a pagoda for? I know exactly what they look like."

"It's not the same thing at all! Why, I'd give anything to have a look at a heathen temple all covered with gold, or something like that."

"See it all for fifty cents at the circus," he grumbled. "Pellatish has never amounted to a row of pines. My private opinion is that they're sending him out to Burma to get rid of him. He's just plain incompetent. So is Abigail. I'll bet a quarter they land in a mess before they get started, and mine the body or something."

"I'm afraid you can't call me incompetent," she retorted. "Personally, I think it's a marvel they've managed to get along as well as they have on his salary, with six children, and keep 'em all lookin' presentable."

"Well, maybe I'm wrong! Anyhow, I hope they'll get off all right!"

"The Lord will look after them, Caleb!"

"I suppose the Lord is entitled to receive some discretion in such matters," he mused from behind his newspaper. "I shouldn't think the Bogges family would appeal to Him much."

"Even if they don't, I'm going to keep an eye on 'em too!" she declared rather hotly, for the Bogges were one of her weaknesses.

"I'm afraid you can't call me incompetent," he admitted. "But let me tell you right now, Minerva, if there's anything humanly possible that can happen to anybody, it'll happen to the Bogges. Like as not one of the twins will get appendicitis half an hour before the train starts."

Minerva grasped the arms of her chair. "Oh, Caleb! Wouldn't that be too terrible?" she gasped.

"He'll get it off his mind immediately," he said. "Come, come, Min! I didn't mean it. No doubt they'll get along fine. Only if you're going to take any responsibility for them, you better watch your step!"

Whether it was her husband's warning or because in her innocent heart she knew that Abigail was in fact incompetent, Minerva spent most of the following week getting the Bogges ready for their exodus. She bought bags,

trunks and wicker baskets, saw to it that there were no unfilled cavities in the little Bogges' teeth and that each child had a new set of pyjamas. She packed individual comb, hairbrush, toothbrush and paste, soap, sponge and nail file. Eight toilet cases did Minerva equip, of varying sizes, from adult down to baby size for the twins, who were only four and a half. She had heard of the torrential downpours occurring unexpectedly in the tropics, and nothing would satisfy her but that every Bogge should have an umbrella, a raincoat and a waterproof poncho of rubberized fabric. The medicine chest took half a lifetime, even when assisted by Mr. Gonza, the druggist, himself. Hot-water bottles, flannel bands to protect the intestinal carburetors of the little Bogges from sudden changes of temperature, electric torches, folding rubber tubes, a sewing machine, and even a collapsible canvas cot were added to the case. Pelatish had been drawn by wire in visiting his summer converts were sorted, folded and forwarded—most of them at Minerva's personal expense. After all, there was no sense going without a proper outfit to a country where you couldn't buy anything.

THIS ground floor of the Bogges house on the morning of Friday, the day of their departure, was a scene of indescribable confusion, yet by noon sort of order had been brought out of the chaos, and by three o'clock each youthful Boggs, from Hosea, the eleven-year-old heir apparent, down to the twins, Abimelech and Zebadiah, had been given an allotted place and made to sit there beside his or her umbrella, overcoat and suitcase until it was time to go. The train, which was to be a long, slow ship of a woman, was on the point of collecting when at last all was ready on an hour and a half before train time, and Minerva was able to start Patrick on his trip to the depot. By half-past five the beggar had been completed, and Minerva, Abigail and the six little Bogges had been safely deposited at Athens Junction with a full hour to spare.

The train, which had been built from the ground up, only affair like most railway stations in that part of New England, where there were few passenger trains although a considerable freight traffic. There is one waiting room for the accommodation of both sexes, with a stained wooden seat running around the wall, divided by iron arms into single spaces for individual occupancy, each having its own circular spittoon of dark brown. (Continued on Page 81)

"NOW DON'T ANY ONE OF YOU MOVE UNTIL THE TRAIN COMES IN!" ORDERED THEIR MOTHER



Hit and Run

BY ALICE DUER MILLER



III

DICK felt slightly contemptuous, but neither surprised nor alarmed at Mr. Osmond's failure to appear. He imagined that his employee was playing another round of golf, or involved in a long rubber of bridge, or possibly taking an afternoon nap—always something to do with his leisure, but never actually confessing it to him. But Semmes' conduct was more difficult to explain; it had been hard to think of a reason for his not turning up during the day.

One of the specialised methods of detecting integrity is by its instinctive disinclination to believe in baseness. To Dick it seemed more likely that Ralph was seriously ill than that he was going to make no effort to meet him. Dick knew the consequences of his own misdeemeanor. So though he was angry at the delay in getting him out, and at the selfish, careless way of living that caused the delay, he had not for a moment suspected that anything more than delay was involved.

Early in the evening, the Osmond chauffeur came to the jail with a message that Mr. Bannerman was on his way from New York and would be there the next day. Dick knew all about Bannerman: a man whose success was more admired than his probity, and whose political pull was supposed to be greater than his legal acumen. Yet, knowing all this, he was conscious of the knowledge that he was to have the assistance of so powerful a personality. He was grateful to Osmond. He said to himself that was the way men like Letty worked—they didn't care if the public was to see no more but they sent for the most highly paid lawyer in New York. Selfish they might be, but they were efficient.

With the message he had also received the sympathetic visit from his mother and Mary. It wasn't difficult to guess that Letty herself must have motored to Center Hadley. The idea gave him exquisite pleasure, and perhaps helped to blind him to the fact that he had no associates. He amused himself in his solitude with the picture of Letty in the old house—Letty talking to his mother . . .

THIS night was not uneventful. His sister, the nephew of the sheriff, a gangling young giant, half-witted and amiable, had consented to go and buy a bottle of milk and some fruit. His bed was hard but clean, and as the weather had been unusually warm, the atmosphere of his damp old cell was perhaps pleasanter than that of his fresh new room at the Osmonds'. He slept soundly, and woke up to clear the whole matter up with a few sensible, candid words with Bannerman.

Bannerman was there bright and early. Not long after half past eight Dick was summoned to the visitors' room of the jail, where he found the square, dark, suddenly waiting for him.

"First of all, what you want to know, Mr. Slater," Bannerman said in that soft, persuasive voice of his that had had so much to do with his success in the eventful things done that can be done. "Mr. Osmond wants you to feel confident that whatever may be the result—when this is

over—your position with him will still be open to you—for the rest of your life, if you want it."

"Mr. Osmond is very kind," Dick answered, his voice sounding peculiarly flat and New England, in contrast to the melodic tones of Bannerman's—although he had taken the trouble to come and see me yesterday as I repeatedly asked him to do, he would know that I am not in need of assistance. I did not do this, Mr. Bannerman. I was not driving Semmes' car when this accident happened."

"I understand that you had admitted quite spontaneously that you were driving his car."

"Where is Semmes?"

"He is in jail," said Mr. Bannerman, as if a name utterly remote from the topic had been introduced into the discussion. "He sailed this morning for France. His mother is ill—dying, I imagine."

"He is in jail?" asked Dick. "Why, the little hound. He did that—not I. He was tight and frightened to death, and he came to me and asked me to go down and try to fix it up with the police."

BANNERMAN listened to the story, drawing his lip down in the center. Doubtless, in the course of a long career at the bar, he had learned a technical approach to the law that the average man, if he had it, did not make use of it now.

A short silence fell as he finished, and then Bannerman asked politely, "And is there any evidence of this? Can anyone else tell us what has happened?"

"Yes," answered Dick. "Miss Osmond can confirm it. I was talking to her at the very moment the accident must have taken place."

"Did she ask for the time?"

"No, I didn't, but I know that within five minutes Semmes drove up to the door, and told me this lie about having touched a mugguard in the village."

"Miss Osmond would be your only witness."

"Yes, since Semmes has run away—but she would be a good one."

"Excellent. I have no doubt, if she could fit the time exactly, he would be compelled to give an account of his whereabouts."

Semmes did not see Semmes drive up—there is nothing in establishing a vague, early-morning conversation between you and Miss Osmond which would prevent your having been in the village at five minutes to nine."

This was so obvious that Dick could think of no direct answer. He said instead, "I should like to see Mr. Osmond."

"Indeedly, he was obliged to go to New York."

"Then," said Dick, "I must speak to Miss Osmond."

There was a brief silence. "Mr. Slater," Bannerman began, "whether you—or set us aside—will be here when I am driving the car, I do not see any hope of establishing that fact, after your own admission that you were. Fortunately,

Tuttle is out of danger—out of the hospital. There is, I understand, no intention on the part of the district attorney to charge you with any offense, even of degree. As your counsel, I must advise you to plead guilty to a misdemeanor—that of leaving the scene of the accident without stopping. The penalty for this is a fine not to exceed \$500 or imprisonment not more than a year—or both. I believe, however, I can assure you that no prison sentence will be imposed." He looked as wise as an owl as he said this. "With your permission, I will notify the court."

"I don't know how I can say I did it I didn't do."

"But you have already said so."

"I will not plead guilty."

"Mr. Bannerman, I'm afraid I could not act for you. I am afraid I could not act for you. I am afraid I could not present a case which is so utterly unsupported by evidence."

"You know that your throwing up my case will give a prejuice to the court?"

"For that reason, I hope you may reconsider your decision." Nothing could have been more softly courteous than his tone.

Dick was silent. Though as a man he was infuriated that Bannerman obviously did not believe his story, as a lawyer he knew he would have given a client of his own exactly the same advice. Yet he was a decent, resolute gentleman to whom the government of justice was a man who had run away without giving him a sign. All his Olympic impulse to save the young people from sorrow had gone. He felt justified in letting Letty know the truth, but, indeed, he knew it was his duty to tell her.

"Give me an hour or so to think this over," he said. "And in the meantime, tell

Miss Osmond that I want very much to see her for a few minutes."

"I will give her your message," answered Bannerman, "but I must say I think you are asking a good deal of a young lady just engaged and more in love than one often sees young people nowadays, just parted from the object of her affection, of course, to leave such a life from out young hearts—but no one reads Byron nowadays. You are going to ask her—if I understand you rightly—to go on the stand and not only accuse her father of having been guilty of the misdemeanor with which you are charged but to make it appear he has been guilty of the most dastardly cowardice in subsequently leaving the country."

"If it is that," replied Bannerman, almost without stressing the "it." "I must warn you that reluctant witnesses are dynamite to the side that calls them. Miss Osmond has every right to know she does not bear the blame at which your conversation took place, and the whole value of her testimony is destroyed. And after all, if you yourself cannot place the exact time, why should you expect her to do so?"

"I will call her to come and see me. Of course, if she doesn't want to come——"

"I shall certainly tell her," said Bannerman.

He had had another idea, like a flash of inspiration. "I will go back to the house, and give her your message, and come here about noon to tell you the result. In the meantime, I have an old friend here, who I should like to see—he happens to be the boss of the county." He smiled encouragingly and took his departure.

ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY RALEIGH

THE JUDGE LEANED FORWARD TO SEE LETTY. "DO YOU KNOW OF YOUR OWN KNOWLEDGE THAT THE PRISONER IS NOT GUILTY?" HE ASKED

made a good voice work for him. "What do you hear about old Mr. Tuttle?"

"He's better, Miss Osmond—out of the hospital all right. I guess his trouble was mostly from Luckey thing for young Sister—he'd have been in a bad way if Tuttle had died."

Letty looked very sweetly at King. "What would you say, sergeant, if I told you that Mr. Tuttle had not been driving his car at all—that it was a different man entirely?"

THE sergeant smiled. "I'd say you'd got it wrong," he answered, "for I hear Sister was taking a plea."

"Doing what?"

"Taking a plea—pleading guilty. I met the D.A. a moment ago, and he said —"

"Sergeant King, he can't be doing that."

"It's much the best thing for him to do, Miss Osmond. He's in a jam. Only I'll let you into a secret. He isn't going to get off with a fine as this (fines)—what's his name?—think he is. Sister is going to get sacked with a jail sentence, or I miss my guess."

"A jail sentence?" Letty cried. "But that's terrible! He didn't do it, I know, because I was talking to him at every moment the accident took place. I heard the clock strike six. I told them that. I told Mr. Bannerman that, and they said the boy had been wronged. On Saturday, isn't that when you wind our clocks?"

"Mais oui, mademoiselle, toujours le

Samets!"

"You wound them last Saturday, didn't you? The day before yesterday? Yes?"

Well, M. Victor, you remember the little gilt clock in the study—was it wrong on Saturday? Was it fifteen minutes fast or slow?"

"Mais non, mademoiselle. That clock is never wrong—that clock is a French clock."

"You're sure it wasn't fifteen minutes out?"

"James' *de la vie*, mademoiselle. I have never known it to vary thirty seconds." Victor was very positive. He contrasted it unfavorably with the other clocks in the house. He was willing—eager even—to set a statement to that effect.

She went on with a feeling of certain satisfaction that she had cut the ground from under Mr. Semmes' feet in case he attempted to testify that he had changed the clock. Outside, the police lodges, as she drove through, she saw Sergeant King, standing in goggles and gauntlets beside his motorcycle. She drew up beside him, and he withdrew the stout leg he had been about to throw across the saddle. "Good morning, sergeant," she said.

Bannerman was not the only person who

At the door he took the jailer aside. "If a young lady—Miss Osmond—calls to see Sister, he particularly asks that she be told he can't see her. That's clear, isn't it?" He slipped a ten-dollar bill into the jailer's pocket. And then he mothered Letty, that waiting for you if you keep her out."

The jailer grinned. One side of his mouth was entirely devoid of teeth. He

would have undertaken to keep his uncle, the sergeant, out of the case for Saturday. He almost regretted having cheated Dick of fifteen cents on supper the night before.

His steadfastness was soon put to the test. Mr. Bannerman had not been gone half an hour when Letty was let loose to walk up and down the jail, and when she spied a pretty young lady in white, who asked in a trembling voice if Mr. Stater were there.

The jailer grinned and nodded his great round head. "Sure he's here," said Letty Osmond.

"You can't do that, lady."

"Why not?"

"I don't see no one."

"He'll see me," said Letty.

The man looked at her and ambled away. If she had known the geography of the jail she would have been astonished at the short distance between them. As it was, it seemed a long time before he was back.

"He won't see you, lady."

"Did you tell him your name?"

Letty got behind the car and drove slowly away. Never in all her life had she felt so much alone.

Immediately after her conversation with Bannerman she had telephoned her father, waking a tired man from deep sleep. . . .

"Who is it? Letty? What the devil, isn't it?"

He slipped a ten-dollar bill into the giant's pocket. And then he mothered Letty, that waiting for you if you keep her out."

Her generation, she knew, was critical of her father. They were men of opinion, and had

not been prepared to accept the new theories of action she usually been guided by their judgment. In this case she had been prepared to act on her own judgment, but the fact—but she had counted on Dick's assistance. She had been prepared to fight under his banner—but he was to lead and direct. It seemed to her that the people of power thought that she could fight alone. Yet she couldn't see any way to avoid it—Dick must be cleared.

She drove slowly through the main street of the country, her eye half-panted to a tiny shop window full of old watches dangling from their chains, of clocks—a cuckoo clock, a porcelain clock, an old gilt clock borne by cherubs. The owner was a French soldier who had fallen in love with the town.

"Good morning, sergeant," she said. Bannerman was not the only person who

"excuse me asking you but is this young man Stater anything to you?"

"I was engaged to him. I suppose—engaged to be married to Mr. Stater."

"The man whose car—Oh, I remember him. We gave him a ticket for speeding—we all thought him one of the handsomest, pleasantest-spoken young fellows we ever saw."

"He's all of that, sergeant."

There was something strange in her tone, King thought. He looked at her. "But see, sir, he said, "if Stater wasn't driving the car, who was? Do you know?"

"Yes, I know."

"He didn't mean it was Semmes?" and as she sounded gravely, he added, "Gosh, the man you are going to marry! That's a topsy-turvy situation. The stars fall at each other, a second or two, and then King asked, "Where is Semmes?"

"In the water. He sailed for France this morning."

"He told me he was going because his mother was very ill in Paris. But she isn't. I telephoned her early this morning. She says she never felt better in her life."

The sergeant closed his gauntleted hands together. "Get it," he said. "Last night they thought (Continued on Page 88)

Put Yourself Into Prints and Let



Swagger coats are a becoming fashion that fortunately go on and on. Note the good points of this costume above. The dress, first, shows off the figure without its coat. See how its stripes in the direction of make both shoulders disappear? For her? A V neck, too, which is more becoming than a high one for some people. But when you put the coat on, as shown on the left, the revers can be buttoned up, and their yellow-linen facing, matching the facing on the coat, becomes just a piping. Don't you want this ensemble?

She puts on a big brown hat with this circle-dotted printed dress. Dark prints are certainly a woman's best friend. The white-organdie collar is lightening, but retains the smooth diagonal line—good for all figures, and large ones especially.

This gay coral print is young, and all set to go places. Isn't the pleats in the skirt and in the deep collar seem to claim for action? When in doubt what color shahes and hat your own particular print has an affinity for, try brown. Then black.

Them Be Gay as to Color

BY JULIA COBURN



Taffetas—so new and crisp and springy, with stripes so gay, sleeves so perky, and ruffles so soft and flattering. The girl who wears this dress won't get lost in any crowd—you'll see her as you see a crocus or the lawn. Don't you like the lower necks?

This polka-dot print was so distinctive that we had to show it with its jacket both on and off. Of course, that great white bow makes the costume, both ways. The dress is formal enough to wear anywhere in the daytime. With the tailored little jacket on, it becomes demure but dashing, for street wear. Polka dots are not new, but remember they remain among the smartest of summer prints. And white is always the very best trimming. And you can't do better than to have a bow perched right in front where it will show.

This printed Canton crêpe in checked effect has a crisp white-pique collar that buttons right on and off. Its sleeves are the very correct type and length for summer sleeves on dresses that are not for sports. See what an addition the white hat is!



• The Surplus Generation •

IN SOME ways the fresh crop of young men and women, en route from school to market place, strikingly recalls a previous generation. Both generations date from disaster—one from a war, the other from a depression. Each was brought up in a world that seemed settled and permanent, but both a lost generation and a surplus generation might easily be synonymous.

The former, due to publicity, took pains to live up—or, rather, down—to a classification in which it gloried. The new group not only does not like its name but makes valiant efforts to be useful instead of superfluous.

The three million young people who have left high school and college during the past three years might well feel that they are surplus. At least some of them can't get jobs and can't continue with their studies. A survey of recent college alumni made by Col. H. Edmund Bullis, of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, puts the percentage of fortunate wage earners at about fifteen. The placement reports of the seven best-known Eastern women's colleges make the average something like twenty per cent. The national board of the Y. W. C. A. has collected statistics on high-school graduates, which add up to less than ten per cent to date.

Any one who dips beneath the statistics, however, comes at length to wonder that, under adverse circumstances, so many should have gained a foothold. One can turn up instance after instance of hopeful endeavor, of miracles of adjustment, of feats of ingenuity that would have figured in the success stories of yesteryear, but which these young people have made their own.

There are the four young men from a university that used to replenish the supply of bond salesmen. They decided there were other things to be sold besides bonds—for instance, clothes such as they knew their colleagues' friends liked to wear. They set up a merchant-tailoring establishment, with themselves as outside men.

Another college graduate found so few customers for his bonds that he turned to the sale of groceries, and started a dog breeding business. He could not pay for the extra food. A grain of imagination permitted him to keep the dogs and himself too—he now sells specially prepared canine dinners to several hundred families within a radius of about thirty miles, and he makes money.

A group of perspicacious collegians men featured a twenty-four-hour diaper-laundering service, with odd jobs and window washing as side lines. A girl, whose initiative got her into a little trouble in the eyes of a woman of age, conducted an outdoor recreational school for club girls during summer. Her idea—(and it brought in two hundred dollars). Some normal-school graduates who could not get teaching jobs remembered that they had worked their way through school by helping in tea-room kitchens. So there started a restaurant.

After all, most people still live in houses, still eat, still wear clothes, they still like to amuse themselves, and they still need to buy things. The variety of services which can be based on these needs and desires is legion. Often an avocation, some interest that the boy or girl has kept up just for the fun of it, will provide the clue to profitable employment.

A couple of young men hired a large room in a big city, acquired some chairs and a telephone, and christened their project a language exchange. They agree to supply a person who will converse in any language you will teach for a flat fee. The privilege of hearing you speak a language that he wishes to learn gives him a little time, and then will unearth the most remote dialect. The exchanges of conversation pay a fee, and the enterprise is thriving.

A young man who loathed the idea of further hopeless job hunting and spent his days in the library, reading biography, stumbled upon all sorts of curiosities of fact, which resulted in a book of brief biographical sketches. It sold well, led to further opportunities.

Nowhere else have I seen the momentous glimpse hidden opportunities, or the force and vitality to put an unusual idea into practice. But there was a young lawyer, who had no prospects beyond a ten-dollar-a-week clerkship in a law office, until he took to writing nonsense verse, as he had done for his college paper. Now he earns enough to keep himself, and has also come into contact with a variety of people who throw a canny eye once in a while, so that in the end he may have the basis for a law practice.

Some fathers have thrown some ingenious life lines to their progeny. It isn't usually possible to follow the example of one father, who watched his unemployed son grow increasingly silent and moosey.

He reasoned that he would make financial sacrifices, if necessary, to

protect property that might be valuable in the future—why not for his son? So he offered to advance the boy's salary for a year to anyone who would hire him. It was not so easy as it sounds. Only friends, who would keep the secret, could be approached. They were cutting their staffs. They did not want to risk resentment at the appearance of a newcomer in circumstances that couldn't be explained. But this parent managed it at last, probably saving his boy's mind.

There are other opportunities in the community. There are libraries, museums, community clubs, settlement houses, that have jobs, but no funds, to absorb young people temporarily. Girls do quite a bit of unpaid social work, especially since this profession, like teaching, begins to supersede business as a vocational choice.

One doesn't hear many spectacular stories among the girls. Perhaps they adapt themselves more quickly and easily to new conditions and require less experience than are the boys. The entire grammar class of a Midway school that trained college students for social work with children, became nursery governesses, as they hadn't intended. Teachers on a list that doesn't move apply for jobs in the Philippines or in Russia, wherever there might seem to be a call for their services. Normal-school graduates in the Southwest hire out with the neighbors, cooking and cleaning. They don't lose caste, and they get room, board, and a little pocket money.

A girl who majored in economics has spent a year cooking, waiting in line, running machines in factories; another, having specialized in psychology, minds babies, was a companion and is now a governess. Neither despairs, for they do not take the attitude that the years of specialized study have been wasted. More surely, they regard their employment in the light of practical postgraduate courses in economics, in the art of living, in the care of beings, such as are very necessary and not obtainable in any school.

An unlikely road can sometimes lead to a desired end, as a few youngsters have discovered for themselves. For instance, learning that stenography and typing without experience has almost no market value, a high-school girl went to work as a servant "just to be earning and to relieve my family of my keep"—offered to do typing for the next neighbor, and so on, until she had built up her income. Part-time work is a solution, but part-time work may be bad. One free employment bureau has devised the intelligent scheme of taking on a few beginners as apprentices over a short period, so that it can assure employers of their capability.

Two letters from a recent high-school graduate give valid proof that the gods still help those that help themselves. His first letter was filled with desperate strivings. He couldn't go to college, he couldn't obtain employment, he was penniless. But he did not give up his mind. "It is time," he wrote, "that a man tries to stand on our own feet. I am struggling against probably insurmountable obstacles . . ." A later letter breathes relief and renewed buoyancy. He has a job now, "room, board, and forty a month—a big step up for me." He wouldn't have got it if he had not attempted, at the face of "probably insurmountable obstacles," to stand on his own feet and keep his own personality alive.

• Does Christian Living Pay? •

CONSCONSCIOUSLY or unconsciously we put this question to ourselves many times a day. Choices arise for good or for evil. They may not in themselves seem like momentous decisions at the time. Indeed, they may not seem to matter at all, but the trend of those decisions determines what we become, and it is our ultimate character that answers this question.

Does Christian living pay? Perhaps not in a currency that is accepted by the world, but surely, in the long run, it pays. For it is the principles of honor and integrity, and without these our whole business structure would crumble. However, it must be admitted that an individual can often be successful by sheer cleverness without any regard to principles. The best answer lies in another direction, because our final happiness is not based on success, but on respect—respect for oneself and respected by others. Many a man who has seemed to fail from the standpoint of the world, but who has the respect of his God, his family, his friends, his neighbors, is willing the Christian way than some of his contemporaries who have sacrificed respect to gain some end.

The pity of it lies in the fact that often we do not discover this to be true until it is too late to change.



Med to Mum

By Cornelie Otis Skinner

IT WAS some evenings ago that a discussion on a point in literature became very limited and me. The question being of an intellectual nature and one about which we knew practically nothing, each was convinced the other was wrong to such a degree of stubbornness that discord raised its ugly head and the harmony of the home was threatened. In order to preserve the peace, I proposed submitting the controversy to the best brains of the world, and rushed from the room to search the encyclopedia.

On the encyclopedia—getting a little old now—responses at the head of the stairs on a shelf so low it is necessary, in order to select the desired volume, to sit on the floor. Once down, the natural impulse is to remain for a space. I sat and drew forth the volume that contained the solution to our argument, intending to go straight to the subject in question.

I wonder if other people suffer as I do from "encyclopedia tiredness." It appears to be some form of mental distraction. Not that I have no difficulty in finding what I wish to know, but I am constantly being sidetracked by any amount of things I don't at all want to know.

The volume I opened was entitled MED TO MUM, and more fascinating reading I could not imagine, unless it be the other twenty-four thousand odd volumes in the library. The first thing that caught my eye was a brightly colored page of medals. Here was something interesting as well as instructive. I have never given much thought to medals, but as these gay reproductions convinced me of the folly of my ignorance. Here were the V. C., the D. S. O., the Legion d'Honneur and many more displayed with detail, and here, I felt, was a chance to memorize a few. Memorizing a medal is a feat comparable in difficulty only to memorizing a poem. The colors and designs were so bright and striking set in one's brain.

I gave it up so beyond me and turned the page to Medicine, History of. This, too, was not in my line, so with an appraising glance at a paragraph on Médecine wine I stopped at Medusa. A medusa, it seems, is a gooseberry-like jellyfish belonging to the class Ctenophora, and there follows an interesting picture of one in somewhat the shape of a donut. A medusa is a dead end, in the description of which we are informed that "the exoderm is left clear, the endoderm is dotted, the mesogloea is shaded black."

Well, well, I always say one learns something new every day. So a medusa is a jellyfish, and I always thought it was someone who turned people into stone! Come to think of it. I once had a medusa under my bathing suit, and what I turned into I should hardly classify as stone.

BY THIS time I realized I was not there to lose myself in medals or medusas, and turned on hastily past an illuminating map of Megalopolis—consisting, with Greek simplicity, of two altars, one theater and something called a Precinct of Zeus Soter—and thence over three pages devoted to one Melampus. All but owing to the first two of these pages stuck together with a pertinacity that resisted even hairpins and a licked thumb and forefinger, I shall have to go through life without knowing who this worthy was.

An essay on melody arrested my progress. It struck me as rather important, and a subject I ought to look into. Moreover, it was covered with numerous footnotes, and it has always seemed to me to see if I can't hum music at sight—and subsequently discouraged me to discover I can't. My humming must have been of an abstract nature, for my husband called out

"What?" from downstairs, and I was forced to reply it was nothing—which of course it was.

Passing on, not without a shudder, through Memorial Day and Menghi; casting a cursory glance at Dimitri Ivanovich Mendeleeff, who seems to have discovered "ekaboron, ekasiluminum and ekasilicon," though no one knows why; making a hasty inspection of the charming photographs that illustrate metallurgy, one arrives at two chapters that bring me back to the days of Molly Maguire. These appear to be geographical localities, but being unpronounceable, one would seek, for example, request a round-trip ticket to Mifambiro?—it seemed hardly worth while ascertaining their latitude and longitude.

THERE follow mica and Micas—the one mineral, the other Biblical; and after that I read enough of the life of John Stuart Mill to know that he was not a bore. Millions, John, and Millions—of water and a pretty page of miniaatures assured me fullfie attention until I grew impatient and skipped to model-yachting, or "the pastime of building and racing model-yachts." Here was too amazing and genteel a topic to dismiss at a glance, and for a time I read with fascination of model-yacht clubs and model-yacht regattas while we still had our assault, "are very different from the toy boat races indulged in by children." I shan't be happy until I've attended a model-yacht regatta!

But, dear me! This isn't settling our argument," I thought, and fluttered the ensuing pages, uncomfortably aware that I had quite forgotten the subject of my scholarly research. I entertained the futile hope that the name or word would appear of itself to remind me, but Molise, Moluccas and Molly Maguires brought no light to my darkness. I did, however, recall my mother's name as caught by a paragraph headed "Karin of Tartar"—which struck me as a curious way of spelling "cream."

I was certain Montenegro was not the rock on which we'd split, yet nor Montesson, Charlotte Jeanne Bérard de la Haye de Rieu, Marquise de (1737-1805). I didn't the most gather-brained—which I take to be the opinion of most—had any desire to go into research to pass without scrutinizing the pictures of the moon. The moon is the moon at the ripe old age of "14 days, 1 hour," and the ensuing are close-ups of the sea, volcanoes and mountain ranges resembling magnified human pores in the beauty-product ads.

I feel it should finger here and learn something about our beautiful satellite, but the top step of our front stairs seemed hardly the place for going into it. I did, however, do a bit of the electing of the "most in motion" or similar last whimsies. Instead, I stole a hasty glance at the history of Moscow, but felt somehow that it would be difficult as well as useless to remember that here in 1147 Yuri Dolgoruky, prince of Suzdal, met Svyatolav of Syverk and his allies.

I then encountered some decorative pictures of mosquitoes, and an extremely unpleasant figure showing the mouth with the salivary glands—a touch of realism that made me quite sick. After a little ramble among Mullers and Mummies, this fiendish tour ends with Mumps—which (as are also) known as "the Branks"; only who knows it (or them) as that (or those) I can't imagine.

The clock struck 11. I had started my search at nine. My husband yawned and turned out the doover—was it light? "Did you find it?" he asked as he came up the stairs.

I slammed the volume to and replaced it, ashamed to admit having found everything but. "You were right, my dear." I answered weakly. And at that, he might have been.



The Crooked Lane



BY FRANCES NOYES HART

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

V

IF KARL SHERIDAN had thought the night too long even before the Stirlings' party was half over, by the time that Timothy's low, obsequious knock sounded on the door the following morning he knew all too well just exactly how eternity might look to him.

He sat up on his back for a moment, watching the house stir; the crisp folds of the organdy curtains, and the pale gold of the sunlight deepening, deepening until it warmed and brightened every inch of the dark, satiny gleam of the fine old furniture. He had been watching for a long time.

The knock sounded again, a little more insistently, and he pulled himself up against the pillows, calling in a voice that he hoped did not sound as irritated and embittered as he felt: "Come in!"

Timothy was very small, and very black, and very wily. He came in as cautiously and delicately as Agap waffles before Samel, and placed the tray with its glittering load of silver across Sheridan's knees with the same exquisite caution.

"Good morning, sir. Mr. Mallory's orders was to bring the breakfast to you at nine o'clock. Ah hope that you found your night comfortable in every way?"

"Thanks, Timothy," replied the young man in the large four-poster bed noncommittally. "Mr. Mallory told me last night what excellent care you and Susan take of him; and if this breakfast is as good as it smells, I'm sure he'll find it comfortable."

He sipped the frosty glass of orange juice and the crisp brown halves of the rolls with undisguised approval, as Timothy whisked the cover off the miniature silver cladding dish with all the pride of a master prefigurist, and a truly ineffable odor, bland and intoxicating, flooded the room.

"Timothy, what in the name of all the good little gods of the kitchen is this amorous confection?"

"That, sah," elucidated Timothy, beaming like a small ebony chesnay eat as he poured a stream of dark amber from the slender Georgian coffeepot and laced it generously with cream, so proudly clouted that he was obliged to spoon it from the round little saucer, "that, sah, is kidney stew, treated like we treats terrapin in this vicinity. Susan is right."

"It would be sinful if she were not proud of it," said Mr. Sheridan judicially. Propped against the glazed white of the linen pillows, his dark young face looked once more gay and relaxed. "Does Mr. Mallory fear in this royal state every morning?"

THOMAS' cat whiskers quivered with delight at this obviously sincere tribute. "He does pretty fair well at breakfast, yes, sah. Shall I open those curtains a little bitty further, sah? It's a pretty bright morning out."

The sun, thus encouraged, poured itself even more recklessly into the pleasant, spacious room, lavishing its golden generosity on everything from the chintz that lined like a garden in the blinding light to the and glistening chintz accessories of Mr. Sheridan's cherished microscope, now as comfortably installed on the long table opposite them as though it had been an integral part of the original scheme of decoration. It lingered, too, on the row of small objects marshaled before it, formal as museum exhibits: A three-inch cylinder of tooled brown leather. Three

yellow pencils. A scant square inch of red glass, its edge tapers in black. A little stack of papers securely anchored under his thin gold watch, but not so securely that the harshest of the Stirlings' party could have torn it off. A telescopically bent corner of a gray envelope and a slip of creamy paper.

There was another object standing at the end of the row, quite invisible to anyone save the luckless occupant of the bed—and to him more relentlessly and hatefully real than all the other detected exhibits put together: A bottle of cut-glass perfume, the pale amber liquid cutting sharply across its label. Karl Sheridan bestowed a scowl of unqualified disapproval on the entire row, and concentrated on his breakfast.

They had been the last things that his tired eyes had rested on as he finally called it a day and a night, trying his face with a grim毅力 determination to the wall, throughout which he had stood, a silent, watchful, watchful object who was trying to tell the sunlight on them had been the youngest and shiest gilding, instead of this flooding opulence, but he cursed for their cryptic confidences like one by light as the other. . . . Well, when he got this tray off him, he'd show them the proper place for inanimate objects, and put them in it too.

"And Mrs. Mallory, whose name I have been so fortunate as to memorize immediately?" he inquired casually. "She is also few so sumptuously? If so, Susan must have passed busy mornings indeed!"

Timothy's wizened black countenance instantly assumed the uncanny, inscrutable glint of a very small, aged and intelligent monkey.

"Mr. Jerry, sah? Mr. Jerry did not care much for his breakfast. Most generally he did not have what you could rightly call a breakfast. He was—he was right poorly in his health."

"So I had heard. Rotten luck, poor fellow! He was by way of being an artist, was he not, Timothy? I wish that he had left some traces behind to remind me that I! Artists are a distinct hobby of mine, but I'm afraid they are not as easily identified as Mr. Hardy himself."

His eyes wandered regretfully over the bare, palely tinted walls, over the shining noncommittal spaces of the swept and garnished room.

"Mistah Jerry is not what anybody in this world could call tidy, no, sah!" replied Timothy, softly emphatic.

"Mistah Mallory, he come up here yesterday, emphatic after a bath, and say to me, 'Tess, you clean up everything, and Sarah an' me give him a hand with the mornin' and the puddlin' and sweater.' He was right anxious that everything should be spick an' span for you, so he piled everything out in there that hall close where Mistah Jerry keeps a lot of the lit'l doodads he roun' room with. Still I come back for this heay trash, Mistah Sheridan, or do you like that I should wait for it?"

"JUST wait, will you? I have only this one small bit of 'J'ull to finish, and I do not think it possible to move without bringing this whole glorious structure down with a crash. . . . There! That is farewell to the best breakfast that I or any other lucky fellow ever ate. . . . Mr. Mallory has been halfway between door and bed, passed to a rearing harness. 'No, sah. He have just finished his own breakfas' when I brought you yeah trash, and he see me to tell you that he will step up an' see you round half-past nine—before he goes along to the embassy.' He managed his exit through the door to the hall with the same catlike dexterity that he is evidently born with, and stood back, his head cocked appreciatively in the direction of the stairs, up which came floating the sound of a young, strong voice, thoroughly intoxicated by spring and its own easy, radiant swing. 'That theah is Mistah Dion now. He has what I should call a mighty pretty singing voice, and he more suhly does use it. . . . Shall I close the door, sir?'"

"On the contrary! He has what I, too, should call a mighty pretty singing voice. Leave it open, by all means, and a thousand thanks to you and Susan!"

He leaped back, hands linked loosely about his hunched knees, watching Timothy's minute figure vanish around the curve of the stairs, listening to the careless magic of the distant voice. The tune was changing, and for a moment he was standing again in the Stirlings' crowded, smoky room.

"When the felow's net engaged in his employement," caroled Dion Mallory with considerable abandon,

*"Or motoring his felonious little plane,
His capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any honest man's."*

Sheridan, the lines deepening between his eyes, and the gray-green eyes themselves darkening to the curious black gray of rain-wet slate, reached absentedly for the cigarette case beside the bed.

*"Our feelings see with difficulty smoother
When consciousness day's to be done . . .
Old love, you understand, is a mother,
A patient's lot is not a happy one!"*

No thought, Mr. Sheridan grizzly—his eyes, watchful through the curling grey wreaths, fixed on the next row of objects before the microscope—not a happy one.

Still listening to the full-throated mockery of the mournful plunk swell to a truly magnificent crescendo, the young man from Vienna ground out the tip of the half-finished cigarette with a vainglorious gesture, slipped, tight-lipped, from the insidious shelter of the crooked pillows, and, giving the words a darkly baccarataceous drawl, gazed twice across the lean, bald waist with a vicious tug, crossed to the long table, wrenching the center drawer open, sweeping his prize exhibits into it with a reckless derision that his alma mater in Vienna would have both admired and deplored, and slamming it to with a vigor that rocked him back on his seat. In the bathroom, just beyond, he rinsed the cold-water faucet on full tilt, plunging his head into the icy downpour, as though the crystal-green rush held blindness and deafness and oblivion in its healing torrent.

HE LIFTED his head, swept the hair back from his brow in two curt strokes of his hand that left it dark and sleek as a seal's, and stood regarding the mirror reflectively. What the hell other face that had stood him beside a hooded person a thousand times—that young, suffering face, that had never done? From the frame that stood on Mallory's admirable Chippendale desk downstairs, it had descended a thousand times, and when it had crossed the threshold of the sitting room in the extremely small hours of the morning, Sheridan had known without asking who he was, this blond and gallant boy, with the dimple barely flickering in the young curve of the cheek, and the Royal Flying Corps cap cocked recklessly on one side of his head. . . . But would the mirror have recognized even dimly the blithe lieutenant in the haunted face that it had shamed off, it day after day, night after night?

It was, decidedly, a highly dubious and not particularly pleasant speculation.

There was a light clatter of feet on the stairs, and Sheridan, setting his teeth, retraced his steps swiftly and noiselessly across the bedroom floor, seeking for a moment, in darkness, if there was room enough to be entirely relaxed and at ease, the surest and simplest way to accomplish it was to be entirely relaxed and at ease yourself. He particularly wanted Dion Mallory to be at ease. There were several things that he needed to find out rather badly, and he could hardly fire questions like bullets if his quarry were on the wing.

Jerry Hardy's friend crossed Jerry Hardy's threshold, the policeman from Vienna was solidly and serenely installed in the four-poster bed, a book open on his knees, and the smoke wreaths mounting lazily to the high ceiling.

"Taking it easy, you lazy young devil?" Mallory's voice was as warm and friendly as though the weather in Arizona was warm and friendly. "What did Timothy say to you at breakfast? Oh, Sheridan, I wish that you were in my boots, and I were in your heel! I never in my whole blighted life felt less like knitting official red tape into aghast for the blooming empire. Anything that I can do for you before I go, young fellow?"

"Oh, many things," replied Sheridan promptly. "Am I to get you a young wife instant flight?"

"Well, as one honest fellow to another, not if you can give me one even fairly good excuse for staying! It's a light day at the embassy, and if I check in anywhere around ten it will be quite all right. May I borrow one of those cigarettes? What's on your mind?"

"Suppose you tell me something of this party that we are attending tonight. At what hour is it, and do we wear black or white or what?"

"Oh, I rather fancy that it's dinner jackets with carnations on the lapels, and that it's somewhere around eight, with the people dropping in somewhere around nine. You know the kind of thing—ballet supper on the terrace, quintettes of very fairish champagne, a swimming pool lit with blue moonlight, trick bars, elegant backgammon sets, boudies to dance to if you feel like dancing, and a little fellow

with a little rolling-around piano who sings songs by Cole Porter and Noel Coward as though he were having an intrigue with the piano. All very romantic and festive and informal—gray cavies and pink chiffon and home at six in the morning if you're lucky."

"It sounds like a truly admirable party. Do the Lindseys always have you over?"

"As will or better. When it comes to parties, no one in these parts even touches them, and it's a poor week that they don't find a good excuse for giving one. This week it's Jerry's kid sister—she's by way of being a first-rate actress, and she's opening here in a tryout of Lonsdale's new comedy tonight, and dashing out to Green Gables as soon as it's over. Jesus, I'd like to go to that."

"Aha—yes—Jerry Hardy," mumbled the young man from Vienna, his eyes on the curling gray wreaths. "Tess told me yesterday that he was in a really bad state, poor fellow. I was more sorry than I can say. It is a form of shell shock, as well as the actual war injuries?"

"That, and a few other trifles," remarked Dion, his charming Celtic face, with the color high on the cheek bones and the dark hair that was always slightly windswept, marth to melancholy, suddenly grim. "He's been taking drugs these three years past, and they've finally got him down and out, too, if you're asking me. I'm not the one that's blaming him, mind you! If I'd had half the pains that were ripping him in two, every hour that he breathed, I'd be putting hashish in my toe in the middle of the night in no time at all. And I'll take my oath to heaven that he's half killed himself trying to break off the grip of the rotten stuff—like as not he's killed himself entirely."

Mallory's voice was so somber and bitter that Sheridan did not have to look to ascertain that the face was dark and bitter too. He was rather glad that he did not have to look. "And it is at Doctor Byrd's sanitarium at Stillhaven that he is trying to fight it out?" he asked in a carefully expressionless tone.

"Ah, Byrd!" The cold violence of the tone caused Sheridan to abandon his inspection of smoke wreaths abruptly. "There's one that the devil will make short shrift of one of these fine nights! I'm making you a wager now that he and that cursed assistant of his would feed those poor souls pogues sooner than face them. A sanitarium, is it? Well, then, I've seen worse than that without hospitals."

"You mean that he actually peddles drugs to the poor devils under the cloak of curing them?"

"Oh, well, I wouldn't be putting it just that way in the public prints," remarked Mr. Mallory with a brief glint of a smile. "Not so long as about the only law left that's fashionable is the one on libel. I've not got a feather of proof on him, mind you. When it begins to look too dangerous, he makes a dash for the scopolamine bottle."

"Scopolamine?"

"Hyoscine hydrobromide, if you like it better. They're identical, aren't they?"

"Quite. . . . And in the case of your friend Hardy, do you think that Byrd had reached the hyoscine stage?"

"I think so, but I'm not taking any oath on it. There were two of them, you know. One was a doctor, and he took words on a year, and one was druggist, and the other was Fay Stuart. But he surely had some of that hyoscine stuff about here for a while. I ran across two bottles of it out there in

the closet where he keeps all those poisonous chemicals that he works with when he's experimenting on his new processes in etching, while I was getting some things together to send after him to Jack Byrd's."

"They are still there?"

Mallory lowered his eyes in intense concentration. "No, I'll be hanged if they are! I was in there only yesterday piling up a lot of things that I didn't want to have in my way, and I'm positive that they weren't on that shelf. I have rather an extraordinary visual memory, and I can see the little empty space that they left between a bottle of silver nitrate and a tin can of cyanide that I kept there. He probably took them along with him when he left."

"How long ago was that?"

"A week or so—no, ten days. I wasn't here—down at Hot Springs on a house party—or he'd never have got off, let me tell you!"

"Quite candidly, that memory of yours intrigues me!" murmured Sheridan pensively, grinding out the tip of his cigarette in the carved ash tray, placed solicitously in reach of his hand. "Something, now, surely made you identify that particular brand of hyoscine—and surely that is not in your line? To the average layman, that identification would be black magic and Arabic."

"Still and all, it's as simple as Christopher and his egg," Dion Mallory assured him. "I had a sister that decided that the thing they called twilight sleep was the first good idea she ever heard. She got pregnant in a barbershop just before Christmas Eve last Cain. She raced off to Germany to try and get rid of it. She was blue in the face for the first week or so, and she's as pretty a creature today as you'd

(Continued on Page 118)



VICKI STARED AT HIM BLANKLY. "OH, IT'S MR. SHERIDAN—TESS'S BOY FRIEND!"

BY GLADYS RHODE

A ROOM OF HIS OWN

HERE is the new nursery. Romantic parents will look in vain for cute curtains, frolicking ducks and finicky ruffles. Neither will they find any pink giraffes or top-eared elephants. This is a work-play-sleep room, designed to please owners first, visitors incidentally. And in this room parents are merely visitors. However, busy mothers will appreciate this new-type nursery. It is so easy to keep clean and tidy. And thoughtful parents will soon recognize the wisdom that guided the designer in her choice. Best of all, the little fellow who owns it will find it really a room of his own. And this holds true for girls, as well as boys.

First a smooth floor covering was chosen—easy to keep sanitary and clean and deaden sound. Cork, rubber tile, linoleum, rubber, all serve well in such places.

As a wainscoting around the wall, linoleum three feet high was chosen. The fabric cannot easily be scuffed, even when tricycles and trains bump it persistently. And it, too, can easily be cleaned.

In some nurseries, linoleum wall covering extends right up to the ceiling. It comes in so many lovely textures, colors and designs that delightful effects may be achieved with it. Or the wall above wainscoting height may be covered with white paper, pasted on with water. This is better than drapes because a child's interests are so changing. A Scottie, duck or little pig which fascinates him today will prove boresome tomorrow, because his adventurous little mind has been captured by other wonders.

For the same reason a portion of the wall can be finished with wall board, plain or covered with linen. Here cut-out pictures, crayon drawings, letters pasted on the wall, are very favored. Other precious treasures of the moment can easily be hung and placed as the interest changes. Paper for drawing or painting can also be temporarily hung there.

Such a place, where a child can hang his own things without fear of being punished for marking the wall, is sure to be an entrancing spot to him.

This furniture was chosen because it takes into consideration a number of important factors. There is, first, the need for furnishings which will grow with the child. A group such as this one makes it possible to have a unity of design from infancy until ten or twelve years. For the book and toy chest, the two units of drawers are made in progressive sizes. The chests are made in three heights and two widths, so that they can be grouped to give a built-in effect and can be fitted into any wall space.

The wood is natural white maple, just the color of winter sunshine. This is a heavy wood and therefore the pieces cannot be tipped over. There are no sharp corners to hurt the child. The chairs are made of wood and are safe from accidental injury, and the table tops and chair seats are covered with a material not easily marred by wear or spilled food. The table has sturdy, round-surfaced legs placed at the corners, so that the top has no overhang whatever, and it cannot tip when a child leans across it or stands on it.

In all good nursery furniture, the chests are small enough for a child to open. There is space on the top of the chests for an aquarium, a miniature greenhouse, a cage for white mice or a bowl of turtles, or other treasures that children love to collect. The drawers are of a size he can cope with, and he can put his clothes away and keep them neatly without getting different drawers mixed up.

Secondly, we have brought out the startling fact that one out of every five children has defective vision by school age, and since facts indicate that over one-half of this deficiency is due to eyestrain, it seems apparent that more

care should be taken in instructing children in the use of their eyes.

Bright sources of light, harsh contrasts in lighting, bringing the eyes closer to work because of insufficient lighting—these are contributing factors to eye defection. The eyes of children up to their sixth year are particularly susceptible; therefore the lighting of the nursery should be carefully planned.

Local lamps with generous wattage within three feet of the eye work, and diffused lighting through the room from either an indirect center fixture or indirect portables, are necessary. No lamp should be placed so that the child can see the bare lamp, and the child should never work with a single local lamp without a general light throughout the room.

The photograph at the top of the next page shows the child at his play table. Since he is not doing close eye work, no local light at the desk is necessary, especially since a high and scientifically correct level of light is maintained throughout the room by two indirect reflector lamps placed in opposite corners; one is shown in the picture above the chest. It is equipped with a 250-watt indirect-light lamp, and another lamp (with a 75-watt bulb) is provided for its decorative value and also for added light; it should be needed for reading.

As a child grows older and begins to study at home (see picture below), light at a desk should always be provided at the left—that is, of course, if the child is right-handed. Left-hand lighting prevents shadows of the hands from obscuring the work, and thus allows turning off the light from where it is needed and wanted. This lamp was chosen for its height, which causes the circle of light to extend beyond the part of the desk where writing generally is done.







FELTON-FOWLER

LITTLE CAKES

WHEN tea sold for fifty dollars a pound in London it was supposed to cure everything from bad teeth to earache, but no one suspected it could cause wars, start yacht races and raise money for clubs and churches. But whereas science has yet to prove its magic, an equally bad tooth or earache history is quite possible about the Boston Tea Party, Sir Thomas Lipton's racing yachts and the schools and little healthiness that have been supported by ladies' aid teas.

Tea has not only inspired political upheavals, but it has parted many a bosom friend over



AND TEA

PHYLLIS CARR
THE HOSTESS

the simple question of how it should be brewed. If you've been thinking that there's nothing so simple as the making of a cup of tea, just mention the subject in the presence of an English dowager and an American college woman. Or before a Scotch matron or a New Englander. Then you will probably begin to ask when England first had tea and it was fashionable to make it in large quantities and keep it in a barrel to be drawn off like beer!

Today some like it hot and some like it cold, some like it on the back of a silver spoon and some like it poured from the pot no more than a passing acquaintance. There is a fashion that makes a great point of putting the tea in the water and another that insists that the water should go on the tea, to say nothing of the momentous question of whether the water should be boiled or not. These are the rules. There are those who wait breathless for the split second when the water begins to boil and those who hold a stop watch to pour the tea off the leaves at just the proper instant. Whether an earthenware pot, a glass pot or a metal pot is better seems to bring forth a good deal of argument over the tea hour, or the little sadness of the glass or the cup, the samovar or the urn. Oh, it's a delicate problem indeed.

But, although tea makers in various parts of the globe may differ on the exact details of the process, here is a method that is widely accepted as standard:

Use a teapot of earthenware, chise or glass; heat it by scalding with boiling water, then put in the tea—one to three teaspoonsfuls of tea to every two cupfuls (measuring cupfuls) of water. Over this pour the water, freshly drawn, boiled as quickly as possible, and boiling vigorously. Cover the pot and stand it in a place where it can cool for five minutes. Then strain it into the pot in which it is to be served, and serve at once.

The true connoisseur is as particular about the blend as the brewing, and an ambitious hostess can make her reputation on the rare and delicious varieties of tea she serves—to say nothing of the selection of a place to sit and talk and have a very fragrant bouquet. Ceylon tea is black, strong yet delicately flavored to five minutes. Then strain it into the pot in which it is to be served, and serve at once.

The true tea master is the first question.

Most Americans prefer black tea because it makes a heavy brew, and they are fond of the amber shade in the cup! The difference between green tea and black is in the process of preparing the leaves after they have been picked from the bush. In making the black tea, the leaves have been rolled and crushed and allowed to ferment as they are cooked; the green has been preserved from the heat of the sun and the heat of dry heat. Between these extremes is a semi-fermented tea called Oolong. India and Ceylon teas are practically always black; Chinese and Japanese teas are either green or black.

The Chinese have different-colored china for different blends of tea. That gorgeous amber

color of many black teas is most beautiful in an all-white-lined cup or in a white-lined cup with a small sprig or medallion decoration. Very dark teas are dramatic in amber-colored or even dark brown cups. The pots must be exquisite in turquoise-blue-lined cups or in ones decorated with rose-quartz tints. As for the pots we pour tea from, the color here isn't so important, since the pot is covered; and so, no matter how charming and graceful a china pot can be, there's nothing half so worthy of good tea as a gleaming silver serving tray. This is an aristocratic addition to the home, a symbol of old hearth once was, of communion and tranquillity and a certain cherished unity. When there isn't a budget to afford a complete service all at once, it is a gracious custom to add a piece on each anniversary.

In buying tea, a special blend of tea, it is smart to be curious! Ask questions when you buy, and the first thing you know you'll be a connoisseur yourself—for by questions you can tell an expert. Orange Pekoe is what you get usually when you just order tea. It is a black tea from Ceylon, Java, Sumatra or India—in the country of the tea—so called. And so, "Orange Pekoe" means the young leaves from the top of the bush, but nobody thinks of it as anything but a blend. The term "Orange Pekoe" singly designates a black tea of a certain-size leaf. So does the term "Pekoe." So "Orange Pekoe and Pekoe" means a combination of two sizes of tea. Some consumers in this country have gained the impression that "Orange Pekoe" indicates a certain kind of tea. As a matter of fact, there are just as many kinds of Orange Pekoe tea as there are of black tea, ranging from the very poor to the finest.

Oolong is from the romantic island of Formosa, a large tea tree that draws slowly its sap and bears a very fragrant bouquet. Ceylon tea is black, strong yet delicately flavored and a favorite of sophisticated tastes. These tea we Americans buy widely—but what interesting experiences we are missing by not becoming acquainted with a greater variety of tea! If we are going to travel, we can go to tea and tea refreshment from the remotest, strangest places.

One of the finest and most expensive teas in the world is Darjeeling, a flower-bud tea of exquisite bouquet. It is a black India tea, grown 5000 to 7200 feet up on the slopes of the Himalayas. It is a tea that is adored by tea hat friends and relations! Another rare, fine tea is Gyokuro, the Japanese ceremonial tea, the special tea that is served so formally in the charming little tea houses in the gardens of handsome Japanese homes. You go by a winding path to the tea house, wash your mouth before entering, and sit down in a room about three feet high. Inside, every detail of the service follows an old, old rule. Gyokuro is rare even in Japan, where only the very rich ever see it, and very little of it comes to America. Still another recently introduced and fine tea is Lapsang Souchong, a China tea with an alluring, smoky, nutty flavor and a unique, smoky taste. These teas are very risky to serve, and yet they can be managed on a budget so easily, because the most expensive teas are less than four dollars a pound, and a pound makes between three hundred and four hundred and fifty cups.

Among the less-presumptuous teas are teas from Madras, India, straight black tea with a heavy taste. They draw rapidly and appeal to those who like their steaks rare and their tea strong. There is a blend made of Madras India tea and Ceylon tea, and this is well with night study and politics. Then there is Gunpowder Fired Japan, a green tea that is mild and delicious and becoming for a lovely lady to pour from a flowered pot. Young Hyson is a China green tea that has an individual mild flavor and grows with subtleties. Part-fired Japan is a green tea from Japan. Fired Japan is in the same diminutiveness with an almost wistful, delicate buoyancy. Gunpowder is a green China tea with a small curled leaf—a gentle, poised blend as enigmatic as the Chinese themselves. There are Russian-style teas that some people like. English Breakfast is a fragrant tea but to a connoisseur it is like a sweet wine—just a little too nice. It should be used to blend with Oolong; then it is most pleasing.

Which tea should be served when? Well, English breakfast and Orange Pekoe are good breakfast teas. For luncheon, a garment we know suggests a tea from Ceylon or India or Ceylon. For tea in the afternoon, Banker Pekoe, Japan Fired Japan, Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Formosa, Oolong and Russian make gracious repartees. For dinner, Darjeeling, Orange Pekoe, Lapsang Souchong, Russian and Mixed are delicious and keep the conversation scintillating. Tea is still all over the "cup" that doesn't burn but not stirrable, and is served by blends: Oolong, Mixed, Ceylon, Orange Pekoe. The most popular blends in this country are blends of Ceylon and India teas of the Orange Pekoe and Pekoe leaf grades. The Pekoe grade adds body.

But all this and all that, we will find our own blends if we test the various flavors and learn to recognize them, and then we will know the real art of tea drinking. A Chinese mystic once wrote, "The first cup of tea moistens my lips and throat. The second strengthens my loneliness. The third causes the wrings of life to fade gently from me. The fourth purifies my soul. The fifth lifts me into the realms of unending gods."

Whether tea is an excuse for sandwiches and little cakes or the cakes and cookies are an excuse for tea is always a question. But they are congenial partners for afternoon refreshments.

India has a great variety of cakes and pastries of little cakes and cookies for serving with tea. Tiny cakes may be frosted and decorated with candy shot, bits of candied cherry or angelica. Cookies may be given fancy shapes and decorated prettily. The little frogs are positively unique. Make a small round of shortcake or of gingerbread, cut it in the shape of a frog, cover it with the head. Frost the whole with white frosting, then with a wet knife cut the mouth; then give each eye a drop of chocolate.

Our new booklet, *LITTLE CAKES AND COOKIES*, No. A-1174, provides a wide variety of recipes for cakes and cookies that are excellent for tea time. If you don't have time to prepare these and are pressed for time, then too, for your tea, you will want our leaflet, *SANDWICHES FOR ALL OCCASIONS*, No. A-1152, for the suggestions you are seeking for sandwiches. Send three cents for each booklet to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



PHOTOGRAPH BY M. H. KASPER STUDIO, INC.

BY JEAN SIMPSON

THE JOURNAL KITCHEN GIVES DIRECTIONS FOR PREPARING FOUNDATION SAUCES AND TELLS HOW THESE MAY BE VARIED TO GIVE A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TASTY MIXTURES

A GLANCE at a long list of sauces is discouraging, to say the least, if you are starting from scratch to build a repertoire of sauces. But the saving grace about this proposition is that a large number of the most popular sauces are nothing more than less elaborate variations of two or three basic recipes which can be easily learned. White Sauces (thin, medium and thick), Drawn Butter Sauce, and Brown Sauces are the three very commonly used basic sauces from which many varieties are made.

The important tricks in preparing these or any other sauces are to have them the exact consistency desired, very smooth, and seasoned just to taste. Certain precautions, however, of which are at all difficult, will insure success.

Don't ever add flour directly to hot liquid in making sauces. If you do, there will be lumpiness to contend with. Rather, blend the flour thoroughly with a little cold liquid, making a smooth paste, add this slowly to the sauce, stir it well away from the bottom, then return it to the heat and cook it until thickened, as usual.

If the sauce must stand for a while after it is prepared, cover it tightly to avoid the formation of a crusty surface. Turn the heat off from at least very low and reheat it just before serving. Some sauces, though, particularly those with eggs in them, will deteriorate on standing, so should be served immediately.

Most of the sauces may be stored for several days in the refrigerator, and used as they are needed. And it is a decided convenience to have a white sauce on hand, to be used for whatever occasion may arise. But it is important that they be covered tightly and be beaten vigorously before reheating. Well-seasoned canning jars make good containers for them, since the sauces may be removed

from them. For the sauces become thicker on standing in the refrigerator than at room temperature, and in all probability, will be too thick to pour.

If egg (the whole egg or yolk) is to be added to sauce, it is best to put the slightly beaten egg into a bowl and add a little of the hot sauce to it (about $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful) gradually, then pour the portion of the sauce back into the saucepan and heat it for only a minute. Never add the egg until the last minute, for it will easily overcook and curdle.

The following are standard recipes for these basic sauces, with variations of them that are often prepared.

WHITE SAUCE

1 Cupful of Milk	2 Tablespoonfuls of
$\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonful of	Butter
	Pepper to Taste

1. Melt the butter and then add to it, mixing until very well blended. Add pepper.

2. Remove the pan from the burner and add the liquid slowly, stirring constantly to keep the mixture very smooth.

3. Cook rather slowly until the sauce is thickened, stirring constantly to keep it smooth.

N.B.: If a sauce can be given constant attention, it may be cooked slowly over direct heat; but if not, it should be cooked in the top of a double boiler, or in a wide pan of water, stirring always to prevent curdling.

The above recipe gives a sauce of medium thickness, suitable for most purposes such as the basic white sauce, or for making a wide variety of sauces of the consistency that can be served on toast or as the accompaniment to vegetables, croquettes, meats or fish dishes.

To make a very thick sauce, use $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of vegetable stock in place of 1 cupful of milk, and finish the sauce as usual. If desired, small pieces of the cooked vegetable may be added— $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of chopped celery in this case.

To make cream soups, a thinner sauce is required. Instead of 2 tablespoonfuls of flour to every cupful of liquid, use only 1 tablespoonful. As in making vegetable soup, half milk and half vegetable stock is a good proportion to use. And vegetable pulp or cooked vegetables cut into small pieces are usually added.

Thicker sauces than these (often with 3 or 4 tablespoonfuls of flour to every cupful of liquid) are used in making croquettes and soufflés. But for such recipes, follow the proportions given in an individual recipe.

VARIATIONS OF WHITE SAUCE

CHEESE SAUCE. To 1 cupful of hot, prepared white sauce add about $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of grated American cheese. Turn the sauce over carefully until the cheese is just melted and serve immediately. This sauce may be used for serving on various preparations or it may be used as the foundation for some creamed dishes, like macaroni and cheese.

MUSHROOM SAUCE. Sauté in the butter $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sliced canned mushrooms which have been drained, then finish the sauce. (Continued on Page 47)

APPETITE SHARPENERS

The soup that makes the perfect luncheon!

EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL



The signal I
Like best to see
Is Campbell's smiling
Up at me!



21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Cream Chorizo	Onions
Beso	Cosmopolitan	Pas
Beef	Jerome	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Mashed Potato	Prinsesster
Clam	Mulligatawny	
Chicken	Mushroom (Cream of)	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo	Mushroom	Vegetable-BEEF
	Noodle with chicken	

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LANE.

Campbell's
Vegetable
Soup





DRAMATIZE YOUR SPECIALTY



PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. MITCHELL STUDIO, INC.

STUDYING menus is a delightful pastime, and especially fascinating to me is the imposing *carte* bearing the words *Spécialité de la Maison* which one frequently finds in the more exclusive hotels and restaurants. Usually, however, when analyzed, the specialties, aside from their impressive names and the artistic way in which they are presented, are just ordinary good dishes that one might very easily, and inexpensively, duplicate at home.

So decide for yourself what your specialty will be. Choose the dish you already prepare best of all your repertoire, perfect the recipe until it is beyond criticism and serve it in a setting which will display it to the best advantage. And so make for yourself a reputation as a hostess with a flair for menu planning.

There are such hosts of specialties that may be dramatized. One of my friends makes a very wonderful soufflé; another is famous for a certain dessert; still another has a very unusual and interesting way of preparing oysters. Dumas' file, you may remember, had a cabbage soup which required all day in the making; and there was Caroline's "mother-in-law" pie. Caroline's pie, starring the mayonnaise for its lotion—and so it goes.

And why not? No need to make an exceptional mouse-trap to cause the world to beat a path to one's door; a pie is a far more powerful lure, and if your pie is unusually good, why not make it just a little better, dress it up, present it dramatically, and let it say for you what you modestly hesitate to say for yourself? We might even select

BY CAROLINE B. KING

certain treasured dishes and accessories to be used only when serving *Spécialité de la Maison*.

In my own way I do that very thing. A precious set of Mexican plates is used only when I am serving *arroz con pollo*, or chicken and rice. A prized silver dish is relegated almost entirely to a very special fruit salad with dressing, and the very wonderful sizzling steak platter—but of that later.

STRAWBERRY SURPRISE, one of my very special specialties, is really a simple dessert; but when I serve it in a very special little dish like the one illustrated above, it makes a charming finale to a spring luncheon or dinner. First I make either sponge cake or plain cake batter, and bake it in round cake pans. When the cakes are cool I cut a slice from the top of each and remove them so that a hollow shell remains. Of course the scooped-out part is put carefully away for a second dessert the next day. Over each cup cake, on its serving dish, I place a generous spoonful of lemon-custard ice cream, or failing that, I substitute vanilla or strawberry ice cream. Around the cake—or over the ice cream sometimes—I place strawberries quartered

and sugared some time before. Then the whole is topped with whipped cream sweetened and slightly flavored with vanillas or a very little orange or lemon juice, and garnished with perfect whole berries.

ENGLISH LAMB CHOPS WITH ORANGE MINT SAUCE ON A SIZZLING PLATTER are very dramatic. The chops, which are very tender, are cut from the shoulder, and after the bone is sectioned, then cut the roll into pieces an inch to an inch and a half thick. Each roll is secured by blinding wafer-thin strips of bacon around it, then it is tied and fastened with small skewers. When preparing the chops I season them nicely and either part broil them or cook them in the broiling pan in the usual way, meantime heating the sizzling plaster in the oven. When the chops are done the chops are brushed all over with butter and arranged on the platter. On each chop a large cube of mint jelly sprinkled with grated orange peel is placed, and the sizzling plaster is sent to the table, where it sizzles for a long time, keeping the appetizing chops piping hot as they should be.

A wide variety of specialties is offered in our booklets No. A-1129, TABLE-MADE DESSERTS, and No. A-1085, HOT DISHES TO DELIGHT GUESTS. These provide a wealth of delicious recipes from which to choose those that might be dramatized as your own. Write to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for these booklets. They are three cents each.

"Old clothes . . . but they look new!"



BOB, JEAN AND JACK TO THE LIFE, WITH THEIR MOTHER, MRS. S. J. OECHSLIE, UNRETouched COLOR PHOTOGRAPH

"Our clothes wear a long time," says Mrs. S. J. Oechslie of Philadelphia, Pa., "because they are always soaked clean in safe Chipso suds."

No hard rubbing in a Chipso washday to wear clothes thin and shapeless! And nothing harmful in Chipso to make colors run or fade!

"I marvel at Chipso," Mrs. Oechslie says. "No wash is too dirty for Chipso to soak it clean, yet

Chipso is safe, even for silks. Everything goes into Chipso suds in our house—from the children's play suits and the towels, to woolen sweaters, silk lingerie and my very nice lace tablecloths."

Chipso is not adulterated with the harsh substances contained in inferior soaps which gradually weaken fabrics and dull their colors. Chipso is SOAPIER. It loosens dirt harmlessly with its

RICHER SUDS. That is why Mrs. Oechslie's Chipso-washed clothes stay new-looking for years.

Don't endanger clothes you have spent good money for by washing them in cheap flakes or strong granulated soaps and powders. Get Chipso from your grocer. Chipso—that big box at its low price!—is the best value in rich, SAFE soap on the market today.

Chipso makes clothes wear longer

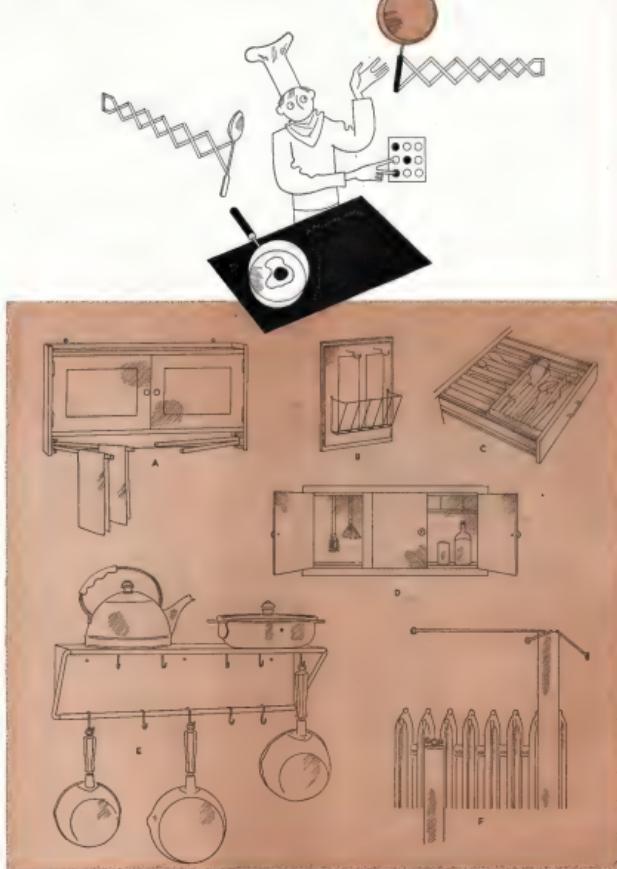
Hats, Mrs. Oechslie's maid, finds Chipso suds as quick for dissolving as they are for lifting dirt out of rags of towels and children's clothes in her weekly wash. Easy on her hands, too!



These natural color photographs were made at the home of Mrs. S. J. Oechslie, Stone Harbor, N. J. Here you see the children at one of the activities which put plenty of clothes in the Chipso wash.

AT YOUR SERVICE IN AN INSTANT

BY LITA BANE



HAVING the tool you want right at hand saves the day's fatigue talk. Unfortunately there are many ways to do it.

Many of the new stoves have storage drawers underneath. You may have to visit household-furnishings departments to see their stock of shelves and cabinets.

In some of the larger pieces of equipment, and a shelf above it can be used for the

storage of tools. There are also combinations of hooks with a shelflike rack for lids, a shelf with hooks attached (E), and

separate holders for lids that can be attached to the door or to the inside of a cupboard door (B).

Several inexpensive types of racks for towels and washcloths are available, or they can be made at home. There are also racks inclosed in a small cabinet.

For the preparation center there are

cabinets with adjustable shelves, and some have shelves that pull out. A shallow drawer is often used for some tools, and drawer "dividers" (C) that help to keep them in place can be made or bought to fit several sizes of drawers.

Cabinets for brooms and cleaning supplies are usually built-in. If space is limited there are large and small cabinets to attach to the inside of doors (H).

device with a ventilated cupboard underneath. This is a good idea if you need towel rods, and the cabinet is the drying room. There is the ever-useful roll of paper towels, and a small cabinet.

Stale Coffee is a *disappointment* at breakfast and an all-day source of *nervous irritation*

DON'T be too quick to blame your husband if he seems unjustifiably bad tempered. You may be unwittingly causing his "nerves" by serving him stale coffee.

When coffee grows stale, it develops rancid oil, and is flat and insipid tasting, and irritating to the whole nervous system. Day by day, it robs you of poise and vitality.

It is a widespread danger. In an investigation which covered 16 principal cities in

America, 56 brands of packaged coffees purchased were found to be stale.

One Sure Protection—DATING

There is *one* way to know that coffee has not grown dangerously stale. Look for the Date on the can!

Every pound of Chase & Sanborn's is *Dated*. We watch this date carefully and make deliveries so frequently that no can remains

on your grocer's shelf more than 10 days.

It doesn't have a chance to grow stale, tasteless and nervously irritating. Ask your grocer tomorrow for a pound of Chase & Sanborn's *Dated Coffee*.

EXPERT FINDS 56 OUT OF 93 BRANDS OF COFFEE STALE

Fifty-six brands out of a total of 93 brands of packaged coffee purchased in 16 cities throughout the United States were adjudged to be stale, according to an investigation made recently by the *Coffee Trade Journal*, New York, N. Y. Ten of those brands were said to be unfit to drink.

The packages were received in New York, were opened and tested in the can by an expert, the identity of whom the above journal refuses to disclose, but who insisted is one of the outstanding experts in the coffee industry.

The test was made in order to determine how consumption in this country might be increased. It places considerable significance on the fact that the packages selected for the test included some of the most widely advertised brands.

HE SEEMED
TO TAKE DELIGHT
IN HURTING
ME



DATED means it's FRESH—



Before the Stork Arrives

MOTHERHOOD richly deserves the most skillful medical care to be had. But, far too often, safeguards which can be provided are neglected. As a rule, when proper preparations for childbirth are made, prospective mothers have little cause for anxiety.

Having the right physician is a great comfort. It means as much to the husband as to his wife to be entirely satisfied with the experience and skill of the doctor who may be called in attendance.

Long before the stork arrives, the doctor will advise about diet, proper rest and exercise, and will make periodic examinations. At regular intervals the doctor studies and records blood pressure, urinalyses, temperature, weight, heart and lung action, and possibly makes tests of the blood. Suggestions about mental attitude may also be given.

When there are no abnormal or disturbing conditions, Nature's processes should not be interfered with. But without hurrying Nature, expert obstetricians can often smooth the way for the modern mother by methods unavailable to her grandmother's physician.

With vigilant and unremitting care on the part of her physician and with her own complete cooperation, the period of waiting should be one of happiness and serenity for the expectant mother.

In many localities clinics give free service to those who cannot afford to employ the regular attendance of a doctor. Maternity Centers and other Health Centers give valuable advice and information without charge. The Metropolitan will send on request its free booklet, "Information for Expectant Mothers." Address Booklet Dept. 534-J.



BY GOVE HAMBIDGE



MAKE THE DIET FIT THE POCKETBOOK

BY A YEAR from today you will have bought another fifteen hundred pounds of food, more or less, or three-quarters of a ton. If there are four in your family, you will get five or six thousand pounds, or two and a half to three tons. Good heavens, do we need that much?

What are you going to buy so young? You will be properly nourished without your pocketbook taking its seat stretching around that thin waist of a ton of food per person? Turnips or truffles? They both begin with *t*, they both come out of the good earth, but is there a difference?

A man, but mostly little booklet recently appeared that helps a great deal in solving this problem, which has kept women awake nights since Eve first started housekeeping. It is published by the Government, and has been in the public domain, the Bureau of Home Economics, and it was prepared by two able economists, Dr. Hazel K. Stiebeling and Miss Edmunda M. Ward, who combed the Government acts and figures and kept calculating until they worked overtime to get the huge jumble of figures to make sense. They did a swell job.

The booklet is called *Diets at Four Levels of Nutritive Content and Cost*. Setting up four specific diets gives you something to shoot at. Instead of sending

your food dollar more or less aimlessly up into the air, you have a target with a bull's-eye in front of you.

I am not particularly stuck on using that word "diet." It sounds too much like a dietetic, which these diets are for ordinary home kitchens and regular dining-room tables. But they aren't menus, either, so we'll have to let it go at that.

For convenience, we will number these Stiebeling-Ward diets No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4.

No. 1 is called a "restricted diet for emergency use." It's a sort of dietary last ditch, a present for about the minimum of food on which a person can work decently and keep up body tissues, and the minimum of health protection in the way of minerals and vitamins—as far as one can know for the knavish needs of men. It is too close to the bone to be relied on in year in and year out, and is dangerous to health.

This diet is to be used only when you really don't have time to scrounge and scrape. For a moderately active man, Diet No. 1 costs \$62 a year; \$1.19 a week, 16.9 cents a day. In this diet the food dollar will be divided this way: Milk and cheese, 25-30 cents; fruits and vegetables, 20-25 cents; lean

(Continued on Page 138)

FOOD COSTS FOR VARIOUS KINDS OF PEOPLE

	DIET NO. 1		DIET NO. 2		DIET NO. 3		DIET NO. 4	
	YEAR	WEEK	YEAR	WEEK	YEAR	WEEK	YEAR	WEEK
Child under 4	\$38	\$.72	\$ 61	\$ 1.16	\$ 81	\$ 1.55	\$ 86	\$ 1.65
Boy 4-6 or girl 4-7	52	1.04	71	1.38	93	2.16	105	1.99
Boy 6-8 or girl 6-10	63	1.08	71	1.38	112	2.16	131	2.32
Boy 8-10 or girl 8-12	27	.53	37	.74	50	.98	57	.91
Boy 11-12 or girl over 13	60	1.16	80	1.80	135	2.60	158	3.03
Active boy 13-16 or very active woman	70	1.45	92	1.82	170	3.16	209	3.72
Active boy over 16	70	1.45	100	1.90	170	3.16	209	3.72
Moderately active man	62	1.09	86	1.66	153	2.91	185	3.56
Very active man	79	1.32	104	2.01	179	3.44	216	4.44

Then if I were figuring the cost of Diet No. 3 for my family, it would be done this:

Family, moderately active	\$185 a year	\$ 2.91 a week
Moderately active man	165	2.60
Boy, 15 years old	165	3.16 (more than dad)
Girl, 15 years old	165	2.60
Whole family	\$575 a year	\$11.09 a week

And for the same reasons, I find that Diet No. 1 would cost us \$69 a year; Diet No. 2 would cost us \$542 a year; Diet No. 4 would cost us \$679 a year.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Now NEW MILLIONS can have—

"The skin you love to touch"

TODAY, Woodbury's Facial Soap invites millions of new users...with its new and generous size 10c cake.

Woodbury's has created this marvelous new value ... so that your whole household may now feel free to use it unstintedly ... for every skin need.

The 10c Woodbury's brings you the very same quality you heretofore bought at 25c. The same scientific beauty formula of a famous skin specialist.

The identical soap that demonstrated its superiority over other leading soaps in the International Half-face Beauty Tests. Whereas other beauty products in the tests effected no noticeable improvement, Woodbury's brought new radiance and freshness to the skin within 30 days' time.

For years, Woodbury's has wanted to extend its scientific skin care, so that millions more could enjoy it. But we waited until we could give you the famous Woodbury beauty treatment in this 10c size without any compromise in quality.

It's ready for you today! At 10c! At your druggist's, department store and grocer's. The proved formula for "The Skin You Love to Touch."

LA PRINCESSE SIXTE DE BOURBON-PARME
Participant in Paris Beauty Clinic

One of hundreds of women to take these tests, made first in the U.S.A. and Canada. Then in 7 countries of Europe under direction of leading dermatologists. Woodbury's proved far superior to every other beauty aid in bringing new freshness and radiance to the skin.



Woodbury's
facial soap **NOW** **10¢**

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SEND THREE 3¢ STAMPS FOR WOODBURY LOVELINESS KIT

Containing generous trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Gold and Facial Cream, 8 safety packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six famous shades...John H. Woodbury, Inc., 141 Allard Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Name _____

445-111

**Welcome at the tee but
NOT at the table**

They'd had a perfectly marvelous game . . . and Mrs. Anderson was such good company. Should she ask her into the club for a hand of bridge? Mrs. Colson decided not . . . the other girls wouldn't like it. They might even snub Mrs. Anderson. After all, there's one thing that others won't stand for. Too bad that Mrs. Anderson, otherwise so gracious and charming, didn't realize it . . .

How do you know, as you read this, that your breath is pure? You don't know—you only hope it is.

Don't guess about so important a matter. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. In-

excusable, too, because so easy to correct with Listerine.

This safe antiseptic and quick deodorant instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot get rid of in several hours. It strikes at the principal cause of bad breath (fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush) and then gets rid of the odors themselves.

Use Listerine and Listerine only to put your breath beyond reproach—every morning, every night, and between times before meeting others. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

How's your Breath Today?
Don't Guess Use Listerine Be Safe

DO YOU KNOW?
Onion breath is caused not by onion residue in the stomach but by bits of onion left on the teeth and gums! This is another of the interesting scientific facts from the files of the Listerine Research Laboratory.

APPETITE SHARPENERS

(Continued from Page 38)

as usual. Or about $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of fresh mushrooms, peeled and sliced, may be used.

NEWBURG SAUCE. Use 2 or 3 tablespoonsfuls of butter instead of $1\frac{1}{2}$ as in the above recipe, and add a few grains of Cayenne. When the butter is melted, add 2 tablespoonsfuls of cooked sherry and pour the sauce over 1 beaten egg yolk. Add paprika if a deeper color is desired, and cook a minute longer. This sauce is the basis to which lobster, shrimp or other ingredients may be added for making various Newburg dishes.

SHRIMP SAUCE. To the finished sauce as above, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of drained shrimp from which all particles of bone and intestines have been removed. Also, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley may be added if desired for the sake of a little additional color and flavor.

A LA KING SAUCE. Use 2 tablespoonsfuls of butter and sauté in it 1 tablespoonful of chopped green pepper and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sliced canned mushrooms which have been drained, or $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of fresh mushrooms, peeled and sliced. Finish the sauce as usual, then add 1 tablespoonful of canned pimiento cut into small pieces. Still extra butter may be used if a richer sauce is desired.

MOCK HOLLANDAISE. Pour 1 cupful of hot white sauce onto 2 beaten eggs (preferably with dark yolks), then add 2 tablespoonsfuls of butter and slowly, 3 tablespoonsfuls of lemon juice. Cook just a minute and serve immediately.

DRAWN BUTTER SAUCE

1 Cupful of Hot Water	3 Tablespoonfuls of Flour
1½ Teaspoonfuls of Butter	1½ Teaspoonfuls of Salt
	Paprika, Pepper, Tarragon

1. Melt the butter and then add the flour to it, mixing until very well blended; then add the seasonings.

2. Remove the pan from the burner, and add liquid slowly, stirring constantly to keep the mixture smooth.

3. Cook rather slowly until the sauce is thickened, stirring constantly to keep it smooth.

N. B. Drawn Butter Sauces may be prepared over direct heat unless you prefer to keep them smooth, cook them slowly.

VARIATIONS OF DRAWN BUTTER SAUCE

CAPER SAUCE. Add 1 cupful of drained capers to the Drawn Butter Sauce, and heat for a few minutes before serving.

Egg SAUCE. Use cold, hard-cooked eggs (2 or 3 to 1 cupful of sauce) and cut them lengthwise in slices, then add them to the Drawn Butter Sauce, stirring carefully to prevent breaking the eggs into pieces.

PARSLEY SAUCE. To 1 cupful of the sauce, add 1 tablespoonful of very finely chopped parsley and 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice.

SHRIMP SAUCE. Pour 1 cupful of the sauce into 1 egg yolk slightly beaten, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of shrimp from which bits of shell and the black intestinal tract have been removed. Heat for a few minutes and serve.

ANCHOVY SAUCE. To Drawn Butter Sauce add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of anchovy paste (more if desired), blending the paste in until very well distributed.

Another group of sauces resembling Drawn Butter Sauces very closely are those made with white stock instead of water.

The stock is usually from cooking chicken, but may be any other delicately flavored meat. Velouté Sauce is made by simply using this liquid in place of water in the above standard recipe for Drawn Butter Sauce. The following are some of the usual and very delicious variations of Velouté Sauce:

SAUCE ALLAMANDA. To Velouté Sauce, add 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice and then pour the sauce into the slightly beaten yolk of 1 egg.

BECHAMEL SAUCE. This is midway between a White Sauce and Velouté Sauce, rather highly seasoned. Cook about 1 cupful of flour with 1 cupful of milk, 1 small carrot, a small onion, a bay leaf, a sprig of parsley and 6 peppercorns. Then strain the liquid, make up to $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful with stock, and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of milk. Using this as the liquid, prepare as for Drawn Butter Sauce.

YELLOW BECHAMEL SAUCE. Into a bowl with the slightly beaten yolk of 1 egg (or 2 if preferred) pour 1 cupful of Bechamel Sauce prepared as above. Heat for a minute and add 2 and serve just as soon as possible.

BROWN SAUCE

1 Cupful of Water or Stock	3 Tablespoonfuls of Flour
1½ Teaspoonfuls of Butter	1½ Teaspoonfuls of Salt
	Paprika, Pepper, Tarragon

1. Melt the butter in a frying pan, then add the flour and continue cooking with stirring, until the mixture is attractively browned. The darker the mixture, the deeper the color of the sauce and the richer its flavor. But if it is burned, the flavor will be strong and unpleasant. Add the seasonings.

2. Remove from the burner and add the liquid slowly, stirring to prevent lumpiness.

3. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly.

N. B. The larger portion of flour used in this sauce is necessary to give it the right thickening power when it is browned. Take tablespoonfuls of the browned flour and give a sauce of the same consistency as two tablespoonsfuls of the original flour.

VARIATIONS OF BROWN SAUCE

MUSHROOM SAUCE. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sliced, canned mushrooms, which have been drained, to the above Brown Sauce. The mushrooms may be sautéed in the butter if desired, then removed while the flour is being browned in it, and added again with the liquid. One-half pound of fresh mushrooms may be sautéed and used instead of canned ones.

CURRENT JELLY SAUCE. To 1 cupful of Brown Sauce, add $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of currant jelly and 2 teaspoonsfuls of lemon juice (or more if a tart flavor is required), and mix until the jelly is dissolved.

CHESTNUT SAUCE. To 1 cupful of prepared Brown Sauce add 1 cupful of chestnuts which have been peeled and sautéed briefly. Butter and peeled and mashed finely. Stir until well blended and serve.

SAUCE PIQUANTE. Prepare 1 cupful of Brown Sauce and add to it 1 tablespoonful each of vinegar, mincemeat, onions, chopped green peppers and minced onion. If a highly seasoned sauce is desired, add a few grains of Cayenne.

OLIVE SAUCE. Use about half a dozen olives, either stuffed ones or plain ones from which the stones have been removed. Simmer these in water for 5 or 10 minutes, then add them (with a little minced onion, if desired) to the Brown Sauce.

"THE LIGHT-HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER"

who insisted on HOUSECLEANING her house even behind the ears

Pictured by F. G. COOPER

"Wait, Hulda! You're not through house-cleaning yet! You still have all the drains to scrub."

"Tell me, Ma'am, how can I get this scrub brush into a drain?"

"No, no! Here's your 'scrub brush'—this can of Drano. Come—I'll show you how to use it."

"We'll do this one first. Pour in a little Drano—let it work a few minutes—flush it out. Ugh! The muck that collects down there!"

"Guess you're right—drains are the dirtiest part of the house."

"Now my house is clean behind the ears. If more women would use Drano regularly there'd be lots less trouble in this world."

Think of a young 'un like you teaching old Hulda something new about house-cleaning!

My mother taught me that one way to make light of housekeeping is to use Drano at housecleaning time—like I showed you.

Drano
Cleans and Opens Drains
KEEPS THEM FREE-FLOWING

* SEND ten cents for helpful booklet, "100 Housecleaning Helps"; The Drackett Co., Dept. 332, Cincinnati, Ohio.

6 Thrifty Recipes... make them with the richer, faster-setting New Jell-O

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**RED CHERRY CUP**

- 1 package Cherry Jell-O 1 cup canned cherry juice
1 cup warm water 2 cups canned red cherries, drained

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Add cherry juice and chill. When slightly thickened, fold in cherries. Turn into sherbet glasses and chill until firm. Serves 6.

No boiling water needed... no flavor lost in steam!

Fruit flavor escapes in every whiff of steam from gelatin desserts which require boiling water to dissolve the gelatin. But with the new Jell-O all the delicious fruit taste stays in the finished dessert.

PEACH CRYSTAL CUBES

- (Gelatin)
1 package Orange Jell-O 1 pint warm water
Confectioners' sliced peaches

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Turn into shallow pan. Chill. Arrange 3 peach slices in each sherbet glass. When Jell-O is firm, cut in cubes; pile lightly in glasses. Garnish with peach slices. Serves 4.

You can put the new Jell-O in the refrigerator right away... no cooling needed

No more waiting around for a steaming hot liquid to cool sufficiently to put in the refrigerator. The new Jell-O is ready to go in at once, for there's no boiling heat to cool away.

**HAWAIIAN SUNBURST**

- (Gelatin)
1 package Strawberry Jell-O 1/2 cup canned pineapple juice
1/2 cup warm water 1/4 teaspoon salt
2 slices canned pineapple

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Add pineapple juice and salt. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Split pineapple slices in half crosswise, and cut into small, pointed wedges. Arrange wedges around Jell-O molds in sunburst effect. Serves 4.

This new Jell-O dissolves instantly in water only slightly hotter than lukewarm

The tiny crystals dissolve instantly... and completely... in warm water, right from the hot-water tap, if you like.

**GRAPEFRUIT DELIGHT**

- (Gelatin)
1 package Lime Jell-O 12 grapefruit sections,
1 pint warm water free from membrane
Dissolve Jell-O in warm water, add orange grapefruit sections in mold. When Jell-O is slightly thickened, turn into mold, being careful not to dislodge fruit. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish. Serves 4.

With no heating beat to cool away, this new Jell-O sets with amazing speed!

You can allow much less time for setting when you use the new Jell-O. It will be thick enough to add fruit very quickly, and in a good refrigerator, will set so quickly it will surprise you!

JELL-O CIRCUS

- (Gelatin)
1 package Raspberry Jell-O 1 pint warm water
Animal crackers

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Pour into molds and chill until firm. Unmold and arrange animal crackers around base. Insert a tiny flag in top of each mold. Serves 4.

The hit of any children's party!

The beautiful bright colors and the rich fruit taste of the new Jell-O give this favorite dessert a still stronger claim on the affections of the younger generation. They never tire of Jell-O—and it's one of the most digestible desserts you can find!

**MANHATTAN SPECIAL SALAD**

- (Salad)
1 package Lemon Jell-O 1/2 cup celery, diced and
1 pint warm water 1/2 cup broken walnut
2 1/2 tablespoons vinegar nuts
1/2 teaspoon salt mint
1/4 cup tart apples, diced 1/2 cup cream cheese balls

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in apples, celery, and nuts. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce; garnish with watercress and cheese balls. Serve with mayonnaise. Serves 6.

Just the texture you like in a jellied salad... firm enough to mold, but tender!

Get genuine Jell-O at the new low price. *Jell-O dissolves in warm water!*

A product of General Foods



Just out! Brand-New Recipe Book! FREE! A book of ideas for children's parties, bridge luncheons, company and home dinners.

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send us your new recipe book, "What Mrs. Dewey did with the New Jell-O."

Name _____

Street or R. R. No. _____

City _____

Print name and address plainly. If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Cobourg, Ont. (This offer expires December 31, 1934.)



NEW HOMES FOR HALF OF AMERICA

SIXTY MILLION Americans live in tenements and shanties unfit for human habitation. The average income of all Americans was \$275 last year. Against this there stood a fixed charge of \$77 for interest on long-term debts. So their spendable income was \$199. The poorer 60,000,000 of our people could not have taken in more than \$150 per head.

people could not have taken in more than \$150 per head. Now a family of three, with as much as \$828 a year, could afford to rent a flat costing \$166 a year, or about \$13.50 a month. This would pay for two rooms at \$6.75 a month each, or three rooms at \$4.50 each. What can you set for such prices? I don't have to tell you.

What can we do about it? We cannot build new homes cheaply enough. Thanks to the racketeers, graft in materials, wages for labor and financing charges raise costs to impossible heights. Well, then, why not clear away slums and build model tenements? Many of us are now. Theorists think this the solution. But they err. For it will never help more than a

tiny fraction of our 60,000,000.

Slum owners ask Uncle Sam and the city fathers to buy their ruins at fair prices and to tear them down for the sake of the poor. Let us not discuss what a fair price for a slum ruin is. So much depends on who owns the ruin! Let us rather ask how the demolishing of slums abandoned by

Bare land is no shelter. But if used as a park or playground, it can become a magnet for life. Hence the plan.

ground, pleasant tenements might face it. Then the plan to open up blocks for parks, first, then erect model dwellings around the new breathing places. This plan is being proposed and tried out today. But almost every student of mass housing knows it will soon fail and leave the city taxpayers in a worse mess than ever. It must fail, first, because rents will be too high, and because there will eventually be nobody to occupy the tenements, even if rents are scaled down to the point where owners take a heavy loss.

est income ought not to spend more than one-fifth of its funds on rent. At a pinch it may spend a quarter, but then trouble ensues.

two children. Decency demands at least three rooms and bath. So the cheapest flat in this model development would cost them \$30 a month, while the best would cost \$37.50. So, if the bookkeeper budgets well, he will rent the flat only if he is earning at least \$1800 a year—over \$34 a week.

Now, a few bookkeepers do earn this much. But most don't. And a great many of them are paid slightly less than \$100 a week, never more than \$200 a week. They are learned forever from these model tenements. All this was learned years ago by the city planners of London, Berlin, Paris, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and other municipalities which wrestled with the crisis of poverty. They found, to their sorrow, that good, cheap accommodations cannot be created on high-priced land, out of high-priced material and by high-priced labor. Nor is there any way of escaping these high prices in a great city. There are only tricks of

In recent months this trick has been turned. Desperate city officials have wheedled the Federal and state governments into subsidizing model tenements in the blighted areas of cities. In a few cases, the subsidizers have put up as much as one-third of the capital investment, which means that Federal and state taxpayers must carry that fraction of the expenses of an unsound business in a city. Could all the owners of blighted areas have their way, we

Americans would find ourselves saddled with billions of dollars of useless flats, earning for us a net loss annually.

National recovery does not lie in that direction.

Slim-cream-and-model-tentement projects will fail, too, for another reason. The concentrated centers of population pass. The big city is the dying dinosaur, all body, no brains. Already it is being deserted by men, by machines and by money. During the next ten years our 100 largest cities will surely lose one fifth of their population, or some 8,000,000 people. And they may lose one-quarter or more. Why?

Because men, machines and money have grown too cheap. Men, because their services are needed less and less, due to the world's huge population increases and to the speed with which machines have taken over the burden of work.

of human tool. Machines are cheap because money has been poured into their making, as a result of their enormous productivity. Money, because for half a century or longer we have had an excess of cheap labor.

Shrewd manufacturers and business men of the large cities will continue to move out into small towns and into open country. There taxes are much lower; racketeers are scarcer and weaker; land is cheaper; labor is not dominated by the big-town crooks; workers and their families can live in pleasanter surroundings, and living can be made easier through subsistence agriculture.

As the metropolitan authorities proceed with slum clearance and model tenements within the city, they will but accelerate the exodus. For they will add to the fixed charges which their taxpayers must carry; and no sane business man, confronted with an era of dwindling profits, will linger long under the shadow of higher taxes. And as men, money and machines leave the cities, they will con-

sign some 2,500,000 living quarters to disease and deterioration. Nobody will move in. Fully \$12,500,000,000 of capital invested in these places will be wiped out.

More than 60,000,000 Americans have been struggling along for years far below the American standard. Almost 30,000,000 are taking in less than \$125 a year each. They have no homes of their own, no permanent full-time jobs, no savings. They have learned that half of the workers in America are not in a position to buy homes. They will never again find work in the "free-enterprise" system.

What can they do to be saved? There is only one possibility. Let them lead a life of simple independence, based upon versatility, plain standards and a home of a sort that makes for self-sufficiency. In short, a well-balanced life.

Who turns first toward the new self-sufficiency? Those whose lives have been most cruelly unbalanced by late. The stranded miners heads the procession. Then come the oil-well drillers, gone useless in a world flooded with petroleum, and the lumberjacks of a dozen states whose money-mad men have stripped the hillsides down to the last splinter of sapling. This army—perhaps half a million-strong—has literally worked itself out of work and has nowhere to go. The next division contains the stranded factory workers, left high and dry with nobody to claim their services. Nobody can even (Continued on Page 132)

SLUM CLEARANCE IS COSTLY, BUT SUBSISTENCE HOMESTEADS MAY SOLVE THE PROBLEM

BY WALTER B. PITKIN



Two tentative plans for houses for subsistence homesteads. It is estimated that one of these houses could be built for about \$2500 or less.



At the top of the page, one of the plans for model tenements, building of which now seems doubtful, and a slum street in lower New York.



"JIM MARRIED A PRETTY GIRL ALL RIGHT... BUT SHE'S NOT A VERY GOOD HOUSEKEEPER."

"I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! THESE LINENS, FOR INSTANCE."



"Tattle-Tale!" . . . "Tattle-Tale!" . . . Yes, clothes tell tales when they come out of your wash musty and gray!

For that gray says plain as day that you didn't get all the dirt out! It's not your fault, of course. For even when you rub and rub, some soaps leave little specks of dirt behind. Before you realize it, your clothes lose their snowy freshness. And other women notice that so quickly . . .

What to do about it? Change to *Fels-Naptha Soap!* It will wash your clothes so gloriously white that people will praise them—instead of whispering about them.



Fels-Naptha will give you the snowiest, most fragrant washes you ever took off your line. For the big golden bar is not one of those "trick" soaps that promise a lot and do little. Fels-Naptha

is good soap — full-of-action soap — golden soap that's richer. And there's plenty of dirt-loosening naptha added to it!

Two cleaners instead of one! Working together, they banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" from your clothes.



Try Fels-Naptha Soap! It's so safe you'll love it for your filimiest lingerie, silk stockings and dainty woolens.

It's so mild it keeps your hands nice and soft. It's so willing you can use it any way you wish—in tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm or cool water; for soaking as well as boiling clothes.

Fels-Naptha's price is now the lowest in almost twenty years. Get a few bars on your grocery's. Your pocketbooks—your clothes—and yours will think the day you discovered Fels-Naptha's extra help! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1934, Fels & Co.

great delight he had soon admitted them, with a mastery of understatement, into the secrets and scandals of the *haut couture*.

"Heavens!" she would gasp. "I went to them for years and I never knew that! I never heard of it!"

He even told her, one supreme day, who made Queen Mary's hats.

And it was really this which brought Mrs. Dennis to the horrified realization that though so many hats were designed to clothe Rosamary's body, nothing whatever had been provided for her head.

M. Roc calmed her. "It had occurred to me," he said.

And Rosamary, who listened willingly enough though her desire had forbidden his suggesting an added expenditure, hats had never been out of his mind. He shook his head when he heard the name of the milliner to whom they had always gone.

"She is excellent, of course, but very expensive." For a moment he seemed to think, while Mrs. Dennis hung breathless upon his word. Then "Ah, yes," he cried. "I know her. German, in the Rue de Grenelle. A small shop, but a delicious taste. If you like I shall go with you."

ROSEMARY, who had acquired a sort of clear-headedness that was unique, guessed that they would have had to look him up to keep him away. And once in the shop, she realized that his knowledge of clothes did not stop at dresses. He had an instinct that she would know precisely how to wash her hair and where to put her head. Unerringly he waved away the ordinary or the unbecoming, but he took a mischievous delight in making her try on the outrageously effeminate creations that she had seen in every French window.

"Now this," he announced to Mrs. Dennis, "will make your daughter be of nineteen hundred." He placed on Rosemary's head an amazing affair of black velvet and lace, a multi-tiered skirt, a cap of a base rate in a series of bows, a monumental peak on the left. "See?" he laughed, "it gives her curves."

And indeed, if Rosamary had stood up at that moment, she would undoubtedly have been tightly corseted.

"She's a Gibson Girl," cried Mrs. Dennis.

But Rosamary, who knew she too should have been informed, found the creation being lauged at. To her own surprise she snatched off the hat and took another at random. It was a very devil of a little hat. It made Rosamary beautiful and it made even Rosamary vulgar.

"Hush!" he said. "It's half-way please." "What couldn't I be in?"

But M. Roc had reached out, and in his turn snatched the hat from her head. "Ah, no," he said, and for once she was surprised. "This is not for you. That is awful. Nothing like that is for you."

And Rosamary, though she knew her resentment should have been stronger, found that it was completely gone.

VERY seriously, then, they set about picking three hats. The first two they found quickly, but the third was more difficult. At last, with a look of triumph, M. Roc produced a barely finished one from the workroom.

M. Roc swooned over it. "It is perfect," he cried—in moments of excitement the word was a difficult one.

"It is perfect," he cried again when the hat was finally put on her head. "Well done, Mme. Germaine! It is easy for us to make an amateur hat; but a distinguished hat, that is rare, that is difficult. This is the hat of a lady, who is still in her prime. The hat of the wife of Miss Rosemary Dennis!" Suddenly he turned to the milliner. "But how soon? They must be ready in two days. It is urgent."

Design for a Wedding

(Continued from Page 11)

Mme. Germaine nodded. "In two days. If mademoiselle will give me just two fittings."

Rosamary left the color full her cheeks slowly, and slowly leave them. He was here, she thought, Charley was here. She had said? "Someone is coming." How long since herself had stopped to think of Charley Nesbitt? It seemed like weeks, months, but only five days ago she had thought he had been gone, then she had pushed him to the back of her mind, and her world had been spinning and spinning to the bidding of M. Roc.

Suddenly she was aware of how complete she had lived in his light, wise presence. Suddenly she considered the joy that she had taken in every fitting, in every conference.

IT WASN'T the clothes—she had always stood and be fitted! Rosamary had a quick vision of herself in her new dresses. Undoubtedly the man had magic. She knew that he had caught the essence of Rosemary. She knew that he had the definitive part of her. She knew that she had never been so beautiful in her life as in these things he was making her, and she guessed that he had found her inspiring. Who, tomorrow, that would be finished—him, the writer? The man who wouldn't be ready for Charley. Just forty-eight hours from today Charley Nesbitt reached Paris.

Rosamary turned to M. Roc as he said good-by, but in spite of her manner was troubled all the way home. And as though providence had seen fit to complete her uneasiness, a telegram waited for her at the hotel:

MEET BOAT LINE DARLING NESBITT

"Oh, how lovely," cried Mrs. Dennis. "How nice of Charley." "I'll be there," said Rosamary firmly. "Why should I meet him? It would certainly be throwing myself at his head, and suppose I don't like him when I see him?"

Now that she had voiced her doubts, she found that she was perfectly certain that Charley would ask her to marry him. Any qualm she had had on that score seemed the most utter nonsense.

Her mother thought her gone completely crazy and so.

For her own part, Rosamary ordered dinner in bed and spent a restless evening trying to remember what Charley Nesbitt was like. She told herself that he had lean shoulders and a trim waist, a strong voice, but do what she might, the sum total of her efforts was a large American who had played football at Harvard.

THIS afternoon, it was in a rather white-faced mood that she went with her mother to try on her completed wardrobe. But M. Roc was throwing off sparks as he met them at the door and some of his excited manner came through as the faithful Madame attire her in sheer, flowing white. It was impossible to be morbid in the face of what she saw in the mirror.

The dress came close about the neck, and her face above it could not help suggesting a slender and delicate flower. The wool, finer than silk, clung close to her waist and her hips, and then fell in lines so straight that perhaps M. Roc's chief miracle was her being able to walk.

This had been their own extravagance, the only costume that did not fit in with the others. It was complete in itself, with its own coat, its own hat and its own shoes, and so on and so forth. It was a masterpiece of infinite delicacy, all long, soft lines and subtle gestures. She looked into the mirror and smiled.

(Continued on Page 52)

Everybody notices "Tattle-Tale Gray"
...banish it with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



**The regular size
that has saved
money for millions**

25^c

Because of its merit—the quick beautifying results it brings—Listerine Tooth Paste has won the favor of America's most critical men and women.

It is a modern formula, delightful to use, safe and protective to teeth and gums, and offered at a common-sense price.

Time and again, users say that if Listerine Tooth Paste cost twice as much, they still would prefer it to the more expensive brands.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. See the improvement in the looks of your teeth after one or two brushings. Consider the savings this dentifrice makes possible. We guarantee you cannot buy a finer formula no matter how much more you pay. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



**New Double Size
tube saves you
20% more**

40^c

Here it is—Listerine Tooth Paste's new big brother—a giant tube for you who want to benefit from the added savings which quantity purchase makes possible.

The new Double Size tube of Listerine Tooth Paste contains twice as much as the 25¢ tube. Yet the price is only 40¢—a 20% saving!

We do not believe you will find many tubes as large as this at the same price. For that reason we think this new 40¢ size Listerine Tooth Paste is going to attract lots of folks who now use other dentifrices. Perhaps you are one of these.

If so, try Listerine Tooth Paste. We have confidence that if you use ONE tube—either the 25¢ or the 40¢ size—you will remain a steady user.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE • REMOVES FILM FASTER

...THAT'S WHY WE CAN'T
GET A MAN FOR EDITH!



CRUEL WORDS—yet it was lucky she heard them



AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor. Protect daintiness this way:

Wearing underthings a second day is a careless habit no girl can risk. We all perspire, and the odor clings. It becomes noticeable to others before we're even aware of it ourselves.

But it's easy to be sure of never offending. Just switch underthings through Lux each night—every hint of perspiration odor vanishes.

Of course, Lux has no harmful alkali and it won't ever fade, and with Lux there's no fabric-soap rubbing to weaken fabrics; fade colors. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux!



Lux for Underthings
Removes perspiration
odor... Saves colors

(Continued from page 50)

"What a lovely lady!" she said to herself.

Matilde drew the smoky fur of the jacket over Rosemary's shoulders. "An mother, I am so sorry," she said. "I regret we are almost done. We are so happy working for you. And to encourage you are so much a joy. Never, never have I seen him so pleased."

Rosemary's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Thank you, Matilde," she said hastily, and went out to show herself.

TO HER mother, who had always thought Rosemary the loveliest thing on earth, it was a complete surprise.

"Heavens!" she gasped. "Heavens! I never knew you could look like that! Why, M. Roc, it's wonderful. What have you done to her?"

"Oh, es," said M. Roc, "it is a very nice dress."

But his feet had climbed to the ring of his chair and his arms were clutching his legs. "And the arms! I never saw such arms! I never saw such a face! I never saw the other, even the white one. We must show Mme. Dennis the white one, and we can guess how it will look when we finish."

One Rosemary tried them on, the two latest designs, one russet and the other blue-green; the tangerine dress for late afternoon; the high-collared brown coat which went so perfectly over all three; the classic black evening gown, tucked in a little jacket; and the dress another dress, just as M. Roc had promised, and finally the unfinished white dress.

Lucking though it was to have the last two days with her, it was probably a mistake. To the casual eye, the combination of Rosemary and the white dress formed a thing of complete and startling beauty that was undisturbed by any obvious trick of style. M. Roc's secrets remained bis.

As Mrs. Dennis broke it, later, she simply sighed when she saw it. Rosemary stood swaying before her, surrounded by a lovely, angelic weariness.

"It is a wonder," he said, unable to contain himself, "this dress—a dress is in the spirit of Mlle. Dennis!" And as he spoke the spirit of M. Roc was in his eyes.

It was then that Rosemary knew that he had seen her.

"I can't express it," said M. Roc. "I cannot express it tell you," said M. Roc. "I cannot express it."

"Oh, M. Roc," cried Rosemary, holding out her hands, "I know I understand."

AT THE last minute, under her mother's approving gaze, she got herself into her violet dress and set out to meet Charley Nesbitt. She had been seated very pale and still to let him know immediately that her old feeling for him had changed. This dim Charley, whom she could remember so faintly, had been keen enough. He would know very quickly.

She had crept along, gave him more time to think than she could have wished. What would her mother say? Poor darling, how disappointed she would be. But her mother, said M. Roc, "Rosemary supposed and understood her mother." She knew very well that, as the vanquisher of Charley Nesbitt, her mother would love M. Roc not at all. She refused to think of what her mother would say. Until the taxi stopped the Great St. Louis Hotel, quietly, thinking steadfastly of nothing.

It had taken so long that as she came to the top of the stairs the boat train was already in. A panic of haste overtook her, and she ran up the steps, across the platform she fled, with a bewildering smile, past the guard at the gate. By carriage after carriage she ran, looking at the windows and then, wildly, at the crowd about her.

"I'm sorry," said a voice.

He was standing inside the train, passing the last of his luggage to a porter below.

"Hello, Charley!" cried Rosemary. "Hello, Charley! Hello, Charley!"

He was so big, coming toward her, and his legs were so elegantly long. His funny, attractive face was a grin straight across.

"With pleasure," said the girl you've grown up to be," he said, and kissed her lightly on the left cheek bone.

Arm in arm they walked down the platform.

"Let's celebrate," said Charley. "Let's make the taxi stop at the Ritz Bar and we'll have a cocktail in honor of me."

"Heavens!" said Rosemary. "I'd forgotten the place. I haven't been there in years."

The Ritz Bar was crowded, but as they entered the door a pair of young men rose from a table and fell, with enthusiasm, on Charley's neck. It developed that they, too, had played football at Harvard. The two of them were Harvard men.

"You must be here," said one of them.

"Garcon, two chairs," said the other. She remembered that Charley never could get away from young men who had played football at Harvard. There must have been hundreds. Charley laughed, half in amazement, and ordered champagne cocktails for everyone.

THE two young men were very gay. Charley was very gay. Rosemary cupped her round chin in her hands and knew herself, with an old delighted sureness, the serious center of their foolishness.

"It is fun," she said suddenly, and every man in the room as though she had been deliciously witty.

Each of them had known from childhood the people and places that others knew not that Rosemary had always known. She had known the Ritz Bar, the chitter. For this moment, at this table, surrounded by these three desirable men, she was the Rosemary Dennis vanished this long week past. She was that unparallelled thing, a popular girl—a popular American girl. She was having a lovely time.

One of the footballers broke the spell. "When are you sailing for home?" he asked with a flattering interest.

"Why, I am not sailing," she answered. "Why—why, I don't know."

The three men talked on, but for Rosemary the afternoon was gone. Through the drift of their voices, a series of pictures passed before her eyes. The tall boy at a big-game day; the Maine coast in summer; New York—dear New York—in spring when the tulips are out in front of the Plaza. All that was gone.

All the cocky Ritz Bar was small and tame. She had no option, Rosemary looked at her watch.

"I'll have to go, Charley."

He rose quickly. "You're wan," he said. "Come along."

As they made their way to the door, an indistinct, feminine voice floated after them: "Where do you suppose she got that dress?"

"And that?" said Charley, smiling down at the woman to her hotel she was so quiet that he thought her terribly tired and never for a moment guessed that she was desperately showing him that her feelings had changed.

BY THE time that he called to her dancing, Rosemary had worked herself into what her nosegay mother called "a horrible state of nervousness." Charley stood beside her. She could see nothing but M. Roc's charming, merry face; and when she thought of M. Roc, there was Charley smiling at her from the train window. She was in the awful quandary of a woman who doesn't know her own mind.

Charley didn't help. He started when Rosemary appeared in her new black dress, and she thought a little bitterly that she had thought he had worked. The most moment passed it.

"Will you marry me?" said Charley.

Rosemary felt her heart in her throat.

"Oh, I don't" (Continued on page 54)

Brooksie AND her Pals

Behind the scenes with America's best-liked Butter



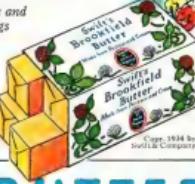
**Brooksie knows
FINE CREAM MAKES
FINE BUTTER.**

It is a big job for Brooksie and her pals, producing the wonderful cream for Swift's Brookfield Butter. The extra-good taste of this butter, special delivery sweetness have made it famous in every city and village in the country. Next time you're buying butter just think of Brooksie. Ask your dealer for Swift's Brookfield Butter.

*Swift's Brookfield Cheese and
Swift's Brookfield Eggs
are extra-good too.*

* * * * *

For years, Swift's Brookfield Butter has been America's largest selling brand.



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SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD BUTTER



• Here's a vogue men go for! Pass a trayful of cheeses at a party, or a few kinds at the family's dinner tonight, and see for yourself. They like the help-yourself spirit of the thing; the chance to take their pick. But what they actually do, you'll see, is "sample" all around—“Sample” again and again!

Kraft, world's largest maker, importer and distributor of fine cheeses, has put a grand assortment in your nearest up-to-date food store. Do investigate it. There you'll make some delicious discoveries among the many celebrated Kraft varieties.

Suggestions for your CHEESE TRAY

The delightfully sharp Kraft Cremed Old English, "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese, creamy-white, delicately-flavored, and guaranteed fresh! Kraft American, celebrated for its full, natural flavor. Nut-sweet Kraft Swiss. The richly mild Kraft Brick. All these cheeses are pasteurized, like milk, for your protection.

THE WORLD'S FINEST
CHEESES ARE MADE
OR IMPORTED BY

KRAFT

Many Kraft varieties also come in loaf form. If you buy cheese from a loaf, ask to see the name Kraft on the foil wrapper!



Copyright 1934 by Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

Gentlemen!
There are
ladies
present

(Continued from Page 52)

"Know," she heard herself cry miserably. "Charley, I don't know."

"Not then," he said. "No matter, Rosie. Keep it in mind. Where do you want to dance?"

Oh, Charley was sweet. There was no doubt at all that Charley was sweet.

The two of them went down Montmartre. Charley never would stay in one place. She laughed at him.

"You act just as though Paris were New York."

You should know by this time that I'm an inveterate New Yorker," he said.

Finally they arrived at Brick Top's, and there in a corner sat M. Roc. He was with a very beautiful woman and two men, one of them an officer in cavalry.

Rosemary saw him, saw every detail, the moment she came in the door, but it was when she rose to dance that he saw her. She could feel his eyes following her, but until the music stopped she would not look. Then she turned and met his gaze squarely. Softly, she smiled at him. M. Roc rose in his place and bowed.

"What's that?" asked Charley.

Rosemary found that she could not stop shaking. His name's Roc. He designed all my clothes. He designs this dress.

"Looks like a nice guy," said Charley. "And he's certainly a swell dressmaker."

"He's not a dressmaker," said Rosemary sharply. "He's an artist."

"Well, then, he's a swell artist," said Charley.

She had never seen M. Roc in evening clothes before, and the black and white suited him far better than his English tweeds.

"You came in that door," said Rosemary to herself, "you would just naturally think, 'What a distinguished, what a fascinating person.'"

Troubled, she glanced at him again. Quite frankly, he was considering Charley. Rosemary herself flushed. Of course, she knew who Charley was. What was he thinking?

As though in answer, M. Roc's gaze strayed and caught her lookings. His eyes crinkled in a smile so kind and trustful, a smile that Rosemary felt a glow spread in her breast. How could she ever betray that smile? She had given her undies and cried, "Oh, M. Roc, I have to understand!" How could she ever betray that?

The wordless sweetness of their relationship turned her to comfort her. She knew exactly what she must do. She turned to Charley and friend, then to conductor M. Roc. The line of Charley's jaw most surprisingly made her want to cry. Instead of the words she had planned, she said:

"Charley, I've a fitting tomorrow—the last. Will you come to see me?"

"I'd love to," said Charley.

ROSEMARY fingered the stem of her wimples. Something must be said, something definite. This was a bad game to play.

"Charley," she said foolishly, "It's funny about M. Roc. I always know exactly what he's thinking."

Charley patted her cheek. "That's not funny, baby. I always know exactly what you're thinking."

Rosemary gathered her belongings. "Shall we go home?" she said.

The next day Charley and M. Roc met each other very amiably, and seemed to be

pleasantly engaged in conversation when Rosemary appeared in the door of the ladies' room. The white dress was finished.

"Good Lord," said Charley, "you bowl me over, Rose."

M. Roc nodded quietly, and tapped his mouth with a feminine finger. "It is perfect," he said finally. And then he spun upon Charley. "Is she not marvelous?" he demanded. "Is she not most marvelous?"

"Yes, indeed," said Charley.

Rosemary looked from one man to the other. She felt very cold and detached, and so, apparently, did they. She could hardly realize that this was a situation.

"I had forgotten!" cried M. Roc, breaking in on her thoughts.

"I have something to show you. All this time I worked just for you, ma-damselfie."

He vanished.

Rosemary sat down beside Charley. "Don't you like him?" she asked.

"He's a swell little guy," said Charley.

"He just adores me," said Rosemary. Charley grinned. "He just adores me in his clothes," he said. Abruptly he rose and began to scrutinize the dress on the farthest wall.

"It's like a play," thought Rosemary as M. Roc responded with three drawings in charcoal.

"The first two I have done these last few days," he said. "I think they will be nice for you sometime. But the third I did last night. Ah, mademoiselle, I think you have given me my masterpiece. He had never seen a smile so kind, so full of sweetness. "I hope," said M. Roc, "that this will make you happy."

ONCE he once he handled her sketches. The second was a tea gown. He hesitated an instant as he handed her the third.

It was a wedding dress. Rosemary had never seen such a wedding dress for Rosemary Dennis and Neddy as at all. Even the black face above it had the outlines of her own curved cheeks.

Rosemary felt the blood beat in her temples. Muted, she looked at M. Roc. "Great gods, he's good," she said to her, and then at Charley across the room. "He is so nice," whispered M. Roc.

For a brief instant Rosemary's world stopped spinning. Then an infinite sharp pain, like an infinite needle, sprang over her. M. Roc didn't want her. M. Roc didn't need her. Mrs. Charley Nesbitt. How she wanted to be Mrs. Charley Nesbitt. How she had always wanted to be clear. It was over. She need think no more. M. Roc had given her Charley.

Oh, what a fool she had been. She had never seen what Charley had known in her life. She had never seen what she had needed her checks. M. Roc had loved a hand for his art—an inspiration. He loved it still, the darling!

Rosemary laughed softly, but she laugh better in the middle.

Once she was ugly, by being vulgar, could she ever betray M. Roc. Suddenly she saw him as he was—forever light of heart, forever young, and never for a moment hers. The faint sadness within her heart faded away. She had come to Charley, whom she loved. She had hurt him. All at once she knew how she had hurt him.

"Charley," called Rosemary, "come here. M. Roc just adores me in a wedding dress. What do you think of that?"

**DR. SAMUEL MELAMET,
noted French specialist, explains:**

*She had poor
appetite—Felt
drowsy after meals—*

"Patient was growing weaker... I advised yeast... her appetite and strength returned very quickly."

Physician-in-chief of the Hospital, "La Régis." Frequently called in consultation by other doctors on diseases of the intestines. Laureate of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris.



"HER TONGUE
WAS FURRY"



"BODY FULL
OF POISONS."



"YEAST CORRECTED
HER TROUBLES"

"LOUISE P., 19 years old, ate hardly anything," Dr. Melamet relates. "She was dejected, losing weight rapidly. Her skin was pale, her hair had poor color. Her eyes were heavy—showed loss of sleep. She was sent to me by another doctor,

"I EXAMINED HER carefully. Made fluoroscope and X-ray tests. I found that her trouble was due to constipation. Her bowels were always very dry. Her intestines were never really emptied, were poisoning her body. I advised yeast 3 times a day,

"IT WAS MY ONLY prescription. In a few weeks she had healthy color. Her thin body became more robust. Her appetite improved... her strength returned very quickly. Once again she was full of energy... cheerful... happy... a changed girl!"

WHEN PATIENTS SAY, "Doctor, I feel run-down... I can't eat as I used to," my first suspicion is chronic constipation," the eminent consultant, Dr. Melamet, states.

"Such symptoms as coated tongue, bad breath, general fatigue, and broken-out skin come from sluggish intestines.

"Steady use of laxatives, I tell patients, only makes matters worse. They give temporary relief at the expense of weakness in the body, which they aggravate the very condition you tried to remedy."

"If you want lasting relief from constipation, yeast is the natural way to correct it. The intestinal muscles are strengthened... waste is softened, moved out of the system without strain. Yet yeast is not habit-forming."

Instead of giving you energy, perhaps your food makes you feel drowsy... "heavy" inside... often causes you distress. Perhaps your skin is blotchy, rough, broken out. Your head aches. You toss in your sleep. Then, by all means, try Fleischmann's Yeast.

Start eating it right away, and keep it up... for 30 days, at least. Eat 3 cakes a day, just plain or dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of water, or milk drinks. Before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.



You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. In addition to its "corrective" powers, it is the richest of all foods in the group of three indispensable vitamins B, D and G, so often deficient in the foods we eat.

Fleischmann's Yeast has helped millions regain an abundance of energy... keen appetite... good digestion... clear skin... and the happiness that goes with health. It should help *you*, too! Get some today! The sooner you start eating it, the sooner you'll feel much better.

Works all day—has pep left over now!

"When I started work, I was terribly run-down... tired all the time... had a lot of headaches, too," writes Miss Marthalee Grimes, Columbus, O. (right in photo). "I never used to go to bed early. Then a friend urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. It has built me up. She acted so well that I decided to start eating it, too. It soon cleared the sluggishness out of my system. My appetite picked up. Now I can work all day, and still have pep for the evenings."

Plan Your Playtime with the Summer Sampler

The flowers that bloom in the spring? scattered on your crepes and cottons— grounds are the most sophisticated. seen the woven designs in synthetic

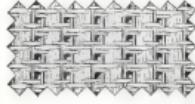


Have them dark back— Have you— fabrics for

summer dresses—for you who prefer plain colors?

On a crepe with white background (synthetic too) are black  Egyptian figures. Stripes and checks  are grand for shirt-waist dresses, little suits and beach clothes. Plaids are as popular in organdie and lawn for the evening as they are for play.



And of course there is the perennial polka-dot— so clean-cut. and organdie wardrobe is coat of basket-interesting new diagonal  Crisp fabrics—taffeta and dimity are definitely here. No summer complete without a white woolen WEAVE,  or one of the woven patterns.

Browse around the colorful, hospitable yard goods departments in your stores. And right now send ten cents for the Summer Sampler to help you plan your summer wardrobe. Actual samples of 44 cottons and linens!

Reference Library:	Enclosed find 10 cents
for the Summer Sampler	
Name:	
Street:	
City:	
Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia Accts.	



A woman's loveliness can be spoiled by the 7 stains on teeth... her charm restored by removing these stains completely.

MEN who "couldn't see me" are all eyes now

"I'M THE happiest girl in America! Yet, just think! A few months ago I was 'the little Roseland girl—won't someone—someone—ask her to dance?'

"Yes, I was 'nobody's sweetheart' . . . a problem at any party!

"And then, one day, I overheard the men discussing the girls in our set—which was prettiest. I almost stopped breathing when I heard one of them mention my name. Here's what he said:

"'You know, she's pretty enough. But when she smiles . . . those teeth!'

"For hours, that day, I sat staring into my mirror, gazing through my tears . . .

"He was right! Though my teeth were even, their color was . . . well, just plain dingy! Yellowish! It had happened so gradually I hadn't noticed.

"And then, through my head ran

some words I'd read the evening before, 'Food and drink leave seven kinds of stain on teeth. If these stains remain, teeth grow duller and duller, till all the natural sparkle is gone. Use Colgate's—it removes all seven kinds of stains.'

"Today—well, look at my teeth . . . my smile! I know it's a winner now. And you'd know it, too . . . if you could see my date-book."

[Banish all seven stains with Colgate's and glory in your smile]

Would you love to look in your mirror a few days from now, and see your teeth cleaner, more sparkling, more beautiful—than ever before? Then do this:

Get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Let its two cleansing

actions remove all food stains—stains that no dental cream with only one cleansing action can remove.

You see, Colgate's has an emulsive action that washes many of the stains away. Then a polishing action that removes all the more stubborn ones. So don't delay. Try Colgate's. And ten days from now, see for yourself what an amazing difference this two-action

dental cream can make in your teeth.

Note, too, how it refreshes the mouth . . . sweetens the breath. And Colgate's is only 20¢—the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty-aids.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has the two cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results, and sells at the same low price.

**COLGATE'S
DENTAL CREAM**
Large tube now
20¢
GIANT TUBE (DOUBLE QUANTITY) 35¢

MAE WEST

and her pal Dan Cupid



CUPID: "Hello, Mae, how are tricks?"

MAE WEST: "Why, Dan, you darling, what are you doing here in Hollywood?"

CUPID: "Came for a holiday—it's the one place I never have to work. All you girls can take care of yourselves."

MAE WEST: "We get our men, all right. But then we've been using Lux Toilet Soap for years. A luscious skin gets them every time."

CUPID: "You do know men, Mae. I find I've lots more spare time since girls everywhere started using your soap. Guess I'll fly over and see Lupe now. Take care of yourself."

MAE WEST: "By-bye. C'm up and see me some time."



Take a leaf out of Mae's notebook! Lovely, appealing skin attracts men just as honeysuckle attracts bees. You can have it as easily as the 9 out of 10 screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap. Use it yourself every day for the soft, appealing skin men adore!

PARAMOUNT STAR



COSTUMES FOR DANCING DAUGHTERS

DESIGNED BY PEN HUBBARD

Isn't it true that your daughter is never happier than when she has a part in her dancing-class performance? Probably she, like all the other girls in the block, has one great ambition—to study stage dancing. For her and all other little girls who take their dancing class seriously, we have selected these attractive costumes from the exhibition of one very successful teacher of dancing.

The top row is for little girls, six or so, and the bottom row for twelve-year-olds. Connie (No. A-1158), the little monkey, is all silver and organdie ruffles with coral ribbons,

for her toe-top dance. Gretchen's satin trunks and top show through her expandable apron (No. A-1159). Betty (No. A-1160) tap dances like nobody, in her velvet costume trimmed with silver. Joyce (No. A-1161) is all white starched lace (or Cellophane) and taffeta ruffles; while Phyllis too dances in tarlatan skirt and ruffles over a spangled satin leotard (No. A-1162).

Ellen is an acrobatic dancer in a costume of silver metallic cloth and black silk satin (No. A-1163). Peg (No. A-1164) is a tap dancer in black jersey trou and tarlatan,

Babe is a fairy queen or a Maypole dancer in tarlatan and silver cloth (No. A-1165). Nancy (No. A-1166) does a musical-comedy kick dance in black velvet and tulle. Joan (No. A-1167) is a modern tap dancer in black oiledcloth.

If your daughter is six or so, send five cents in stamps to the Reference Library, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa., for directions for any costume in the upper row, order by name and number. If she's going on twelve, send for the directions for the costumes in the lower row, each five cents. Diagrams and color suggestions included.



"I find Camels delightfully Mild"

MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER
OF CHICAGO



■ Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer has all the quick grace and verve of the Argentine—before her marriage she was Señorita María Eugenia Martínez de Hué of Buenos Aires. Educated in Switzerland, she lived abroad until her marriage in Paris a few years ago. Her English is as fluent as her Spanish, French, and German. Now, while she returns to Europe for her summer, she divides the winter between Chicago, where she has a delightful apartment in the famous Palmer House which was originally built and owned by her husband's grandfather, and their winter home in Sarasota, Florida. She shoots, fishes, swims, loves parties and the American movies, and always smokes Camel cigarettes.

"THEY ARE SO NICE AND SMOOTH" . . .

"They are so nice and smooth and have such good flavor," Mrs. Palmer says. "The thing I like most about Camels is that I can smoke as many as I want without getting nervous or jumpy. I do not wonder that so many people smoke them."

More and more women are finding that Camel's costlier tobaccos are easy on the nerves. It's

nice to know that you don't have to watch how much you are smoking when you smoke Camels. And you will thoroughly enjoy their mildness and the smooth full flavor that never tires your taste.

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO than any other popular brand.



Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder



THE SHIRT-WAIST DRESS—SUMMER'S UNIFORM

1282. Shirt-waist dresses—yes, lots of them! but the frock about town is the two-piece one, like that above, in cotton or linen. It's the commuter's special and the business girl's love. Notice the crisp revers, which make a narrow chest look wider, the easy line of the shoulder (easy to fit, if you're an amateur dressmaker), the center inverted pleat and the row of decorative buttons. It is designed for 14 to 18 years, and 36 to 42 bust.

1283. The kind of dress that looks professional on a golf course some sunny morning. Striped seersucker—one stripe darker than the other—will make you look taller and slimmer if you're inclined to be happy. The slight gathers in front, below the yoke, are easy on the figure too. The collar is removable, and you can have long sleeves to the dress if you prefer. The dress is designed for 14 to 18 years, and for 36 to 42 bust.

1284. Everybody's wearing shorts to match morning frocks. Slip off your skirt and you're all set for tennis or the beach picnic! These separate shorts give you a flat tummy and are easy to step into. The tab front breaks the line of the blouse, and saves you hours of dressmaker work fitting in a vest. The outfit is made of seersucker in a blue-and-white check, and it is designed for 14 to 18 years, and for 36 to 42 bust.

1285. The large woman chooses a shirt-waist dress of this type. It is in a mercerized-cotton fabric, in an almost invisible check, with pin stripes in two shades of blue, forming the larger checked design. Notice how the V line of the waist front seems to make the bust seem smaller, and that the two side plackets on either side of the front appear to lengthen the line of the skirt. The dress is designed for 36 to 48 bust.

*"Don't worry, honey
... it won't scratch!"*

THE "Hidden Name Test" turned the searching rays of proof on claims of cleanser quality. It revealed the facts about cleansers fairly ... and completely. So definitely did it establish New Sunbrite as the *safest* cleanser ... that even this little miss accepts the verdict. And equally emphatic was its proof that New Sunbrite Cleanser is the fastest, most economical, easiest to use.

For a week, the women who made the "Hidden Name Test" tried the leading cleansers equally ... on pots and pans ... on tile and enamel ... on porcelain and on stoves and refrigerators. There were no brand names on any of the cans. No labels to cause confusion or prejudice. *Results alone counted ... and New Sunbrite Cleanser won first choice!*

This test is convincing. But the experiences of others are never as conclusive as your own. So why not get a supply of New Sunbrite Cleanser ... and compare its results with the cleanser you are now using? Forget its low price. Think only of its ease, speed, safety and *long-lasting economy*. Prove to yourself that New Sunbrite *does* more than any other cleanser ... regardless of cost!



New SUNBRITE CLEANSER

CLEANS EASIER • WORKS FASTER • WON'T SCRATCH

Copyright by Smith & Company, 1934



The Grasshoppers and the Aunt

(Continued from Page 19)

We passed an enormous coffee cup with what looked like real steam rising up off it, and were just coming to the Hollywood with Rudy Vallee and Fifty Beautiful Girls when we stopped at the Paradise with Paul Whiteman and Fifty Beautiful Girls, which wasn't my idea of Paradise nearly as much as Rudy Vallee, the old man, when Miss Hunt took Davy's arm.

"I don't want you children to wear yourselves out," she said. "And I'm wondering if this isn't a good time to go back to the hotel. Tomorrow we may have to leave the Paradise by."

Except the mobs of people going to the Hollywood." I thought, giving a yearning look in the direction of Rudy Vallee's picture.

But, all the same I began to get thrilled as we went upstairs and you could hear Paul Whiteman's music somewhere, and a rattling sound. I could feel little cravely feeling to be spilling over me; seems like having bubbles in the way it does when things are going to happen and you are with a handsome man.

We had a table about halfway around the biggest room ever seen people come in. There was a dancing floor in the center and tables all around three sides, each row of tables a little higher than the one in front, just like a theater. There was the famous orchestra with its own person and color, light flared red and green and blue stress everywhere, and as many people as would fit on the dance floor were on it, though there must have been a thousand more who were just eating and watching.

We noticed that there were clappers on every table that made a noise when you shook them, and of course everybody got feeling very prima donna making noise in an abandoned sort of way. That is, about one out of every five tables was abandoned. The rest were just eating.

"What's it to be?" Mr. Fletcher said. "Chocolate, vanilla, strawberry—which?"

"Davy," said Davy, peering at the menu, "that the buck and a half includes a full meal."

"Then let's eat a full meal," Sam said. "I'll take scrambled eggs and sausages and pie with ice cream."

MR. FLETCHER looked a little baffled for a moment and then said, "Call your orders," he said, "What shall it be, Lences?"

"I'm afraid this is an amazing place?"

"I'll have a mushroom omelet," I said, "and some chocolate ice cream and raisin cake."

"Eggs for me," Davy said, "and sausages and pie without the cream?"

"I want a Spanish omelet," Pauline said, "whatever that is, and a Welsh rabbit."

"I like Maudie's choice," Mr. Fletcher said.

"And coffee for all?"

"Not for me," Miss Hunt said, "I know my limit." She gave him a cool smile.

"Oh, Mr. Fletcher," I said softly, "look what someone left beside your chair."

Mr. Fletcher looked slightly, the way you do when you think it might be something you wouldn't want, and then leaning against his chair was an actual girl with practically nothing on but a pert feathered hat and some stockings.

Mr. Fletcher made a sound like a hiccup, and before he could take nine drams of water the girl ran out on the dance floor, and about twenty more just like her, and we realized for the first time that our table was right by the aisle leading from the

place where the choruses got dressed—or, rather, ready.

I began to wonder why a show girl

was called a show girl." I said dreamily, gazing out over the floor.

"Now you know," Davy and Sam said together.

Mr. Fletcher patted my hand. "Inno-

cent, aren't you?" he said, and if my mouth hadn't been full I would have given him my loveliest smile.

Well, we had a wonderful time. There were a great many acts, with these girls and some people tap dancing and various acts that I can't remember, but the words of laugh, but it didn't matter because everyone laughed anyway. There was an intermission in between the two halves of the program when everyone got dressed again if you could it doesn't. I don't suppose we would ever have left if Miss Hunt hadn't made us when it was nearly two o'clock.

"This is a gala night, children," she said, "and you mustn't let your mothers in the face if you get sick. Tomorrow we'll all sleep until luncheon."

"Oh, Miss Hunt," I said pathetically, looking at Mr. Fletcher out of the end of my eye, and then I lay down and fell asleep for years, and I just can't wait a morning sleep. Wouldn't it be all right if I went to the museum tomorrow morning?"

"WHY, my dear," Miss Hunt began, a pleased look spreading over her face,

"I never realized ——"

"I nominate myself official guide," Mr. Fletcher said, rising like a thermometer when you blow on it. "I consider sleep a waste of time."

"So do I," Pauline said, giving me an expression of poisoned sweetness, "and Maudie and I always love doing things together."

"And so she played the joker," Davy gloated, leering at me. "And it looks like Pauline's game."

"When better wise cracks are made," I said, in mild, "somebody else will make them."

Davy has an annoying way of suspecting my motives whenever there is an attractive man around, and I was desperately afraid that he would notice my style when I came along on the luncheon party too. But much as he loves me, he loves sleep more, and I guess he thought that Pauline's being along would protect his interests.

I was thinking that he and Pauline didn't realize, though, is that I honestly never do sleep late. So the next morning I woke around eight, and of course Paulie was sound asleep, waiting for the clerks at the door to open. I tiptoed across the sitting room and called the desk clerk and told him not to wake her, as she needed the sleep. She was very sympathetic.

Then I had my breakfast down in the big dining room, and then I went to look at Fifth Avenue, and at noon o'clock, I was sitting in the lobby waiting for Mr. Fletcher.

HE LOOKED like the Spirit of Park Avenue when he came in, with his derby in his hand and a blue double-breasted suit all buttoned up and a gray tie with a pearl in it and gray socks.

"Good morning, early bird," he said, with his broad smiling smile. "You look none the worse for wear, in spite of our recent dissipation."

"As a compliment," I said, "that makes me sound like an old shoe. Can't you do anything else?" I asked him.

"I love it," he said. "How's that?"

"Very stimulating—for the hat," I said. "But if you said 'I love you in it,'" I would really wake up and look around."

Mr. Fletcher laughed merrily. "Come along, modern girl," he said. "You

The cards are
stacked against you,
dear girl!

when you fail to
realize this



A WISE young woman of the world said to a young friend in a confidential chat not long ago:

"You can succeed socially without brains. You can get along without beauty. You can do without a sense of style."

"But, there's one thing you can't succeed without. That is a quality which everyone, men especially, likes to think of as essentially feminine—the quality of freshness, sweetens, innocence of person."

It's soothng and cooling to the skin, too. Indeed, you can use it while dressing, use it afterwards, any time. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

Mum acts rapidly to prevent the unpleasant odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

When Mum makes it so simple to avoid all trace of body odor, isn't it foolish to take a chance? You can get Mum at any toilet counter. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



**TAKES THE
ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

"WE COULD NEVER DO WITHOUT MUM FOR THIS, EITHER," women say. On sanitary napkins Mum gives complete protection from all unpleasantness.

A SALON FACIAL with your own hands!



All three preparations in one exciting package, special at \$1.00

• **Salon care for your face . . . all by yourself?** Is it really possible to give yourself the same daily home treatment that's prescribed for the loveliest patrons of Dorothy Gray's Salon?

Yes . . . more easily than you ever dreamed. For Dorothy Gray has made her Salon Facial so simple! Just use three things . . . use just three preparations. And watch how quickly your skin takes on that "salon-caressed" look.

This is the "I-2-3 Facial!"

1. **Cleanser.** At night, use Dorothy Gray Cleansing Cream . . . to float out pore dirt.

2. **Lubricate.** Then, smooth in, and leave on overnight, an emollient . . . to soften, and help smooth out lines and wrinkles. (Special Mixure for dry skins; Suppling Cream for normal and oily skins.)

3. **Stimulate.** Next morning, cleanse again; then with a lotion contract the pores and put up circulation. (Orange Flower Skin Lotion for fine, dry skins; Texture Lotion for coarse pores and oily skins.)

Each day, for at least two weeks, do these three simple things. Watch your skin grow smoother, clearer, more radiant and glowing.

Special \$1 Package

You can buy the Dorothy Gray prep-

arations for your "1-2-3 Salon Facial" at all better shops. Or, if you prefer, try the special "Salon Facial Package" at \$1. A lovely package, grand for traveling and guest-rooms. It contains all three preparations in generous sizes for a thorough trial of the "I-2-3 Salon Facial." One box for dry skins, another for oily and normal skins.

Have you some abnormal skin condition? Coarse pores? Crêpy throat? Wrinkles? Dorothy Gray has a simple corrective preparation for every skin fault. At leading shops.

DOROTHY GRAY, 681 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

SPECIAL . . . AT YOUR FAVORITE SHOP

Dorothy Gray

SALON FACIAL PACKAGE

The "Salon Facial Package" contains: 1. Cleansing Cream. 2. An emollient cream (Special Mixure for dry skins; Suppling Cream for normal and oily skins). 3. A stimulating lotion (Orange Flower Skin Lotion for dry, delicate skins; Texture Lotion for coarse pores and oily skins).

\$1⁰⁰

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shouldn't be allowed to say things like that to a strange man."

"You're not strange, Mr. Fletcher," I said earnestly. "You're just like lots of people I know."

Mr. Fletcher wrung his hands. "Stop it," he said. "Stop it at once. Where's Pauline?"

"She's asleep. I knew she would be and I didn't wake her because Pauly needs sleep to be her best self. But she loves museums, so that I thought it would be kind of mean to go without her and I wondered where you would mind if we went on a sightseeing bus and saved the museum for later?"

"Why—why, no," Mr. Fletcher said, looking for a minute like he was going to have an attack of something.

THIS bus, which we had to dash down town in a taxi to get, was a fascinating object, with a glass roof so you could see the tops of buildings and very soft leather seats on the front one row. A little man with a megaphone in a pale gray hat that had a cockney accent who was our guide.

Riding in a bus is a wonderful experience, because a bus is bigger than anything else on the street except another bus, so things don't get in your way.

"Maudie," Mr. Fletcher said, "you are a revelation to me."

"Of course," I said. "The Empire State Building, the world's tallest building, one hundred and four stories high," the guide said.

"I bet it's on top," I said. "It's a revelation to you?"

"Don't you know what about women?"

"The Colosseum is sixty-eight stories," the guide was saying. "Radio City, seventy stories."

"I considered myself quite an expert on the subject," Mr. Fletcher said, "but you make me realize that there are gaps in my education somewhere."

"At a total cost of two hundred and fifty million dollars when completed."

"Well, pretty soon we were passing Central Park, and the bus stopped and disengaged, and the guide was pointing out all the houses—only he called them mansions—facing it. Millionaires! Row, he called it."

When we came out on Riverside Drive, we could see the river looking like a vast and mighty below us and ahead of us a building like a temple overlooking it.

"What's that?" I said to Mr. Fletcher, while he gave the bus driver the right-of-way.

"Grant's Tomb," he said, looking at me. "Shall we bother to get out?"

"Well, I just stared at him. 'That's a tomb,'" I said, "it's an honor to be dead. Of course I want to get out."

WE CLIMBED a little hill and went into the tomb, where there was a dim and cold light everywhere except for a guard who stood there who was wearing a uniform.

"On the left General Grant, on the right Mrs. Grant. All about it here in this hole rock for twenty-five cents."

"Wherever you turn, there is unfair discrimination against the poor," I said, buying some postcard postal cards of the tomb to send to Chil and Bill and etcetera with the message, "Having a swell time, wish you were here."

"Please come," Mr. Fletcher said. "Just prove it in the Grant era."

"Well," I said, "you never heard anybody speak of General and Mrs. Grant's Tomb, did you?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Fletcher, laughing. "And what did they?"

"I'm just telling you," I said, "it's a man's world."

We climbed in the bus again and I noticed that Mr. Fletcher had turned down with a look of concern on his face for a minute whether he liked bombs. An older man is a definite challenge, being harder to get into the spirit of things than an eighteen-old infant like Davy, I was learning. It worked well for a few minutes.

"Maudie," Mr. Fletcher said finally, "woman is a predatory animal."

"On our right the freight yards of the New York Central Railroad," the guide went on.

"Isn't travel broadening?" I said. "Where else would you see freight yards? What's a predatory animal?"

"A creature who sets out to catch another creature," Mr. Fletcher said, "and isn't that what I do?"

"Does it want the other creature?"

"Of course. That's why it chases it."

I shook my head scornfully. "You're wrong about women," I said. "It's the other creature that wants the man over."

"Ah-hi! Then you admit the chase?"

"Of course you see me. Mr. Fletcher was

impressed. He got out a pencil and a card.

"Let me have that mileage again, will you?"

"Three hundred and nine," the guide said, "from New Jersey, body?"

Mr. Fletcher jammed the pencil in his pocket and frowned out the window. I suppose it was the first time he ever thought of himself as looking like a trumper.

"Fourteenth Street, the gangster's paradise," he said. "Wall Street, the money center. We are now in the heart of Greenwich Village, the habitat of the h'artists, where today is lived to the fullest and tomorrow looks after it."

"This is Trinity Church, built in 1790; in the graveyard the tombstones of Alexander Hamilton and Robert Fulton can be seen. Hamilton is the big white one next the fence. Fulton is the little one with the green marble sarcophagus. On Wall Street, the best-known quarter mile in the world. H'it's a river at one end and a graveyard at the o'ther, which some says is symbolic."

When we got to the Aquarium and ran through it like two kids, picking out fish that looked like people we knew—for instance, the green moray is the living image of my Aunt Rachel without her glasses.

I think we got off the bus to walk on through the tenement section, which made me feel ashamed of ever being discontented with my lot, and the Ghetto, which got so crowded they took down several blocks of houses to let the air in, and even the police had to find a place to put their garage, so they just threw it out the window at nine o'clock.

Then just as I was getting a hell look at a shop where they sold wedding dresses for three dollars a piece, the guide said:

"We are now entering the Bowery, once the center of vice and crime and the hang-out of characters."

WELL, I fairly fell out of the bus looking at rows of men asleep on benches by the street, and women pushing yelling babies into stores, any of which you could hear a woman say in in the back of her head. There wasn't one person that looked like a girl like Edward G. Robinson and not a girl anywhere that made you think of Jean Harlow, even from the rear.

"What a dull place," I said sadly.

"How much does a boy's winter coat?"

Roddy said as we passed the street bazaars—we were on to first names by then—"a caftan or a fannel night-gown? It would be a pleasure."

"Does it want the other creature?" I've just stopped believing in sin and I feel all hollow inside. A tour like this is very disillusioning to a young girl."

"Cheer up," Roddy said. "In a minute we'll be passing the Little Caesar's around the corner and you can think of love and marriage."

(Continued on Page 66)



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The world's before him

Your boy—dreaming of worlds to conquer—aggressive and shy by turns. A trying time, for him—this period of his fastest growth. Physical changes come so rapidly. Consult your physician about his diet, so that it will keep up with his body's need for the vitamins and minerals to build sturdy bones, strong teeth.

Double your watchfulness about the care of his teeth. Don't let him relax the early habit of brush-

ing his teeth, after each meal, when convenient. At least, morning and night. Your dentist will explain how it should be done, how important it is for his teeth and gums—now and all his life.

Impress on him the need of periodic visits to his dentist. Make sure he uses only a safe and efficient dentifrice.

Into the making of Squibb's Dental Cream has gone all the knowledge that scientific research has

learned about the care of the teeth. It helps in protecting the teeth from decay and preserving the health of the gums—and it cleans thoroughly and safely.

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THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Always SIMONIZ A NEW CAR!

Do it Right Away! Simoniz Protects the Finish and Keeps it Beautiful



An unsimonized car, after being driven a few thousand miles, looks old and worn.



If a new car is Simonized right ever, it will still look beautiful after being driven many thousands of miles.

Be sure to Simoniz a new car before you drive it very far! That's the advice of thousands of dealers and millions of motorists everywhere. They know that any car must be Simonized if it is to stay beautiful.

There's nothing like Simoniz! It stops weather, dirt and other destructive elements from getting at the finish—so they can do no damage. Harder and more durable, Simoniz gives perfect protection to the finish. Makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

You'll enjoy Simonizing your car. It's so easy! A few quick strokes with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener and a dull car sparkles like new again! Then apply Simoniz to keep the finish beautiful.

Insin on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener to your car. Then it will stay bright and new looking for years. The Simoniz Co., Chicago, U. S. A.



Motorists Wise
SIMONIZ

THE SECRET OF LASTING MOTOR CAR BEAUTY

(Continued from Page 64)

"I can think of that anywhere," I said, "and it doesn't help. Is that the Empire State Building again?"

"It looks familiar," Mr. Fletcher said.

"So let's get out," I said, smiling.

"I said somewhere you could have lunch on the eighty-sixth

floor."

Mr. Fletcher was still smiling

intriguingly when we got out, but I thought

that he looked a little pale. We hurried in

the door and found ourselves in a regular

little eatery panelled in black marble with

rows of little shops with expensive-looking

things for sale.

WE STOPPED somewhere and Roddy telephoned the Gotham, while I stood by the window, watching, pushing about through the glittering black balls and listened to their voices and foot-steps echoing in the weirdest way.

"They're getting up, the loafers."

"I see them. I think there's a little

touch of envy in his voice," and they'll join us here in twenty minutes."

There is a dining room all glassed in on the eighty-sixth floor, with an open terrace overlooking the penthouse over the roof, trying not to wonder what they would look like if they fell over. Miss Hunt and Sam and Davy—looking suspicious—and Pauly—very annoyed—came just as we were starting to guard if anyone ever imagined on the roof you just send a shadow go up Miss Hunt.

"Not often," the guard said in a very bored voice. "But you wouldn't want 'em constant."

"How could you do it?" Miss Hunt said.

"I'm askin' you, lady," he said.

"I guess it's not so bad in the fall as the spring," Sam said with an innocent look, and Pauline hit.

"Why, what difference would that make?"

"Because in the fall people are wearing their light fall overcoats."

"Oh, but it isn't the fall; it's the sudden stop that hurts," I said.

That wouldn't hurt me; I'm wearing a spring suit," Davy can always go you one better.

Roddy and Miss Hunt looked at each other and shook their heads.

"You can imagine completely mad?"

Miss Hunt said.

"Nonny, nonny," Sam reassured her.

"We're just talking for the fun of it."

"PUN my soul," Davy groaned, "let's put on the feed bag while I still have an appetite. I can't stand any more of this pan-lashment on an empty stomach."

We went in and got a table by one of the big windows. Roddy and Miss Hunt had a "nonny, nonny" and a little smile.

Pauline had ordered cheese-and-olive sandwiches and branched-peach sandwhiches and the boys had ham-and-peanut-butter sandwiches and Davy had a sandwich with a filling I never heard of called Governor's Choice. Miss Hunt had hearts of lettuce and a cup of tea, and to my utter amazement, Mr. Fletcher just had milk and crackers.

"You'll need all your strength," Davy said. "I'm not so strong," Mr. Fletcher said that you could see Mr. Fletcher didn't exactly like it. "We're going out to walk across the George Washington Bridge the minute we can't eat any more."

"I'll bite," Davy. "Miss Hunt said, "but Mr. Fletcher laughed gayly."

"You're only young once, Lenoire," he said. "Now, what about the Statue of Liberty, sports? Going to pass her up?"

"Forget about her," Sam said. "What's the first time?"

Well, it seemed that you rode out on a boat and then you went up inside it in an elevator and looked down, which is the chief attraction of so much of New York. But we went to the hotel, which is the second floor of the Empire State, which is really inside the mooring mast, where the guide showed us where to look down on Mr. J. P. Morgan's house, there being so

few chances for a person to look down on Mr. Morgan.

When we got to the statue—could you believe it?—the elevator was out of order. The one day we were there.

"I'll race you," Sam said. "It's only a hundred and fifty-foot steps, this book says."

"I'll wait for you," Miss Hunt said very firmly. "Will you wait with me, Roddy?"

Mr. Fletcher said yes, he thought he would; and even when I gave him my most magnetic smile, I didn't respond. "The sweetie," I said, "you feel sorry for poor Miss Hunt, and doesn't want to leave her alone while he has a good time climbing with me." How could I make him forget his conscience? And then Davy did it for me by making a remark that was good for my benefit but which Roddy heard.

"Yeah," Davy said, "this is no game for an old man."

Roddy agreed and then he turned to Miss Hunt. "If you'll excuse me, Lenoire," he said, "now that I'm here, I really think I should see this old lady." The way he said "old" you could see he didn't like the word.

THE stairway was a spiral one, winding around and around, and the horrible part was that when you were on the one hundred and fifty-fourth step you could see all the way to the bottom practically straight down. I was scared to death, so Sam and Davy wanted to climb the ladder that goes up in the arm, but Pauly and I said no, and Mr. Fletcher didn't say anything and the boy with the great tool.

I was scared to death in the goddam crowd, and saw all kinds of boats and barges harrying here and there and a big line standing still with little tugs pushing it and everywhere whistles and horns and the noise was terrible across the steps, which was worse than going up on account of your knees shook after about twenty steps, and if you stopped you just couldn't help looking down and then your stomach shook. I was quite scared, but when we got down and Mr. Fletcher seemed to be turning a pale violet and he breathed in gamps,

"We can rest on the boat going back," I said soothingly to Miss Hunt, who was quite worried. "before we go to Brooklyn Bridge."

"To where?" said Miss Hunt.

"Oh, we compromised," I said. "We just thought we'd walk out Brooklyn Bridge, because the people usually jump off, and it's not a good enough time to go to the Ambassador Grill."

"But," said Miss Hunt, "but what are you going to the Ambassador Grill for?"

"Pancho's orchestra," Pauly breathed.

"Did you hear it?"

"A woman's love," Davy said to Sam, "is like a teething baby."

"Don't ask him why, Sam," Pauly said.

"It'll bite on anything," Davy said.

"Keep the change," I said coldly, while Sam roared. "I was once poor myself."

WELL, the one slight wish that we had the afternoon was that when we got back from the Brooklyn Bridge, Pauly said, I saw two swish little hats on our way that we swore we couldn't go to the Ambassador without, but the boys wouldn't let us stop to buy them, and even Roddy didn't want to stop, so we just went on to the restaurant, where we had to dance in our old ones until it was time to dress for dinner, which Davy said we were having at Sardi's, but when Roddy arrived he thought different.

"But we want to have these actors and actresses among these guests and all like that," Davy protested. "That's the kinda place Sardi's is."

"You must get them for lunch then," Roddy said. "I'll never for dinner. They have an entire dinner menu at night. Mostly off-to-town trippers."

"Oh, let's not go there for dinner, then," Pauly agreed. "Everybody there'd be just like us."

(Continued on Page 68)

NO PARBOILING!

Swift's Premium
NOW OVENIZED
*is so very mild
 and tender*

Bake it this easy way



1. Place a whole or half Premium Ham in a roaster. Add 1/2 cups of water, and cover the roaster.



2. Bake in a slow oven (325°), allowing 2½ minutes a lb. for a large whole ham; 4½ minutes a lb. for smaller ham (up to 1½ lbs.) or half hams.



3. When ham is done, remove from oven. Lift off rind. Score surface and dot with cloves; rub with mixture of ½ cup brown sugar and 2 tbsp. flour. Brown, uncovered, for 20 minutes in a hot oven (400°).

Notice how Swift's Premium Ham is identified by the brown dots you will find on even a single slice.



Courtesy, 1934 by Swift & Company

NOW SAY FAREWELL forever to a tedious, unpleasant job! *No more parboiling.* Here's a ham so mild and tender that you simply put it in a roaster and bake it!

The ham is that famous brand—Swift's Premium, now made milder than ever by a special method of smoking which follows the unique mild Premium cure.

The Swift method of smoking ham in ovens—*Ovenizing*—gives an unusual delicacy of texture and develops a richer taste.

It produces a ham so marvelously good that, if you always buy Swift's Premium,

you need never parboil again! Merely bake it, according to the instructions at the left of the picture, or fry or broil the center slices without parboiling.

You'll find that with this method you not only save yourself trouble but actually serve more delicious ham!

Don't you think this deserves a trial the very next time you cook ham? Success is certain if you remember this one point: the ham must be Swift's Premium. Every Premium Ham is *Ovenized*. No other kind is. Swift & Company, Purveyors of Fine Foods.

Gaily attractive, and delicious with baked Premium Ham are fried potato nests or potato nests filled with green peas and whole-kernel corn in butter sauce. Martha Lagan



SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

It's Ovenized

SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON ALSO IS OVENIZED
 NEW TENDERNESS • NEW RICHNESS OF FLAVOR



(Continued from Page 67)

Davy was not to be swerved. "But the pictures—they'll all be there; you gotta admit that, Mr. Fletcher," he said.

"What do you mean? I don't think it being like that can be interesting."

"A young Russian artist named Gard makes them and they're really awfully clever caricatures—even if one of the celebrities did write on his. 'My God, do I look fat?' says Roddy, while there are over five hundred of them, three deep all around the walls, and they're all the celebrities who have ever eaten regularly at Sardi's and René together decide if you're a celebrity."

"With this René?" I asked, having caught a gleam in Davy's eye at the mention of her name.

"She's a character," Roddy said. "Very quick on the uptake, knows everybody and writes a book about her—she thinks of them, but the publisher had to cut out

the best parts because they were libelous."

"You seem to know quite a lot about her," Miss Hunt said.

"Yes, but is she all they say?" Davy said. "On land or in water."

"The lookin'-like-red-headed-hat-check girl in New York, probably America, possibly the world," Roddy said.

Well, now I understood Davy's sudden interest in art. "I agree with Paul," I said firmly. "We don't want to go to some place with a lot of trippers. We want to be sophisticated."

"If it's real sophistication you're after, there's no place like Dinty Moore's," Roddy said.

Then Dinty Moore's would be marvelous, Paul and I said, very enthusiastic, and so did Miss Hunt in a more restrained way. "Davy," I said, "you don't want to go to some place with a lot of trippers. We want to be sophisticated."

"At last," I thought, slightly kippy with excitement, "I am going to have a taste of this gracious living that you're always reading about, with a cold bottle and a small hot bird, and all the old-time atmosphere."

Well, the inside of Dinty Moore's was definitely a shock, with limousines instead of thick carpet on the floor, and instead of some rather daring paintings like "I'd Rather Be a Woman" or "Entertainment was a lot of black and white signs hung around with a portrait of an oyster on them. But the biggest blow of all was the hall of fame, featuring corned beef and cabbage, ham and cheese, and hot pepper sauce. And the strangest part was that really sophisticated New Yorkers actually did go there, because Roddy pointed out Walter Winchell drinking beer with a woman he was seeing at the same time. Mrs. and Mrs. Irving Berlin and Charlie, our waiter, who seemed to know everybody, showed us a couple of judges and George Jessel. He was awfully nice and understanding, and when we were seated, just as Roddy started to enthusiastically order porterhouse steak for all he tactfully brought up the subject of chicken lobsters, which it seemed they had just got some fresh ones. Roddy couldn't understand why we wanted lobsters, but he said we must have one of Dinty Moore's thick steaks, but Pauly and I insisted that there was more of a party atmosphere to lobsters, though we mightn't have if we knew what we were getting into, so decided to put them in crisscross arrangements on a platter for us to see before they were cooked. I couldn't help letting out a little shriek when my unexpectedly shoved them under my nose.

"Huh! I thought you were the girl wanted atmosphere," Davy said.

"That's not atmosphere," I said. "That's realism."

The baked potatoes were as big as your head and really quite filling, which was lucky on account of we didn't have time for any dessert if we were going to get to the Radio City Music Hall in time to see the whole show and still make Harlem in time for the start of the show of the cabaret. Mr. Fletcher took off his hat some and polished, but he didn't smile as often as he had the night before, probably because

I was with Sam and Davy and Miss Hunt and he had to take Pauling.

The Music Hall was like the Pennsylvania Station and the Empire State Building and the Plaza Hotel—everything else was big; and just to rub it in there was an army of the biggest men outside the circus standing everywhere saying, "Thud mezzanine, second stair to your left. Thold mezzanine, second stair to your left."

"At last," I said to Davy, "I have actually heard someone say 'thold' in real life. This is the buzz word of my day."

"It's great," said Davy. "Try to seem like an American. And step, will you? We want to sit down, if possible."

The inside of the Music Hall was like the inside of a great big shell with us about the size of a tiny worm. The stars and the people that sang were on a thing like a great big dumbwaiter that came up when it was their turn and went down afterward. Miss Hunt and Mr. Fletcher sat at the bar, and our waiter whispered all about the movie which was on and all afterward to all the dancing and little stage acts and all.

"Well, this has been an interesting day," Mr. Fletcher said briefly as the curtain went down, "and I know the young people will want a good night's sleep."

"Why, Roddy?" Miss Hunt said in a soft voice, but nobody heard her, because Pauly and Sam and Davy and I all said together,

"We're going to Harlem."

" Didn't you know?" Miss Hunt said to Mr. Fletcher. "We're going to Harlem."

IT BEGAN to dawn on me then that an older man can't take it, because instead of being all full of pep and ready for a good time Roddy gave Miss Hunt a desperate pleased look and started to say, "Don't you think—"

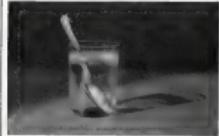
"It's a great life, Roddy," I said gayly,

"if your don't wan'en."

I simply loved the Cotton Club. And I was terribly impressed with the way Roddy wouldn't take the table the head waiter offered him, and when he did give him a tip, and insisted on having the only empty one on the edge of the dance floor even though it had a "reserved" card on it. He got it, too, and even Davy was impressed.

"Did you get a load of that?" Davy whispered to me. "Say, I guess Mr. Fletcher is used to having his money yell, no whisper."

It was time to sit next to Roddy, but I got there first, and of course Miss Hunt was on his other side, so I settled down into what I had a feeling would be the supreme evening of my life. The walls were all painted with colorful cotton fields and dairies with mandolins, and in the distance a Mississippi River boat, only in between the boat and the cabin was a dancer losing the seventh veil, just to show you how things have changed. There was



MEAT LOAF. 1 lb. ground round steak; 1/2 c. ground salt pork or butter; 1 egg; 1 c. bread crumbs; 1/2 c. milk; 2 tsp. salt; 1/2 tsp. Colman's Mustard; 1/2 tsp. French's Pepper; 4 thin slices bacon; 1/2 c. onions, seasoned with salt, pepper, and paprika. Mix. Place in greased loaf pan, sprinkle with bread crumbs, and top with bacon. Bake in moderate oven 135° F. for one hour. Serves 8.

Colman's Mustard

Cab Calloway's orchestra, playing the most marvelous music I have ever heard, all banked up against one side, and tables around the floor with clappers under them and colored waiters looking very glad to see us.

"Well, let's do our reading," Davy said, and we all ordered eggs and bacon and coffee and ice cream except Miss Hunt, who had lemonade, and Mr. Fletcher could hardly believe it when he saw he had a slight headache and would just have a glass of Vichy water. I noticed after a while he took a pill, too, but I forgot about it almost immediately because there was a horde of waiters around the table and Davy was putting it on his ice cream. Davy is quite a pioneer.

Then the orchestra started playing simply delicious dance music, and pretty soon the room was packed. We were all seated out on the floor, and then in a minute the floor was full of people. Pauline was giving Roddy her most enticing smile and trying not to hear Sam asking her to dance, but Roddy didn't respond, so she had to save Sam.

Davy very politely asked Miss Hunt to dance, but she said she'd sooner watch, and Roddy turned to me and said wouldn't I like to watch, too, or did I want to dance? I wanted to say "no" but I was curious—so I asked him the question! Of course we danced—if you could call it dancing, because all Roddy did was bump into people and bellyache about how crowded it was and how hot and noisy and smoky it was. When we were done dancing, I was sitting out in the fresh air under the stars somewhere—or even more wonderful sound asleep in our beds—and even so often he would matter to himself, "So this is what it's like to be able to let the music get me into a really romantic mood like it wanted to, so really I was relaxed in a way when he took me back to our table after the music stopped the first time I'd been compelled to sit down. There was an enormous smile on Davy and I danced it, and as we moved together like butter into her cakes I began to wonder what I had ever seen in Roddy Fletcher.

WHEN the music stopped for good after the second encore and we all came back to the table, Miss Hunt took Pauly and my hands and said we must think of her.

"Oh, Aunt Lenore," Davy said, "the book says there's a place called Reubens, where every big name in New York goes after night clubs shut up. Could we just drop in?"

"No," Miss Hunt said, and somehow you got the idea that she meant it.

Mr. Fletcher left us at our table, and though Pauly gushed and dripped sentiment from her stare eyes I knew it wasn't any use. He and I had lived that day.

"Good night," he said, and his voice broke a little as he looked at me. That killed whatever love I had left for him; he was a thundering yawn!

It is a terrible thing to have a consciousness mine, though, because after I lead a man on and then lose interest in him I always feel very unhappy about blighting his life.

At such times as this I always envy girls like Pauly who do possess my desire power over men. They were already peacefully asleep, for instance, without a worry in the world, while I tossed about on a sea of remorse for coming between Roddy and Miss Hunt, only to discover that he wasn't type after all.

Looking back, I realized that Roddy must have been pretty fond of Miss Hunt to come meet her at the train when we arrived, and then I thought of the way she'd acted at the party. She'd been a little nervous and little things she'd said that showed how it had hurt her to have him paying so much attention to me. If it hadn't been for me they might have gone down the years together and had children and everything.

If only, somehow, I could undo the wrong I had done and bring them together again. I kept thinking over and over until I went to bed and had a nightmare about Roddy and Miss Hunt getting married and me being the maid of honor, only the minister thought I was the bride and insisted on marrying me to Roddy in spite of anything we could say.

WHEN Pauly and I woke the next morning we could hear Sam and Davy talking in the sitting room.

"We're going to the Bronx Zoo and Conch Island," Sam was saying, "and wind up at the Roosevelt Grill to hear this Guy Lombardo—"

"He's left," Davy said. "Gone for the summer."

"Well, then," Sam said, "what about the Village Barn? Bill and Chis were there last Christmas. They gave it a good write-up."

"Okay," Davy said, "if you like barnes for dancing, the point is, we ought to get organized on eight or nine ideas, and where is Aunt Lenore?"

Well, it seemed that no one had seen Miss Hunt, and even when Pauly and I were in the sitting room we could hear her. We were just trying to figure out what you did when you happened to lose an aunt in New York when the door opened and in she came with orchids on her bosom and a misty smile and Mr. Fletcher back of her.

"Why, Miss Hunt!" Pauly began, starting at the orchids. "We'd just—"

"Mrs. Fletcher, please," Mr. Fletcher said. "Mrs. Fletcher, you know your friend Mrs. Carlisle and I expect you to know a little respect for my gray hairs. Put on your hat, everyone, and let's go out and celebrate!"

They were married, if you could bear it.

Well, we all kissed Miss Hunt—Mrs. Fletcher, I mean—and shook Mr. Fletcher's hand in a stricken sort of way, and Pauly and I went into our room to get out half as well. Sam and Davy would go half a tank in the sitting room we could hear sounds like Mr. Fletcher kissing Miss H—Mrs. Fletcher, and then, if you could possibly imagine such a thing, Mr. Fletcher said to her:

"Two days ago I thought those grasshoppers to convince me that you were absolutely meant for me. I am."

And Mrs. Fletcher laughed and said, "The grasshoppers and the grasshopper? Do you mean puns, Roddy?"

I couldn't bear what Roddy said, but there were more sounds like him kissing Mrs. Fletcher, so I guess he didn't mind.

Paulie gave me a very outraged look. "You hear what he called me, Maude?" she said. "Grasshoppers. I certainly like that!"

"Oh, I don't know," I said philosophically, looking at myself in the glass and noticing for absolutely the first time how deep my eyebrows were getting, "what's he been about being a grasshopper? Don't forget we've got all summer."

Vivacious New York hostess, Mrs. Jay F. Carlisle, Jr., says:

"I prefer the flavor to mayonnaise"

-yet it costs less!



MRS. JAY F. CARLISLE, JR., is noted in smart circles for her smile. Her photograph and statement regarding Kraft's Miracle Whip Salad Dressing appeared in New York newspapers.



HARRY: Who's the good-looking girl? Isn't that your friend Peggy Caniste?



CHARLOTTE: And if Peggy Carlisle says so, it's true! She knows her food!



MADGE: How pretty your table looks, Charlotte! You're a big brave girl, too—too—these men said.



HARRY: Bee even Mrs. Carlisle couldn't make me eat salad... I'll be home in time for the party tonight. By...

HERE'S THE REASON MILLIONS PREFER IT TO MAYONNAISE!

A totally new and different flavor—that of mayonnaise and old-fashioned boiled dressing combined—characterizes Kraft's Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. It's made of the same quality ingredients as these popular dressings. But the choice eggs, oil, vinegar and spices are combined in a skillful new way... whipped into new creaminess in the exclusive Kraft Miracle Whip machine. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing gives you salad extra deliciousness. Try a jar!



©1954 by Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation
KRAFT
A NEW KIND OF DRESSING CREATED BY
KRAFT
CULTIVATED COWS' MILK, CREAM, CEN. OIL

THE LARGEST SELLING SALAD DRESSING IN AMERICA

"Hush-a-bye, my baby . . .



"Hush-a-bye, my baby . . . close your little eyes and sleep." And, ever so gently, like a lilac spray in the zephyrs, your new-found couch will rock you to the heart of slumberland. . . . For the bad, bad seats that pitched and tossed, and made it so very bothersome for little folks to sleep, have gone away for a year and a day—and they'll never come back any more. . . . For *Cadillac*

built some new-type springs for the new streamlined La Salle. And, La Salle now rides, on *any* road, like a down-filled trundle-bed! There's never a jounce, and there's never a bump—no matter where you may drive. The very *meanest* and *roughest* roads smooth out like a boulevard. . . . So, mother, don't worry—and, mother, don't fret—for when you arrive, he'll be slumbering yet!

LA SALLE
Designed by Cadillac \$1495 Built by Cadillac
FROM
F.O.B. DETROIT

LET'S GO PRIMROSE



PHOTOGRAPH BY LUCILLE

BY ELIZABETH MACRAE BOYKIN

If you are in the doldrums, bored with home, husband, family and neighbors, don't go to the movies and have a good cry. That's old stuff. Go look at furniture. There's no woman alive so deep in the blues but would perk up at sight of the new primrose colors and accessories.

For this spring, home decoration has taken the primrose path in earnest. It's all brightness, gaiety and light. And as for comfort—well, sink in for yourself.

The bright, sunny colors of the old era is past.

If you have ever taken off

pounds and watched your self new arise

from the mist of superfluous avoidupsis,

light, sprightly, young, insouciant, you will know what has happened to

furniture this spring.

How has it happened? Well, for one thing, frames are smaller and simpler—though equally strong as the old-timers. What's more, pieces are done in the dark, drab shades. They have dressed themselves in new checks, smart plaids, gay prints, cloth of interesting weave, novel texture and bright color. The materials themselves are lighter in weight and more supple. And the pieces themselves seem smaller. The woods that are used are lighter in color. When the dark woods are used their richness is doubly attractive,

because it is emphasized with decorative pulls of gleaming chromium, barnished copper, glass and ivory. Much of the wood is painted. Early-American maple appears in charming new designs of old-time character. Every piece of furniture has adorned itself with gayly-colored paint and sparkling bands of chromium.

The clear bright colors in drapery fabrics may be a bit of a shock to you. Then you will wonder how you ever tried to make your house comfortable and cheerful without them. They are so good natured, these clear blues, Chinese reds, lemon yellows. These browns in every shade of reddish-chocolate to au-lait are so friendly. And so gay.

And here's a lot more. New colors are the big discoveries of the year. Never have the synthetic fabrics been more challenging. And they open up such grand adventures in decorating. Their wearability makes it easy to introduce practically, many light, bright colors we would otherwise have to forfeit.

If you don't believe me, look at the photograph above. There you see a group of the new wall papers, the colorful wall coverings and new synthetic upholstery fabrics being swished with suds. See how one twist of the wrist removes the soil and they bloom as fresh as daisies!

And if this season's new furniture doesn't meet your purse the budget to fit up a recreation room, sunroom, rear, garage or inclosed porch, then you are immune from the spirit of play. Poor thing!

Rugs? These are the true advance of the year. In quality, in design, in wearability they are unequalled. They are so styled that they can lend themselves easily as foundations for the most finical of contemporary color schemes or amiably take their place beneath your favorite companions of years. And a vote of praise is due to the manufacturers who are increasing the wisdom of the rug cushion and buying it of better quality and more frequently than ever before. It would take pages to tell about the interesting effects now being gotten in luminum for both floors and walls. This material is really coming into its own. Watch it!

Among the new decorative accessories, lamps will surely take the lead in your shopping (or snooping) list. Ofttimes they are so trim and gay that they are like degewgawed. Many times they are made of gleaming chromium or glowing copper combined with cubes and spheres and cylinders of clear glass. They wear simple slender stems, stretched silk cords and parchment. Sometimes a circle of metal coins around the edge of a white shade repeats the metal note of the lamp base.

Though a medley of furniture and home accessories are specialties where the shophopper and the window-shopper, there are a few really outstanding "numbers"—let's be professional and call them as they do in the trade.

There's a painted modern bedroom group of honey-ash-white enamel trimmed with turquoise, jade, beige or whatever your favorite color may be, that boasts of a little bedside table that is a miniature piece of furniture.

Look at a few of the new dining-room groupings, especially the one of light wood with lacquer-red bases and trimmings, and you will realize that there's a heap to be done for dining rooms around the land. There are too many little bits and pieces of the realm of the study, chaff and flat.

Notice the desks! They are exciting. The flat-top ones with shelves for books decoratively ranged along their sides. You have to have a book shelf, after all.

The new way is to place them at right angles to wall or window—some gay-colored accessories theron—then you seat yourself to typewrite your club paper in a try-junkion. And there's a new hat—a wide-brimmed hat. They will do for a room what an expensive hat or a good fur will do for a plain costume.

If you are one of those fortunate people who are the "in" public, you will have a grand time shopping this spring. Even sleepless nights, deciding whether you will buy that gay porch set or a new painted bedroom group, that marine-blue and gold sofa or the blue and crystal lamp for the living room, will fly by. For American designers have granted home decorators a new deal. And a gay deal it is. So let's decorate and go primrose!

*Night-time is
bargain time*

for telephone
visits out of town



FRIENDS may be separated by miles, but friendships can be kept alive, easily and inexpensively, by telephone. Every evening, at 7 o'clock, many station-to-station rates drop about 15%. After 8:30 P.M., they are about 40% less than for daytime service.

Is somebody having a birthday? Are members of your family away from home? A telephone call would mean a lot to them, and bring you the genuine pleasure of hearing their voices.

Tell it tonight. After 8:30 P.M., you can make a station-to-station call of 75 miles for about 35¢, 150 miles for 50¢, 275 miles for 75¢.



9 hours on a "Rest Robber"

FACE AND BODY... weary



She got NINE hours' sleep. But her face is drawn, her body slack, her disposition irritable.

PERHAPS you slept nine hours last night. But that doesn't mean necessarily you had nine hours of real rest.

9 hours of sleep may give you only 3 or 4 hours of the kind of rest you need.

If your sleeping body has to fight a poorly built mattress all night, you can't get refreshing, revitalizing rest, no matter how long you stay in bed.

No wonder there are so many nervous, tired-looking people in the world! Tense nights spent on lumpy, cheap, rest-robbing mattresses are one sure cause of deeper lines on their faces—slowly but surely they help destroy nerves, looks, courage.

7 Hours enough if it's REAL sleep

To awake fully rested—with plenty of energy for the day's work—what you need is not long sleep, but *restful sleep*. For most people, seven hours on a Beautyrest is actually enough.

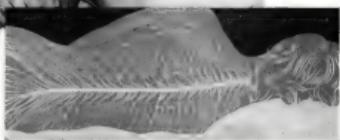
The Beautyrest gives gentle, buoyant support to every inch of your body. 837 springy coils—each in its own cloth pocket—allow every nerve and muscle to relax. The daytime tension of your mind and limbs is relaxed. You sleep—and you rest.

You need Vigor of Body, Freshness of Face, these days

If you want to keep ahead of the listless, careworn crowd—if you want to avoid those premature lines that spell defeat—you must get real sleep—Beautyrest sleep—every night.

Isn't that important these

(Right) *Every Nerve and Muscle Must Relax . . .* more than two million sleep observations proved that the Beautyrest adjusts itself perfectly to every position . . . allows complete relaxation of every nerve and muscle. Only this complete relaxing sleep can bring fresh loveliness to a woman's face and body.



7 hours on a "Beautyrest"

FACE AND BODY... radiant



Her face is alive, her body rested, her disposition happy. And she slept just SEVEN hours!

days? More than ever before, women must look their best and men must be "on their toes." Nobody can afford to be tired or look tired. Yet an inferior mattress can sap the energy of the strongest man—rob really lovely women of their beauty.

It's a real Beauty Treatment

Get yourself a Beautyrest today. In return for the \$39.50 it costs, you will get years of really restful nights. You'll get back your lithe, straight carriage—your natural good looks and good temper.

There is no more effective beauty treatment than this deep, refreshing sleep. Men, women, growing children—every one can profit in health and energy from Beautyrest sleep.

The Simmons Beautyrest Mattress is used in the homes of Mrs. Henry Taft, Mrs. Howard Linn, Miss Anne Morgan, Miss Amy du Pont, Mrs. Edward F. Swift, Mrs. Morgan Belmont.

BEAUTYREST—choice in over 1,500,000 homes. In greens, tan, rose, blue, and orchid damask . . . \$39.50
DEEPSLEEP, \$24.50 **SLUMBER KING**, \$19.75

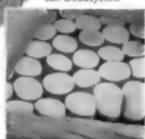
Spring to match at proportionately low prices. All prices slightly higher west of Denver.

SIMMONS BEDS—in new and modern styles and colors . . . priced in a wide range.

337 COILS—each in cloth pocket—give instant body adjustment. No other mattress has the construction of the Beautyrest.

SIMMONS *Beautyrest*

BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF BEDS, MATTRESSES, SPRINGS AND METAL FURNITURE



Life and Gail Anderson

(Continued from Page 13)

volume of them each year or eighteen months and creeping into more and more anthologies.

It was about two years later she had a letter from the editor of a different type of magazine. It was a magazine of large circulation, exceedingly well known and popular. There were great names upon its title page, new names which it was felt later would become great. The types of stories it published were not Gail's type; they were the stories which perhaps she had described in speaking of her husband's taste—they had gaiety and drama, action and suspense, and were more widely read. The editor, however, had never sought to standardize the magazine.

He was always on the watchtower, sweeping the horizon for the unknown. And he had been so well interested in Gail for a number of years, and wondered if she would care to become one of his contributors . . . So she began her series of small-town stories for the magazine.

Because of the success of this series these stories more nearly conformed to the accepted short-story technique than the others. But their bitterness persisted. "I do not believe," she wrote me anxiously, "that I can go on writing like this any longer. I am too tired. I have to make some concessions, but in form only. Mr. Whitman understands."

She had sacrificed nothing, to my way of thinking, in writing for Whitman; published it, was less tenuous, much more substantial. You could get your teeth in it. It was as hard as a bone and salty as the sea, but it had substance where before it had been merely a clever and elusive shadow.

I wrote and told her so. And I remember her reply:

"I'm glad you feel that way about it; so do I. I would like to write more in my own way to Kirk Whitman. The others have been content to take the work as it came, but he has wished to develop it. I can tell you how patient he has been, and how helpful."

Quite enough, she wrote for Whitman for a year before meeting him. She came to New York once in that interval and I saw her, but Whitman did not. He had had to go to Europe quite suddenly on a business trip and Gail had to return home long before he came back. So I met Kirk Whitman before she did.

Whitman was a very remarkable man. Remarkable in appearance and mentality. He was tall and slender, a little thin-skinned and his fine-drawn face was extraordinary for the most vivid and living eyes I have ever seen. I remember also very clearly his long and expressive hands, his quick clipped speech, and his burning enthusiasm, first for life and next for the initiation of life to call fiction.

I KNEW a little about him. His very early, quite unusual marriage had been kept secret for many years. People told me, rather shy of women. This shyness took, I must say, a contradictory form, for he by no means withdrew himself from feminine society. His wife had always been associated with him or that glamorous person—an actress, a writer, a society woman, a professional swimmer. But he displayed no intention of entering into a second marriage.

Two months after his European trip, he met Gail. I did not see her on that occasion, and so have pieced the story together from things she told me, very much later. For she wrote me, many days later, "I am sorry to tell you that when I came to New York, I hope you enjoyed your vacation. I was in town only a few days; it was insufferably hot and I had to get back home. Junior's off to boarding school in the fall, you know, and there is so much

to attend to. By the way, I saw Kirk Whitman and we spoke of you."

They had located together. She had gone to the one who took him and he had risen from his chair at the flat-topped desk and come forward to meet her as she followed his secretary into the room. He was at that time perhaps forty-eight years old, but he was still very good looking.

I don't know what each of them saw. I do know that he said to her, a little later, across a luncheon table, "It's been a fatality, our not meeting before. And I think it's a fatality, our meeting now."

SHE thought so, too. It was just as sudden as that. Just as amazing. Sitting there in some hotel, the name of which the owner was able to recall, the two looked at each other, the hand linked for perhaps less than half an hour and knowing that she had fallen desperately and passionately in love with him.

Well, there was nothing they could do about it. They had to live with it every evening for the remainder of her stay. She said to him—twisting, I think, her small strong hands—"But what is there to do? Kirk Whitman loves me. More than that, I suppose. And I love him. Yet, I do as she does, although I've been preaching in print for years that no one really needs anyone, that no one is indispensable."

"You've preached a lot of things," he told her, his compunction eyes on her, "but you're really true. Only seen true, on the surface, you know."

"Then," she reminded him, "there are the children."

They talked it out, argued it out, back and forth, interminably. All her writing life she had written of the fleetness, the futility and tragedy of love, the misery of human relationships and human ties into which we enter as an insurance against loneliness, or to hold us when we have decided in our craven hearts to forget how brief is life, how ephemeral are the emotions. All her writing life she had stood in the independence of the human being, the integrity, so to speak, of the soul. And now in this personal crisis, there were no phrases except the old ones which she had publicly deplored as outward, as signsposts to cowardice.

NOR could he alter her. He could not persuade her to let the children, "almost grown now," Gail, making their own lives," go their own way, to let David go his "after all, you can't live forever on the same page." She had been writing since both father and mother died five years ago.¹ He couldn't persuade her because he knew that basically he believed, and had always believed, the things she had once denied, but which she now accepted as though she'd done no longer.

In the end there was nothing left to do. You didn't have to wreck several innocent lives to find your own. You could wreck your own and keep still about it, couldn't you, if you were decent human beings?

So he got up, paid his bill, went to the station as many miles between it and yourself as possible between it and your self as possible. You could ponder on the meaning of the word "renunciation"—which had once referred to you, if you were Gail, as a poor, weak, and unimportant child.

Now you knew it was real and heavy and had the sound of tears in its syllables. She said, telling him good-by, "This is good-by, you know. But—I've learned something. I can't do anything for you, Gail. I can't give you my love, my back and work—and I shall work—and that much I can give you. I'll put it all in words, Kirk—everything we've learned together."

This was not very much more to tell. You will remember how certain of the critics stormed and wept about when Gail Anderson suddenly denied what they thought of as her birthright and gave them what they

(Continued on Page 76)

Lines start Dryness comes in your outer skin . . .

Each Skin needs its own Cream

THE APPLE TELLS HOW WRINKLES COME



SMOOTH—GLOSSY
At its peak, the skin is smooth and shiny. The flesh is firm and smooth—
they are perfect!



SOFT—SPONGY
A day past its prime, the leather-like skin is dry and wrinkled.
The flesh is spongy and shrunk away from the outer skin.



WRINKLED—DISCOLORED
Later, the outer skin has shrunk so far that the wrinkles are deep.
This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

THE TRUTH IS—lines and dryness have nothing to do with each other. Each has an entirely different cause. And each starts in an entirely different layer of your skin.

The outer layer—the one you see—is very thin. Heat, cold, wind, even make-up, dry the moisture out of this skin.

And that is where Dryness comes. You can avoid it with a cream made just for this Outer Skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream guards the surface of your skin—and puts moisture back into it.

It's a greaseless cream. You can use it by day and at night without fear of oiliness.

But Lines have their cause deep down in the under skin, when the oil glands there fail to pour out beauty oils. (The apples in the illustration above show you how.)

To keep this under skin full and firm, you must use a deep penetrating oil cream—Pond's Cold Cream. This soft melting cream is a wonderful cleanser. And it supplies the under skin with just the oils it needs.

The way to use these Two Creams

The Red-Blue-Green in

HERE are powder shades actually mixed with the amazing colors found in the loveliest skins!

Flaming red . . . Bright blue . . . Green as brilliant as grass. Through a color filter you can actually see these colors in lovely skin.

And Pond's have analyzed these colors—recorded them by scientific measure.

They have measured these color shades of the six most beautiful types of skin. And given them to you in these six wonderful shades of powder.

If your skin is dull or sallow, see what a transformation the right shade of Pond's powder will make in it.

Pond's powder is extraordinarily fine—finer by microscopic test than expensive French powders. It spreads as an invisible film that seems like your very own color.

Yet Pond's powder is not expensive! It sells for only \$5.50 in a glass jar that holds as much as a regular \$1.00 box. There is a big \$1.10 jar. Ten and twenty-five cent boxes at the five-and-ten and variety stores.

Send for Samples of all 6 shades

To tell for yourself which of these scientifically measured Pond's powders is the most flattering to your skin, send for samples of all six shades of powder. See how even a tired, dull skin looks fresh and radiant under these actual life tints measured from beautiful skin.

below the surface in your under skin

is called the Pond's Two-Skin Beauty Treatment.

Here it is, as Miss WHITNEY BOURNE describes it . . .

"*Last thing at Night*, I cover my face with this luscious Pond's Cold Cream. It picks up every particle of dirt and make-up. I use Pond's Tissues to take this first coat of cream off. Then I do the same thing all over. Sometimes I change off and use Pond's Liquefying Cream . . . it's new. But the Cold Cream is my steady diet.

"*After that*, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream, and leave it on overnight to soften my skin.

"*Next Morning*, and during the day, I cleanse my face well with my Pond's Cold Cream and then put on Pond's Vanishing Cream. I put it on my neck, arms and hands, too. And it's an excellent foundation. Powder stays for hours."

Isn't it simple? And logical? One cream to guard the surface of your skin. Another cream to go deep and help the under skin. If you have been



FOR YOUR UNDER SKIN
Pond's delicious oil-rich
Cold Cream. Or, the quick-
er melting, new Pond's
Liquefying Cream.



FOR YOUR OUTER SKIN
Pond's Vanishing Cream,
greaseless. Corrects dry-
ness. Holds powder.

trying to get along with one cream only, just try this Two-Skin Method for a few days—and see your skin grow soft and fine—smooth.

Miss Whitney Bourne

of New York . . . accorded the most beautiful girl of last winter's brilliant social season. She guards her exquisitely fair skin with Pond's Two Creams.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

lovely Skin...hidden in these amazing Powder Shades



LIGHT CREAM—ivory tint, beau-
tiful with the pale liveliness of
Miss Charlotte Young's skin.



NATURALE—the delicate shade
chosen by Miss Whitney
Bourne for her fair skin.



ROSE CREAM—a rosy-tinted col-
oring adorable with Miss Lila
Pink's pink-and-white skin.



BRUNETTE—a not-too-dark
shade, enchanting on Miss Mary
Weld's creamy-white skin.

*Send for samples—try
all six shades...See
your own skin look
transparent...alive!*



ROSE BRUNETTE—a glowing
shade—perfect with Mrs. Ed-
ward Barnes' brunette beauty.



DARK BRUNETTE—all you can
ideal with the dark skin of
Mrs. Frederic Bellinger.

*Actually
at \$3.00 Powder
only 55¢*



POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. E,
31 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 3¢ (no cover cost of postage) for samples of
all six perfect skin tones of Pond's new Face Powder.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

YOU WOULDN'T BE VERY PROUD TO DRIVE THIS

OLD RELIC



YET you still hang on to
that obsolete old range

No doubt that old "bus" was a fine car in its day. Even now it will get you there and bring you back—maybe. Still you wouldn't be proud nor pleased to drive it today.

Yet in many a home today there's a range that has outlived its usefulness. The housewife takes no pride in its possession and no joy in its performance. Old-fashioned and inefficient, it mars her kitchen and wastes time and patience. In these times when kitchen modernization is uppermost, why not have a kitchen that is as modern as your car, your clothes or at least as up-to-date as any other room in your house?

Here's the first step. Replace that obsolete old range with an automatic Magic Chef, the gas range of today. It will modernize your kitchen and open your eyes with its vast improvement over ranges of only three or

four years ago. It has interesting modern features found in no other range—features of convenience and efficiency that make Magic Chef the most advanced cooking appliance you can buy.

Go to your gas office or the Red Wheel dealer's store and see Magic Chef in its many models, with its wide range of sizes, finishes and prices. Ask to have it demonstrated. Notice how it lights itself, how it does away with oven watching, how it saves time and steps. Ask for a copy of the new book, "Broiling Simple as A. B. C.", or write us direct: AMERICAN AMERICAN STOVE CO., Dept. F-205, Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
World's Largest Manufacturer of Gas Ranges
Bonne, New York • Philadelphia
Adams - Cleveland - Chicago
St. Louis - San Francisco
Los Angeles.

The Gas Range
of today



LOOK FOR THE RED WHEEL

WHEN YOU BUY A MAGIC CHEF

MAGIC CHEF SERIES 1200-3

Some of the newer Magic Chef models have an Elevated Broiler, drawer type, just under the cooking top. Makes broiling comfortable and convenient. No interference with baking oven. Burner specially drilled for direct, even broiling flame.

*

Consider THE ADVANCED FEATURES THAT MAKE MAGIC CHEF THE OUT-STANDING COOKING APPLIANCE

Magic Chef Top Burner . . . Gives three burners even heat. Will not clog.

Magic Chef Automatic Top Burner Lighter.

Sanitary High-Burner Tray.

Red Wheel Lorain Oven Regulator.
Fully Insulated Ovens...Keeps kitchen cooler. Saves fuel.
Grid-Pan Broiler . . . Modern type. Two-piece, with a removable grid and pan. Porcelain enameled.
Automatic Time Control Clock . . . "Telechron" self-starting.

COOK WITH GAS the Modern Fuel FOR SPEED, SAFETY, COMFORT, CLEANLINESS, CONVENIENCE

Where gas main service is not available, Propane tank gas service may be obtained anywhere east of the Rockies. Flamo gas service on the Pacific Coast.

(Continued from Page 74)

called a mess of popular potage. But after a few years had gone by, she changed their ways. She began to like him, yes, the novels she turned to after that meeting with Kirk Whitman. Popular because they had them in, as all of you know who have read them, the very heart of true love. All the old thrill of love and loss, birth and death, struggle and aspiration, they are in her books, and her books will endure because of them.

She has not written short stories since. But on my shelf, as I said, is the row of stories she has written which bears the same dedication: "To Life."

Life was, of course, Kirk Whitman. Meeting Whitman, Gail Anderson had met life and faced it; and the fact that she never had again for him again for ten years does not matter.

What happened to Whitman in the time intervening is common knowledge. Just as Gail's world turned upside down, so did his. And he had been failed him, as the things in her life he believed had failed her. He had believed in love and fidelity and happiness and togetherness. She hadn't. But converting her, without volition, he had lost faith. He must have been a man of strong character, suitably built as he had as a young man. He drank, far too much. He lost his editorship. And became, not so long ago, an assistant editor of a magazine which was not successful. And then he was laid off. And even this position he was in danger of losing until the day Gail Anderson came to New York and went to his office and once more, in a rather different setting, converted him across a desk.

I used to see you," she said. "I wrote you I was coming. You didn't answer. Why not?"

"You know why not," he told her suddenly.

There was a streak of pure white through her hair. But her face was unlined, and her eyes very tender. She asked, "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"I don't know if I can do much," she said, shaking her head. "All I know is that you were unshaven and miserable and unhappy, racked with the pain that not long after was to destroy him."

There she sat, and he was responsible. He had been a good doctor for her success and her pains and everything that was Gail Anderson in her second incarnation. For the first of her novels had been published in that great magazine he had once edited.

Said she, after a time, "It's hard to explain. I left you, believing that my world had come to an end. I put out of my heart. I wrote you out of my heart. I set down all the things at which I had once laughed and cried, and then I set them down as masters, and charity, and decency. That love is stronger than death, that the

courage of the commonplace is far above any heroics. And I grew to believe these things. And that is why," she said gently. "I never saw you again. I left you. I found my children all over again, and I found David. I had really lost them for years, but I didn't know it. Wasted years, all of them. Years I might have spent in loving, but I had saved, instead of spillin' them in ink, which fades, and in words, which are forgotten."

That was the truth, although he looked at her as if she had spoken some great lie in a language unknown to him. Falling in love, he said, was like being born. An emotionally empty, cerebrally occupied years, she had discovered that compulsion in her blood which forced her to renounce him, for the sake of the husband she had not considered for years for the sake of the child she had decided to bring into the rest of her. And so she had written it all out, and believed in it, and then turned back to the living evidence of that belief—David Anderson and his children. And now sat looking at Kirk Whitman, a happy woman.

THERE isn't much more to tell. She went, after leaving Kirk, to his superior, the editor of the magazine, and sold him the magazine, for their customary price, which was about a tenth of the usual sum paid for a Gail Anderson novel. And the editor, believing for once in miracles, accepted it. And it brought him an enormous increase in the magazine circulation, but Kirk's job. And that he held until his death, not very long ago.

Bat Gail has stopped writing. "Why not?" she asks. "I have no time for her now." "I wish all there is to say. I have made more money than I deserve. Dave's doing awfully well in his profession—you know he will probably be on the Supreme Court bench before long, didn't you? I've never been more successful and content. I've had," said Gail, "a marvelous life. It's time to step aside and make room for the youngsters."

But when I told her I wanted to write her story with the new and complete version of course, she looked at me in amazement. "Your vision mind runs away with you," she said. "There isn't, of course, a story in it."

But when I had persuaded her that I was quite serious, she said what I repeated earlier in this story. She said, "Why not? It might be a warning."

"A warning?" I asked.

Bat she only shook her head and laughed. "Don't worry about me in just then, and she looked up at the massive bulk and height of him, the shock of gray hair and youthful eyes, and smiled. He dropped his big hand on her shoulder for a moment, and then he took it away, smiling. "He's always started!" she told me plaintively. "I thought, 'Not any more, Gail, not any more.' And when I asked her again what she had meant she said gayly, "Oh, I'm beginning to suppose you have to get away from just thinking phrases."

She was playing with the grandchild then, and getting rather the worst of it. I looked down on her tousled black head with the broadening streak of silver hair, and I could hardly bear to look at her. It was a sad sight, lying down on paper.

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KROEHLER *Daven-O*

LIVING ROOM—DINING ROOM AND BEDROOM FURNITURE—LOUNGE CHAIRS—DAVEN-O'S

On the Road to Mandalay

(Continued from Page 25)

crockery immediately in front. A lithograph of a starting horse, advertising last year's state fair, was pinned over the chequered chocolate drops, and an antiquated clock was its only artistic adornments. Here, against the south end of the room, the six little Bogges were arranged in a row, each furnished with a large and very comfortable chair to his or her command.

"Now don't any one of you dare to move until the train comes in!" ordered their mother. "And whoever is quietest gets a treat—such as toffee or candy."

Minerva had recovered their sleeping accommodations earlier in the week, and she now helped Abigail take them up and buy the tickets of Jephthah Moran, who used to be a conductor and manager, pensioned off, of stations and frequent agent, telegrapher, baggage master and general utility man.

"Now don't you stay any longer, Minerva," protested Abigail. "I Jephthah could stay out late. You have done enough for me already, without waiting here an hour and going without your supper. If you're as tired as I am you simply dear. You go along home, dear, and bid my good-by right now."

MINERVA could not deny being tired. She had been getting Abigail and her family off for Burma ever since nine o'clock in the morning, and had been lessening Caleb to eat supper alone by himself. Abigail was certainly able to herd her children onto the train, just like Jephthah Moran, I daresay.

"Well," she answered, "perhaps I'll start along, just on account of Caleb. I don't expect you'll have any trouble getting on the train." She turned to the station master. "You see, Mrs. Jephthah Moran can't possibly afford to lose the New York express, because it's the only train that'll take her to New York in time to catch the steamer for Marseilles. If she missed it, she'd have to wait heaven knows how long there and in Ceylon and in Rangoon."

"She don't need to worry a mite. Mrs. McCann!" the agent assured her, as he stamped the tickets and handed them back to Minerva that day before the children. "She won't miss it! It's always on time, and, anyway, it stays here five minutes. You could load on a herd of steers in that length of time!"

"I don't know anything about steam, but I reckon this is mast as bust!"

"That'll be all right! Just leave 'em to me, Mrs. McCann!"

REGRETTED by Jephthah's interest, Minerva patted the six heads, tearfully kissed her friend good-bye and, promising to write her every fortnight and give her all the news, drove back to the Jephthah mansion. A great load was her mind, even though she had not been able to look out for the Bogges herself, and she sat down to supper with a more than ordinarily hearty appetite.

"Did you get 'em off?" inquired the judge.

"Practically. I didn't wait for the train because they were an hour ahead of time."

"Ain't you takin' something of a chance?" he asked.

"I don't know. Anything can happen to 'em now. Jephthah Moran is going to put 'em on the train himself."

"You can't even tell in this world!" he remarked dryly. "As I said once before, if there's anything anybody can do, that can be done, somebody, it would happen to the Bogges. Pelatiah and Abigail don't register same way as other folks. When does the train go?"

"Sixty-five. What time is it now?"

Caleb took his heavy, old-fashioned gold watch. "Six-thirty-seven."

Minerva gave a small sigh of relief.

"They've started, then. Nothin' more to wait for. Now, I must say I can breathe more freely!"

Just then the telephone in the front hall gave a sustained staccato scream, like an agonized call for help. Minerva turned pale, then red, then white again.

McCann was already halfway to the door.

An instant later he heard her snap up the receiver.

"Merciful heavens, Abigail! What on earth is it? Hurry! Hurry! Yes? Yes?"

She hung up with a crash, and the judge joined her in the hall.

"They've missed the express!" she gasped.

"I'm sorry! Moses!" he ejaculated.

"How'd they ever manage to do that?"

"I can't imagine! But they have, and it's the only train they can get for New York until tomorrow morning! They'll be here at ten o'clock sharp, and tell Patrick to bring around the car."

"What for?"

"We must go right down there and do something."

"What do we do?"

"I don't know—yet. Anyhow, they can't spend the night in the station. They've got to sleep somewhere!"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Caleb. "Must we put 'em up here? I'd rather send 'em to the hotel, but I can't pay the bill myself. Well, I'll go and tell Patrick, while you put your things on."

FIVE minutes later they were slithering over the rats toward the Junction, where they found Abigail, a disconsolate figure surrounded by her frightened brood, awaiting them on the platform, with Jephthah Moran a few paces in the rear.

Minerva took the children in her arms and tried to calm her, since comfort would have been impossible.

"But how did it happen, Abby, dear? Didn't Jephthah tell you when the train came?"

"I sure did!" interposed the ticket agent. "That is, I tried to find her, but she wasn't in the waiting room and I didn't know where to look for her. I couldn't send for her, so I held the train until five minutes after the express had gone!"

"I just stepped around the corner to buy Zebuliah an ice-cream cone," wailed Abigail. "The children were all so tired and I thought I went to the station, and I was so worn out myself that I guess I must have taken a few winks myself. Then Zebuliah woke up and said I had to get him the cones and I pretended to be asleep to get him off. I began to cry and said that he hadn't uttered a sound—which was true enough. I had a quarter of an hour before the train started, and I knew Marsilia's wasn't over fifty yards away. I told him I had to get him off when I came back, and I waited off— I wasn't gone five minutes and although when I came back I had, as I thought, over ten minutes to spare, there was Jephthah running up and down and the children all howling that the train had gone!"

"THAT'S queer!" declared Minerva. "I can't understand it. You say you had fifteen minutes?" She went over and looked through the waiting-room window. "What time do you make it, Caleb?"

"Six-fifty!"

"But that clock in there may only sixteen minutes now! It must be fifteen minutes slow! What do you know about that, Jephthah?"

Jephthah shrugged. "The durn thing's always slow. The works must be gettin' rusty. I guess it's not good, but it ain't bad. It's too doggone bad that Mrs. Beagles" (Continued on Page 83)

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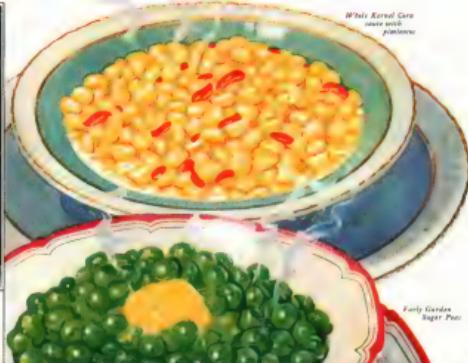
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Asparagus	A, B	Pears	B	Sardines	A
Blueberries	B	Peas	A, B, C	Tomato Soups	C
Carrots	A, B, C	Pineapple	A, B, C	Spinach	A, B, C
Cereals	A, B	Pineapple	A, B, C	Strawberries	A, B, C
Coffee	A, B	Plums	A, B, C	Turnips	A, B, C
Fresh Fruits	A	Prunes	A, B	Sweet Potatoes	A, B, C
Fresh Vegetables	A, B	Pumpkin	A	Tomatoes	A, B, C
Grapes	B	Raisins	B	Tomato Juices	A, B, C
Grapefruit	B, C	Raspberries	C	Tuna	D

Del Monte
Foods

FULL VALUE FOR
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(Continued from Page 81)
missed his chance. "I know what to do about it. There ain't another New York train goes through here until ten o'clock tomorrow." If there was only more time they could motor over the mountains to Olympia and try to catch the train. It leaves there at eight o'clock, but then couldn't I do it in less than two hours and a half? I reckon there ain't nothin' can be done."

"Well, I'm going to do something," asserted Mrs. McCann, in righteous anger. "I never heard of anything so outrageous! I ain't blamin' you so much, Jephthah. I suppose you're so used to that old clock that you automatically correct it to your own time. But you don't have the right to let the company's got to make amends." She turned to her husband. "Can't we make the company do something?"

"I DON'T believe so," he replied. "It's a possibility—although I never heard of a case of the sort—that a railroad might be held liable in damages, up to a limited amount, for failing to furnish the correct time to its passengers. But I doubt it. A railroad has the right to cancel the departure of trains without giving notice, and this is much the same thing."

"I don't think it's the same thing at all!" retorted his wife. "It's not Abigail's fault that she's late. The train, Jephthah's, and Jephthah's respects the company; I don't care whether you ever heard of such a case or not. You may have been twenty years on the bench, and all that, but neither you nor any other lawyer knows the law as well as a long shot. I'm going to order a special train and the company can pay for it."

"Suppose they won't?"

"I'll make 'em." Jephthah, how long will it take to get a special train?"

The station agent gaped at her. "I haven't any authority. I've been here twenty years. Mrs. McCann, and there never was a special train started from here."

"Well, there's goin' to be one start to-night. Who's the traffic manager?"

"Mr. Tugmore," Jephthah said. "He's in his office now."

Mr. Tugmore thrust a five-dollar bill into Abigail's hand. "You take the children around to Marshall's, Abigail, and give 'em a good supper and all the ice cream they want. Now, Caleb, go along home and look up the law on this subject. You know where the books have it ready for me. I'm sure you can find it all in one of those big books in the library. I'm going right over to see Mr. Tugmore!"

THE drowsy traffic manager, a harrid-looking man wearing spectacles, who also acted as passenger agent, was busy at his desk trying to finish his monthly report when Mrs. McCann, panting, her face flushed, burst into his office. Although he knew her by sight, he hardly recognized her. Patrick and the judge, who were glad to escape any fuss, were already on their way home.

"Mr. Tugmore?" exclaimed Mrs. McCann. "I'm Mrs. McCann. I'm here on serious business! Your company's got Mrs. Peltish Boggs and her six children into a terrible mess and it's got to get 'em out! I want you to put on a special train to bring them back to New York."

"What's the trouble, Mrs. McCann? I'm sorry if there has been any mistake—"

"Mistake! That old clock over there in the station is all wrong, and Mrs. Boggs missed the New York express on account of it. You must know the Rev. Peltish Boggs, who married Abigail Turner that was?" Well, the Board of Missions is sending him and his family down to California, that is, they are sending him. The boat sails from New York for Marseilles tomorrow noon, and connects there with another boat for Ceylon, and that connects with another for Tasmania and Australia. They are getting out to where they're going up near China somewhere. If they lose the boat tomorrow

they're stuck, because the other connection won't come in and it'll take weeks and weeks before it ought to for them to get there." She stopped for breath. "Abigail and the six children came down to the station an hour ahead of time. I guess, because it was late then. Abigail went to see something for one of the children to keep him quiet. The waiting-room clock said quarter-past six. The train wasn't due to leave until six-thirty, so she stepped around the corner just for a moment, and when she came back in almost no time, the train had gone while she was away. The clock was fifteen minutes slow!"

"How do you know it was?" inquired Mr. Tugmore.

"Because my husband's watch said so, and because Jephthah Moran admitted it. Anyhow, when Caleb and I got there twenty minutes after the train had left, the clock only pointed to six-thirty-five. Mrs. Boggs needed her change. What'd Mrs. Boggs go out for?" he inquired suspiciously.

"An ice-cream cone."

"An ice-cream cone? Because Mrs. Boggs went out and bought an ice-cream cone, you expect the company to give her and her kids a free ride to the city!"

"I do!"

"Sorry, but it can't be done!"

"Why can't it be done?"

"IN THE first place, the company isn't responsible for every old clock that happens to get out of kilter. It's up to us to see that the children get to school, even if it was liable in some sort of damages, it would only be for what she'd spent on her tickets. Thirdly and lastly, the Interstate Commerce Commission wouldn't let the company run a special train if it could be avoided."

"Wouldn't it?" snapped Minerva. "Suppose I wanted to hire a special train to take me to New York tonight—how much would it cost?"

"About hundred and twenty-five fares, plus the horses and twenty-five fares, plus the horses and the equipment."

"What does that amount to?"

"Between twenty-five and twenty-six hundred dollars."

"How long would it take you to get the train?"

"An hour, maybe."

"When would it get to New York?"

"It ought to arrive there around ten o'clock."

McCann took a step forward. "Kindly order one at once!" she directed.

Mr. Tugmore stared at her. "Do I understand that you propose to pay for this special train yourself?"

"I do not! The company's going to pay for it!"

"But I tell you that the railroad isn't permitted to run a special train unless it's fully paid for. It would be contrary to regulation of the Interstate Commerce Commission."

"Don't they ever make exceptions?"

"I NEVER knew 'em to make exceptions. I'm absolutely against this policy to allow a railroad to furnish any sort of transportation for a cent less than the regular rate. That's what they're for."

"I bet, if they knew about it, they'd make exceptions. I bet they can't wait! How long would it take to find out?"

"I'd have to write to Washington."

"Couldn't you telephone?"

"I suppose I could, but the office would be closed at this hour. Anyhow, there's no telephone connection between the office and the station. I'd have to walk or act except as a board. They'd have to take it up in the regular way. I wouldn't hear from them inside of five or six days."

"Five or six days? And what's going to happen? Abigail and the six children are liable to know. And what would happen, even if they said 'yes,' after the boat had sailed? It's a calamity! She was the picture of righteous indignation.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. McCann. But those are the rules, and they can't break 'em."

"Who can?"

"Nobody." (Continued on Page 85)

5 THINGS EVERY GROWING CHILD NEEDS for a strong, sturdy body

1. CARBOHYDRATES are needed by the bear, active youngster for vital energy.

2. FATS are needed, in easily digestible form, for reserve energy and for weight.

3. PROTEINS are needed for the development of solid flesh and strong muscle.

4. MINERALS, such as calcium and phosphorus, are needed for strong, straight bones and sound, even teeth.

5. VITAMIN D. Vitamins are needed, particularly Vitamin D which helps to utilize efficiently the calcium and phosphorus for the development of the bones and teeth.

THIS DELICIOUS FOOD-DRINK GIVES YOUR CHILD THESE 5 ELEMENTS

COCOMALT mixed with milk provides the five basic elements needed by children to grow strong, straight, healthy bodies. Not fat and carbohydrates alone—but proteins, minerals (food-calcium and food-phosphorus) and, most significant of all, Sunshine Vitamin D. Prepared as directed, Cocomalt adds 70% more food-energy to milk. This every glass of Cocomalt contains milk and child alike is equal in food-energy value to almost two glasses of milk alone. No wonder children thrive so on this delicious, easily digested food-drink!

Rich in Sunshine Vitamin D

The rich Sunshine Vitamin D content of Cocomalt is guaranteed and certified under license by the Wisconsin University Alumnus Research Foundation. Every cup of glass of Cocomalt, prepared according to simple label directions, contains not less than 300 ADMA units of Sunshine Vitamin D.



Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. It is composed of milk, whole cream, selected soya, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.

Cocomalt
Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk.



Just 1½ minutes to make your own fresh mayonnaise

• Biscuits are just biscuits. And mayonnaise is just mayonnaise. But *home made biscuits!* And *home made mayonnaise!*

Well, that's how it is. After all, that home made flavor and honest-to-goodness *freshness* has to come out of your own kitchen. Home made mayonnaise has that fresh taste because *it is fresh.*

Thank goodness, it's so easy to make the new quick way. The new Wesson Oil Mayonnaise Maker whips it up in a

minute and a half. And it's perfect, smooth, firm mayonnaise *every single time.*

You will find it at your grocer's... the new jigger and a pint of Wesson Oil, packed in a neat box with a recipe folder. If your grocer hasn't one yet, you can get the same package by writing to the Wesson Oil People, Dept. J-5, New Orleans, La. They will send it to you for 65¢, which includes packing and shipping costs.



• HERE'S ONE DELICIOUS RECIPE FOR HOME MADE MAYONNAISE

<i>1 fresh egg</i>	<i>2 tablespoons lemon</i>
<i>1 teaspoon each of</i>	<i>juice or vinegar</i>
<i>mustard, salt</i>	<i>Dash of pepper</i>
<i>and sugar</i>	<i>1 pint Wesson Oil</i>

Mix the egg, the lemon juice or vinegar and the seasoning in a deep bowl. Then whip in well, a little at a time, the pint of Wesson Oil.

Or with the new Mayonnaise Maker you can whip with one hand and pour with the other. And the hand's top lets the oil in at just the right speed, so you don't have to pour slowly. Perfect mayonnaise every time! Better get one. They're great!



W E S S O N O I L
for making good things to eat

(Continued from Page 63)

"Not much," he said. "Suppose I could prove to you that your old railroad company was absolutely liable for all damages resulting to passengers from misinforming them as to the time and that Jephthah's failure to keep that clock right was going to cost it thousands and thousands of dollars—would that make any difference to you?"

"How could it cost us thousands and thousands of dollars?"

"I'll tell you one way that Pelliath and Abigail and their six children can catch the boat for Ceylon tomorrow morning, and that is to take one of the fast ocean steamers to Marseilles, France, and then go by train from Paris to Marseilles. They could just manage to make it, because the Exeter stops at Fayal and Gibraltar. But do you know what that would cost? Even if we had no extra money, which they haven't? Just about two thousand dollars minimum fare! Add to that their expenses in New York while waiting over, and their damages for mental anxiety, and you see that our company would be lucky to give it out if for five or even ten thousand dollars! Besides, what would folks think of any railroad that ran its clocks fifteen minutes slow? Suppose you were stranded in Ceylon. My, my, where would you go? And with children all under eleven, liable to all sorts of tropical infections, twelve hundred miles from where you was going across the Indian Ocean, wouldn't you suffer?"

MRS. TUGMORE, who had five kids of his own, was obliged in all honesty to admit that he would. He was impressed in spite of himself. The story, if made public, certainly would bring the railroad into disrepute, good, all right! But what if it were liable—which he felt sure it wasn't—to put on a special train would be utterly out of the question.

"Of course I sympathize with Mrs. Boggs," he said. "Sympathize! I should think you would sympathize! Your company will have to do more than that!"

"But I tell you that the Interstate Commerce Commission won't allow us to run a special train!"

"Not even if you were going to get soaked ten thousand dollars in damages?"

"We're not going to get soaked ten thousand dollars in damages," he said, "but they wouldn't even then! The party would have to sue and let the courts decide the matter."

"How do you know you're not liable?" he asked.

"Because I know it! I never heard of such a case!"

"Do you mind if I use your telephone?"

"Certainly not! Use it, all you like." Mr. Tugmore handed her the instrument on his desk, and Minerva called up her husband.

"I WAS just going to ring you up," said Caleb, on the other end of the wire. "Ruthie, to my surprise I find you're quite right. The company is liable for all damages which can be proven to have resulted from misinforming a passenger as to the time, whereby the latter misses a train."

"Hurrah!" trilled Minerva. "What did I tell you?"

"What is it?" inquired the agent.

"My husband has been lookin' up the law and says the company is absolutely liable."

"You mean Judge McCann?"

"I do. Judge Caleb McCann."

Mr. Tugmore's face changed. If ever Judge Caleb McCann, of the Supreme Court, said that the railroad was liable, it put a different face on the master.

"Ask him if he's got any decisions," he said.

Minerva spoke into the receiver again.

"Mr. Tugmore wants to know if you have any authorities?"

"Sure!" answered her husband. "Does he want to hear 'em?"

"He certainly does! You read them aloud to me and I'll repeat them." She listened attentively with her eye fixed on the telephone. "Caleb says that there's an Alabama case directly in point where the station agent was held liable for misinforming her train, and the court gave her heavy damages for the inconvenience she suffered as well as for mental suffering. It's Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company v. Wesson Oil, 98 Southern 37. 14 A. L. R. 695; also *Southern Eastern Railroad Company*, 14 Allen 433, 92 American Decisions 780. He's got a whole lot of other authorities, including a leading English case, where on his way home from a distant land, he found that his train was not ready, owing to the fact that the engineer had neglected to fire the engine. He ordered a special train, but got it there too late, so that he had to wait many hours. The engineer sued the company to pay for the special and to make good his business losses besides. That's Buckminster versus Great Eastern Railroad Company, 23 Law Reports 103, 104, 105, and several cases in the country. Caleb says where the railroads were obliged to reimburse passengers for special trains ordered under similar circumstances—such as Hayes versus Wabash Railway Company, 163 Michigan 14."

"Well, that's news to me!" ejaculated Mr. Tugmore. "And I guess it will be to the Interstate Commerce Commission!"

"It's a good thing things like sand and earth are dreamed of in most people's philosophy!" agreed Minerva. "All right, Caleb! You stay right on the other end of the phone until I get through with him."

Mr. Tugmore had the highest regard for Judge McCann's wisdom and knowledge of the law, and on more than one occasion had retained him as counsel for the road. That the judge should even consider giving the railroad a free ride as it has opinion that the company could be held liable to the Bogges for all damages resulting from the inaccuracy of the station clock gave him marked impetus to get in touch with his old attorney as soon as possible. He wanted to put on a special train—an amount considerably much less than the one hundred and twenty-five fares prescribed by the tariff rates—it would be far better to stretch a point and try to fight the matter with the courts with its attendant publicity. Why the devil hadn't he put in a decent clock?

"THERE'S something in what you say, Mrs. Tugmore," he admitted. "Our friend certainly has had a tough break and, irrespective of the actual extent of the railroad's liability, I'd be glad to help her out all I can."

"I'm in a rage against rate cutting or tariff reduction, which I suppose is made to prevent favoritism and thus to protect the public as well as the stockholders of a railroad, like all general products, often seriously affect the management in unusual instances. They could hardly be called rate cutting. They would not be getting any compensation for the extra train at all. They would be putting it on simply as an act of self-preservation. How, though, could this be construed as an act of discrimination by giving 'special services to persons belonging to the same class of passengers'?"

"Tugmore opened a heavy paper-bound book entitled *Regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission*, and studied it a different face on the master.

"Perhaps we can work it, after all," he admitted. "Suppose I call up the general manager."

"May I make a suggestion?" interjected Minerva. "Why don't you order

Easier than fudge, new Quick brownies

• You know those luscious chocolate squares, halfway between fudge and cake, called "Brownies" or "Chocolate Indians." You can make a batch in a jiffy. Wesson Oil, you know, is the quick, convenient thing to use when any recipe says "melted shortening." Wesson Oil makes a delicious shortening. Good-to-eat as butter. No melting down. No re-measuring. No greasy pan to wash. You simply pour Wesson Oil into your measuring spoon . . . the same measure you'd use of melted butter. But just try this Brownies recipe under the picture, and you'll see why we say "Use Wesson Oil when any recipe calls for melted shortening."



• QUICK BROWNIES . . . A SIMPLE, DELICIOUS RECIPE

6 tablespoons Wesson Oil
2 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 squares melted chocolate
½ cup nuts
½ cup flour
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs

In large mixing bowl, mix eggs and Wesson Oil. Add the melted chocolate. Add the flour, salt and vanilla. Stir in nuts and chocolate. Pour into shallow pan and bake immediately in rather slow oven (350 degrees F.) for 20 to 25 minutes.



W E S S O N O I L
for making good things to eat

Howdy!



LOOK at those dimpling cheeks and

sparkling, dancing eyes—the pearly teeth so surely evening out—the friendly, responsive smile! Such perfection doesn't come by chance. It's the result of the thoughtful care that dates far back into the very early months of the baby's development.

Building straight, sound bones, and bounding strength, developing the power to resist all the things that threaten health, depends on food. And since, in early childhood, proper food—for the large part—means proper milk, it is necessary to be certain that the milk is the very best.

Pet Milk is the very best of pure whole cow's milk, which has been reduced in volume, by removing part of the water natural to all cow's milk

and which has then been sterilized in hermetically sealed containers. It contains an abundance of all the health-building properties which milk is counted on to supply—the minerals—the vitamins—the butterfat—all the valuable food elements of extrachoice, high-grade milk. All of these are in more readily digestible form than in ordinary milk and Pet Milk is always pure, safe milk. It costs less generally than ordinary milk.

Whether you have a tiny baby to care for who must have milk from a bottle, a growing child who needs his quart of milk a day, or grownups to feed who present a problem by refusing to take the milk you know they ought to have, the booklets offered free on the coupon below will be of service to you. Send for them.



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the special first and call him up afterward?"

"Tugmores called at her almost affectionately," Mrs. McCann, he said. "I see that you—and perhaps I—in the words of the late great Theodore Roosevelt, are 'practical men.' I'll do mine."

It was exactly eleven minutes past eight o'clock, when an engine, to which was coupled a single Pullman sleeper, backed alongside the platform at Athens Junction. As Minerva had foreseen, Mr. Tugmore had been unable to get his two office cars on the telephone, so once in his official existence—he had decided to take a chance. The unfortunate plight of the Bogges family, stranded in New York while the Exeter sailed for the Mediterranean, thus presented itself. The man had difficulty by taking passage on a faster boat and traveling by rail from Paris to Marseilles, and the long delays to which they would inevitably be subjected—even should they be able to get passage—caused him to honor their tickets on its no steamer without extra charge—filled his heart with pity and his mind with apprehension. A jury—particularly an Athenes jury, composed of religiously minded citizens interested in the welfare of children—would render a verdict in their favor, based on mental suffering, for a staggering amount.

WHEN, having heard him give the order for the special over the telephone, Minerva knew that he had capitulated and that her victory was complete, she sent for Patrick and the car and drove home as fast as she could.

"Come along, we're going through the library door as soon as he arrives upstairs," Mr. Tugmore's agreed to put on an extra train to take the Bogges to New York. It'll be ready in about three-quarters of an hour. I think the less we can do to go down there are the better they'll feel."

Caleb, relieved from the overwhelming menace of a visitation from seven Bogges, readily agreed that it would. Minerva was gone shortly, quite a little time, and when she returned a surprise conversation with Patrick, which resulted in his surreptitiously carrying a bulky object down the back stairs for her and placing it under a robe beside him when he went west. This was the moment when they drew up at the station but, except under Minerva's personal supervision, Abigail had stoutly refused to get aboard with her offspring, who now, resolute with hot dogs and pancakes, and

sticky from ice cream, slumbered soundly in a row beside their respective suitcases and nightshirts.

"So we really made the boat?" asked Abigail when Minerva explained the situation to her.

"Barring flood, riot, earthquake or acts of God!" replied Mrs. McCann confidently.

"Well, I call this an act of God!" answered Abigail. "Wake up, children! The railroad company is going to send us to New York!"

A portly porter, assisted by Mr. Tugmore, quickly and efficiently carried the infant Bogges aboard and deposited them in their respective sections. Their baggage followed, including the valise hidden on the front seat of the car.

"Caleb," said Minerva, "I wish you'd go to Abigail's compartment and make sure she's got all the necessary tickets to Bhamo. Now that I've assumed so much responsibility I don't want to have any slip-up."

While the judge obstinately examined the contents of the eight claret-colored little books, Minerva stepped to the platform and stood, gazing earnestly with Mr. Tugmore.

"Well!" he grimed. "I guess I might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb!"

"Just a minute," Abigail said, as the speech had started, hastened down the aisle, only to be confronted by her wife in the middle of the car.

"We're moving, Minerva! We must hurry and get off!"

"Don't worry, hurry, Caleb!" she answered calmly, planting herself directly in front of him.

"No hurry? What do you mean? . . ."

He, portly and clad in a dark suit, looked, and her laugh reminded him of the old girlish days when she was such a cut-up.

"We're on our way to New York. We're going to put the Bogges on the boat tomorrow morning and arrive in Bhamo a real good vacation in the city, and I'll wait, and the opera, and, as I told you before, I want to see the inside of some of those speak-easies. I've got all your clothes in the valise. And, Mr. Caleb, let me have a hundred dollars in cash money. You better go back and set in that end compartment, Caleb. Here's your tobacco. Just put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Girls—Have the Joy of Earning!

HUNDREDS of happy girls are "dressing up."

In lovelys sports frocks, attractive hats, slipping on wrist watches.

They're especially happy because they've earned these pretty things themselves in the Girls' Club!

And have plenty of money besides for treats, trips, picnics and parties!

Ethel M., an up-to-date girl in an old-fashioned dress (she's a member in the Club!) And she adores the wonderful prizes and surprises!

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Della D. is another girl who thinks the Club is an easy way to dollars!

"I've earned \$13.80 toward camp," she tells us.

How much would you like to have? Send a note with your name, age and address for full details of our Club plan. No expense to you, of course. Address:

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JGC

Without an anti-soggy brush teeth simply cannot stay white!

MOTHER, YOUR TEETH
LOOK DIFFERENT SOME-
HOW. THEY'RE ALL
SHINY WHITE NOW.

YOUR TEETH LOOK WHITER
TOO, SONNY. THAT'S BECAUSE
WE THREW AWAY OUR OLD
TOOTHBRUSHES. REMEM-
BER HOW LIMP YOURS USED
TO GET WHEN YOU WET IT?
DR. COREY SAYS SOGGY
TOOTHBRUSHES
CANNOT POSSIBLY
KEEP TEETH
CLEAN.

Everyone wants them—brilliant, sparkling-white teeth. But observe for yourself how rare they are. Most people have teeth that are *dull-white*—in spite of conscientious brushing. Too often, soggy toothbrushes are responsible for these *dull-white* teeth. Toothbrushes that grow limp and flabby when wet—cheap or worn-out brushes,

brushes with a poor grade of bristles. Remember this: *it is utterly impossible for a soggy brush to keep teeth really clean.* Stop wasting your time with one. For really white teeth, get a toothbrush that's protected against sogginess: Dr. West's famous *water-proofed* brush at 50¢ or, at the very least, Dr. West's new Economy brush.



New! Dr. West's Economy brush

29¢

THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN WAITING
FOR this medium-priced brush
that really cleans—Dr. West's
new Economy brush. It gives
greater protection and
greater pleasure at its price. But
it is not water-proofed and its
bristles do not possess the quality nor afford the
thorough cleansing of those in Dr. West's famous
50¢ water-proofed brush. This new Economy Brush
is, however, superior to many brushes sold at higher
prices. Famous DR. WEST's design. Six beautiful colors.



MADE IN U. S. A.

50¢

WATER-PROOFED AGAINST
SOGGINESS! America's largest
selling brush. Keeps teeth brilliant-white more effectively
than any other brush. Its results in cleaning.
Bristles are hand selected from the world's
finest stock—then water-proofed harmlessly. Can't
get soggy. The small size and correct design
of this brush make it easy to clean every surface and
crevice. Sealed in glass, this is the only brush that
reaches you surgically sterile. 16 gem-like colors.



MAKE SURE YOUR TEETH ARE BRILLIANT-WHITE! ALSO USE DR. WEST'S DOUBLE-QUICK TOOTH PASTE—ABSOLUTELY SAFE, EXTRA-FAST DENTIFRICE

Cop. 1934 by W. B. M. Co.

"I lost that ugly bulge in two minutes"

Hit and Run

(Continued from Page 27)



Above—note the pouchy abdomen. To the left—the same young woman is shown in the Spencer which we designed for her. Note the smooth, firm lines of her figure.

She was so attractive. But she had one figure fault that marred the lovely line of her frocks. Relaxed abdominal muscles had caused an ugly bulge.

As soon as a Spencer was designed to lift and support those fatigued muscles the bulge disappeared. It was not merely concealed; it was corrected. All the lines of her figure were restored to their natural loveliness. "Why," she exclaimed later to a friend, "I lost that ugly bulge in two minutes."

Spencer designers discovered years ago that these fatigued muscles could be so lifted and supported by an individually-designed Spencer that the muscles would recover their youthful tone and firmness. In a single hour Spencer she experienced a wonderful renewal of energy. Incorrect posture, on the contrary, presses down upon the abdomen increasing the strain upon these muscles and the danger of dislocations.

Have a figure analysis—free

Have you ever had a trained Spencer couturier make a study of your figure? At any time most convenient for you an intelligent woman, trained in the Spencer designer's methods of figure analysis, will call at your home. Do not pay.

A study of your figure will cost you nothing and may save you expensive experiments with unscientifically designed corsets. Spencer prizes are surprisingly low!

Write Anne Spencer for advice FREE

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If some special figure fault troubles you, check it on the figure at right.

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Do You Want to Make Money?
If you're a business woman, or would like to be one, let us train you to become a Spencer Couturier. Check here . . . □

Tuttle might be going to die. They decided to mulled him." He paused. "And yet, Miss Osmond, I wouldn't think that your father would stand for a thing like this—his own secretary—"

"He'd be sergeant. But he wasn't here. He went to New York in the morning and came back to the village this afternoon." She let all that go and changed her tone. "You asked me a moment ago whether Dick Slater was anything to me," she said. "I didn't answer directly, because I know all about him. He seems to me the most generous and honorable man I ever knew, and I won't stand by and see this done to him."

"There's a lot I don't understand yet," said the sergeant. "Come inside, and we'll see what can be done."

THE conference lasted a long time. When it was over Letty drove back to her own house and was picked up by Morgan, the family chauffeur, who had been with the family since she was a child. The winter before, just after Slater came to her father, Morgan had been ill in a hospital, and she remembered that Slater had been at her father's bedside more than once. Morgan's beside her. She had an impression that Morgan felt grateful to the secretary. They drove on to the McNeils' place. All the McNeil family, like so many country ladies, had gone to New York bright and early on Monday morning. Letty found Mrs. McNeil in the McNeils' garage, while she herself interviewed Simpson, the butler.

"You know there was an incident in the village yesterday morning, Simpson?"

"I wonder if you could tell me the exact hour at which Mr. Semmes left here for the party."

"No, miss. I really couldn't. I didn't notice the clock. I remember the sun was up."

Simpson was not very cooperative, but Letty's quiet, amiable persistence finally began to wear him down. He did at last remember that the car had stopped just at the oak tree. Mr. Semmes himself had offered them twenty-five dollars to go off for another half hour, but they were firm—"rather independent," Simpson said, then insisted they must catch the 5:30 train back to Newark to catch a play at a wedding on Sunday; they wanted their breakfast first. They finally left without too much time to catch their train, but they had caught it. It took ten minutes to get to the station and then half an hour for the five o'clock train. Mr. Semmes was still there when they left. Simpson recalled that there had been what he described as "a little difficulty" about moving. Mr. Semmes' car had been parked so that it interfered with the gatekeeper's entrance door to take on the musicians' instruments. Would he be willing to sign a statement to that effect? He had hesitated. He had a wife man's distaste for signing anything, but he saw it was his only hope of getting rid of Miss Osmond, and he signed it.

MORGAN at the garage, had been even less successful. The McNeils' chauffeur, who had been on duty all night, recalled a dispute that had arisen between visiting chauffeurs as to the hours of sunning in connection with daylight saving. When he had been corrected—somebody was wrong to say that it was a quarter to six as Semmes drove away.

Letty felt exultant. She returned to the sergeant with her information, and a few minutes later Mels, jogging quickly along the street, met the sergeant. The sergeant passed him going at the rate of seventy miles an hour. Presently he returned even faster. Yet there was no horse or eelworm on the horizon.

King flung himself off his motorcycle beside the car where Miss Osmond was

waiting. "You're right," he said. "It's absolutely impossible that Semmes could have left the McNeils' at 5:45, driven to your house, and that Slater could have taken the car and got back to the village in time to run down Tuttle. It must have been Semmes on his way home."

"Then I'd better call up the district attorney, and we'll go round and see him."

A MOMENT later King came quickly out of the hedge behind the D. A.'s in court," he said. "We'd better go there. May I go in with you?"

"You mean we may be too?"

"There's no use wasting time." So direct was King's manner; he knew by his manner that he thought the case might be coming up at that moment. She herself had never thought of such a thing. She supposed the law always delayed justice.

They drove the short distance to the town in complete silence. The courthouse was set in a little park—a red-brick building with two wings, in one of which was the jail from which Letty had been so recently released. It had not yet closed; the front steps under a pillars portico, but went in through a side door and entered a large, bare room. Bammerman and Dick were standing at a table in the center; Megs was there, a man whom Letty recognized as Letty's lawyer, and a man still peeling from telegraph poles, as the district attorney; a white-bearded, spectacled man writing in a book, who looked as if he ought to be a judge, but was really a round-headed, not a day over fifty, who obviously was the judge, was sitting on a raised platform. A few loungers watching the proceedings utterly without interest were scattered about against the walls.

"All right," he said, "if you're sure this isn't a case for the grand jury—if Tuttle is uninjured." He looked at Dick. "In sentencing you," he began, "for a crime peculiarly criminal and execrable in its nature of seduction—"

At this point King touched the district attorney's elbow, and at the same second Dick turned and saw her. His was not a mobile face—it rarely expressed more than a faint smile—but he was smiling now. Letty saw it in an instant broach by the strength of his emotion at the sight of her. She felt very happy; everything was going to come out right.

THE judge stopped his speech and said irritably, "What is the meaning of this interruption, sergeant?"

"Your Honor," said the district attorney. "Sergeant King has come to tell us that the man who grandly drove the prisoner was the man driving the car at the time the accident occurred."

"He isn't guilty," said Letty in a loud, ringing voice.

She had the sudden feeling that comes once or twice to most women in the course of their lives, that the routine of courts and armies and conferences by which men rule the world is all a silly, muddled procession desperately in need of a little feminine correction.

"Who is this young woman?" said the judge. He was a just man, and wanted the truth to prevail, but he could not help feeling annoyed, as anyone does who has prepared a speech and is blocked in the middle of it.

"This is Miss Osmond, Your Honor, the daughter of Slater's employer."

The judge nodded. He knew all about the Osmonds, of course. He leaned forward to see Letty. (Continued on Page 90)

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"Seismotite" (pronounced sis'mo-tite) is a perfect cleaning and polishing material of volcanic origin. That's why Old Dutch cleans quicker, cleans more things and doesn't scratch. Seismotite particles cover more surface because they are flaky and flat-shaped, like this ☐. That's why Old Dutch goes further and does more cleaning per penny of cost.

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THAT'S BECAUSE
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STAND ABOUT
THEM. I KNOW HOW
TO FIX MR. MOTH



Before you buy find out the truth about moths

• Don't go halfway in this moth business. *Find out* the truth before you buy. It's hopeless trying to frighten away mothworms with black pepper or cedar shavings, with bad-smelling moth balls or flakes. You can't discourage them that way because they haven't any sense of smell. And it's a waste of money trying to lock them out of bags or boxes.

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He starves to death right on the cloth! When you buy Larvex you are buying something that is thorough and final in moth prevention. It will save hundreds of dollars for you in moth damage, and it is odorless, non-damaging to you. You can keep clothes hanging and wear them whenever you wish. Another advantage of Larvex is its economy. Spray it right on the cloth and the article is mothproofed for a whole year.

Ask your druggist to show you Larvex. He will tell you it is a scientific triumph and there is nothing else like it. Department stores, too. The Larvex Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y. (In Canada: The Larvex Corporation, Ltd., Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

(Continued from Page 88)
who was so small as to be almost obscured by his high desk.

"Do you know of your own knowledge that the prisoner is not guilty?" he asked.

"I do," said Letty, correcting herself in the manner of one willing to call anyone anything if it would help a good cause. "I was talking to Mr. Slater myself, at the very moment that the accident must have been taken place."

"At what hour was that?"

"A few minutes to six. I heard the clock strike as I left the room."

The judge nodded with approbation. He was a man of advanced years. In his opinion, no one who lay in bed after eight could ever amount to anything. His own daughters were rarely stirring before nine. He looked with benevolent approval on the daughter of a rich man who rose before six.

"Would you care to state the subject of your conversation?"

"Yes, indeed. I was telling Mr. Slater that I was worried about Mr. Semmes. Mr. Semmes was spending the week-end at our house, and he hadn't come home yet."

"Hadn't come home at six o'clock in the morning?" said the judge, looking very severe.

"Now, judge, don't be silly," said Letty; and then seeing that the opinion of her small but attentive audience this was not the best way to address a judge, she added quickly: "I mean that lots of people have to be up all night at McNeil's party—party after the wedding, you know?" (All the country-side knew about the wedding, but the judge wasn't going to admit it.) "Still," Letty continued, "he had to be up at six o'clock, was it rather late; so I asked Mr. Slater if he wouldn't find out whether anything had happened to Mr. Semmes."

She paused; she had imagined that in a court of law such a question would be formally, reasonably and to the point, but nervousness had made her take the first words that popped into her mind, and now she suddenly realized that this was much the most impudent way to speak to a judge. She flushed, then turned and listened to an illogical man, preferred an illogical woman to a logical one. She had no intention of being illogical, but she saw that a certain inflexibility—a sort of over-formality—was part of her innocence—would receive her a hearing to the end.

"You see, Your Honor," she said, looking up at him wide-eyed, "I was concerned about Mr. Semmes, because—well, at least I was—in a way—engaged to him. Semmes."

The judge smiled slowly, almost painfully, as if his lips were unaccustomed to such a gesture. "I do not know," he said, "that the Court can take cognizance of a sort of engagement."

"But you must," answered Letty, "because—"

"May I interrupt, Your Honor," said Barrancerman, "in order to explain—"

"No, counselor," replied the judge, not even glancing in his direction. "I prefer to hear this witness without interruptions." But he did not appear to remember his desire. "Clerk, swear the witness."

An instant before Letty had been thinking that the whole thing was exactly like the court in Alice in *Wonderland*, and that the clerk was the simple Bell, and the Larvex Corporation was trying to bring a serious state of mind by finding the Bible thrust under her nose, and hearing his

voice saying rapidly, "Do you solemnly swear that you will tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?"

"Continue, Miss Omond," said the judge, and Letty seated herself again, the thread of her narrative, he added gently.

"Why was it you thought the fact of your engagement had an important bearing on this case?"

"Oh, yes," said Letty, "of course; I was worried about my engagement, and I suppose that put it into his head to be noble—to save Mr. Semmes from being arrested on the very day he was going to speak to my father." If I'm making it clear, which I don't suppose I am—"

"You make it perfectly clear—perfectly," said the judge. "But one question: Where is Mr. Semmes?"

"An old friend told me that he left the country. What did he say?"

"It was told me that he had to go because his mother was ill—dying—in Paris and had sent for him. But that wasn't true. His mother was never better in her life."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I telephoned to Paris," said the judge, who of course knew that such a thing was possible, but had never happened to speak face to face with anyone who had done it.

"YES," said Letty, quite unaware that she had done something surprising, "you and she answered me herself, and she said he was still better than before her words. That was what made me feel sure the whole thing was fony—I mean, Your Honor——"

"I understand you," said the judge. "You wanted to be a young lady of action, a young lady who has the courage of her convictions."

"Wouldn't you do the same thing, if you thought that someone you respected and liked was being condemned to prison?"

"Yes, I would," the judge waved him away.

"Presently," he said, and turned his shoulders squarely toward Dick. "Dick, 'And what have you to say?'"

"I say, 'Why didn't you immediately give us this side of the story?'"

"I was silent—on advice of counsel, Your Honor."

"Did you tell your wife why that you were innocent?" the judge went on.

"I did, but without apparently changing his opinion."

"Tell the court exactly what occurred."

Dick told his story, told of his conversation with Letty, of Mrs. Semmes' arrival not absolutely sober, of the misstatement as to the extent of the accident, of the hat that had led to Megs' wrong identification, of his own error in driving the car and breaking the car. He told it exactly as a story should be told in court—terribly, logically and without emotion. It did not, of course, make half the impression that Letty's tale had done, but the illumination of the trial was considerably increased.

The judge turned to Barrancerman: "Did you question Miss Omond?"

"Briefly," answered Mr. Barrancerman. "I think I should tell you, Your Honor, that when the attorney told me that Miss Omond was reluctant to testify,"

(Continued on Page 92)

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BOSTON TERRIER



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BEFORE you ever again make a gelatine dessert, ask yourself whether a factory can give you a strawberry flavor as good as real strawberries—whether a "factory-flavored" flavor, tastes as good as plain gelatine flavored with real oranges... and whether "factory-flavored" gelatines contain vitamins and minerals as you get when you combine real fruits or vegetables with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

Knowing the type of woman who reads Ladies' Home Journal, we are sure you will find the answer easy. Just one taste, for instance, of this delicious Grapefruit Snow Pudding will decide you. Real fruit with real gelatine does taste so much better!

Grapefruit Snow Pudding

(6 Servings—uses only $\frac{1}{4}$ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grapefruit juice and pulp
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water (canned or fresh)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt 1 tablespoonful lemon juice
 2 egg whites

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add hot water and stir until dissolved. Add sugar, salt and lemon juice (use $\frac{1}{4}$ cup for each section in small pieces—if fresh grapefruit use $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar). Mix thoroughly. Cool, and when jelly begins to thicken, beat until frothy and then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, unmold and garnish with grapefruit sections, cherries or strawberries, serve with a custard sauce made from the yolks of the eggs.

DID you notice that the recipe called for only $\frac{1}{4}$ of a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine—whereas you had tried to make the same dish with "factory-flavored" gelatine? How would need a whole package? Not only does plain gelatine make dishes your family enjoys more—but it goes four times as far. The recipe for Prune-Orange-Cheese Salad also calls for only one of the four envelopes that every Knox package contains—and yet the quantity is ample for serving six people. And how they will enjoy it!

Prune—Orange—Cheese Salad

(6 Servings—uses only $\frac{1}{4}$ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
 1 cup hot water 6 prunes (cooked until tender)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar 6 slices orange
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice 2 tablespoonsful lemon juice $\frac{1}{4}$ pound cottage cheese

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add orange juice and

lemon juice. Rinse flat pan in cold water and pour in jelly to the depth of about one-half inch, and allow to congeal. On this jelly place six slices of orange (or small pieces, all skin and partitions removed). On top of each slice of orange place a prune stuffed with cottage cheese. Cover with remaining orange jelly which has been folded and allowed to congeal somewhat. Chill, cut in squares and serve on lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise.

AND it is not only in giving variety to fruits and vegetables that you find plain gelatine useful. Here, for example, is a perfectly delightful way of serving canned salmon, tuna fish or crabmeat. This way you have a delightful main course at slight cost—and there is no "factory-flavoring" to interfere with the delicate flavor of the fish. Some day when you expect to be home in the afternoon, prepare this dish in the morning and put it in the ice-box until night.

Crabmeat, Tuna Fish or Salmon Salad

(6 Servings—uses only $\frac{1}{4}$ package)

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiled salad
1 cup cold water	1 cup boiling water
tuna fish or salmon	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
1 cup celery, chopped	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful paprika
1 cup green pepper, finely	1 tablespoonful mild
chopped	vinegar
2 tablespoonsfuls olives,	Few grains cayenne,
chopped	if desired

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Place bowl over boiling water and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Cool, and add salad dressing, fish separated into flakes, celery, pepper (from which seeds have been removed), olives, salt, vinegar, paprika and cayenne. Turn into individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, remove to nests of lettuce leaves and garnish with slices cut from scalped olives, diamond-shaped pieces cut from green pepper, celery tips and watercress.

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Place bowl over boiling water and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Cool, and add salad dressing, fish separated into flakes, celery, pepper (from which seeds have been removed), olives, salt, vinegar, paprika and cayenne. Turn into individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, remove to nests of lettuce leaves and garnish with slices cut from scalped olives, diamond-shaped pieces cut from green pepper, celery tips and watercress.



Grapefruit Snow Pudding



Prune-Orange-Cheese Salad



Crabmeat, Tuna Fish or Salmon Salad



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"She was ridin' like the Wind . . ."

February

SHINING EYES open wider at Grandpa reaches into the past to tell of the great prairie fire and of Grandma's heroic ride for life. That was back in '74, the year the world seemed, How clearly he sees her—"ridin' like the wind,"¹³ chased by the fearful, roaring flames.

They were married the following year and lived happily to celebrate their Golden Wedding—sweethearts always. Now he is "riding out the race"—alone, living his beautiful life again—present, serene. And the little secret of his contentment comes from the fact that a CLARK Vault was his last earthly tribute to her. His faith in its invincible protectiveness—it's immaculate isolation from all intrusions—brings a priceless comfort.

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The new CLARK Custodian first and only one-piece metal grave vault, typifies the modern trend in burial equipment. Its rich design is Grecian, with classic Ionic pillars. Softly flowing curves give added beauty and strength.

We form each CLARK Custodian by an exclusive process of casting, resulting in a specially processed, rust-resisting metal. General service of course will not cause it to *c-r-u-b-b-l-e*.

We use the time-tested, Al-Seal construction which was pioneered by CLARK. It is based

upon the same natural law that guards the men in a diving bell on the bottom of the ocean.

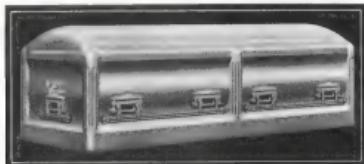
To prove that it is absolutely waterproof, each CLARK Custodian is critically tested under good pounds of water. Even a pinhole leak is discovered by the fearful, roaring flames.

The Name "CLARK"

The name "CLARK" on a metal vault is your assurance that the new air-seal has been tested, that the metal is absolutely waterproof, and is as specified—that the workmanship is without fault or blemish. Insist on the CLARK. No honest funeral director will attempt substitution.

The new CLARK Custodian is offered by leading funeral directors everywhere. Also, CLARK Vests, Metal Coffins, Solid Copper Vaults, Prices are always reasonable. A choice of appropriate colors is available to any funeral director without delay. Every CLARK Vault is warranted for 50 years or more.

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"CLARK" METAL Vault

THE MODERN,
ONE-PIECE
GRAVE VAULT

(Continued from Page 90)

Letty gave a cry that echoed through the room. "He said that?" Why, judge, it isn't true at all!"

"If I misunderstood you——" began Bannerman, but no one paid the least attention to him.

Letty went on: "I went and told him that I had been talking to Mr. Slater a few days ago, and when I did that someone said—'that the study clock was wrong, but it wasn't wrong. It never is; it hasn't varied thirty seconds in fourteen years.' I have the testimony of M. Victor, who has been a close friend of mine, and he would it that very day. No, Your Honor, they didn't want me to testify—they wanted to save Ralph Semmes at the expense of Mr. Slater."

"I REALLY most protest, Your Honor," said Bannerman, smiling as if the utter confusion of a small court and a country judge were really beneath his notice.

The judge turned back to Letty: "Let me assure you statements you have, Miss Osmond."

There was silence in the court during the few seconds that she was gazing through them—while Dick and Letty looked on with the sort of wide-eyed, blank wonder with which people stare at great works of art. When the judge had finished, he looked severely at Dick and said:

"I shall the case dismissed and the defendant discharged." Then, turning to Letty, he said, "I wish to thank you, Miss Osmond, for the courage and disinterestedness with which you have behaved in this matter. You, too, deserve, for your, counselor"—and here the judge made a trifling pause, as all eyes turned to Bannerman—"I consider your conduct fit—admirable, irresponsible and open to the greatest censure."

"I must explain, Your Honor," said Bannerman, to the judge interrupted.

"Next case," he said.

A few moments later Letty, forgetting that she had brought the segment in her car and was now abandoning him four miles from home and without his trusty motorcycle, forgetting that Mr. Bannerman, her father's guest, might find himself obliged to walk to the railroad station

and was most unaccustomed to physical exercise—forgetting everything except that Dick was free, invited him into her car, and was presently driving him back to the hotel.

She felt profoundly excited—more excited than when she had been stating her case in court—more excited than ever before in her life—and she looked down at him, and appeared to be attending strictly to the task of guiding the car through the main street.

When they were clear of the town, Dick said in a voice not absolutely steady, "I can never tell you what I think of you—so courageous, so honorable, so—so—"

"On that's all right," said Letty, interrupting, as people so often do, the one sentence in the world she wanted most to hear.

"No, you must let me speak," Dick went on, "because I am the one person who knows what it must have cost you to do what you did. I only hope you haven't ruined all your own chances of happiness."

"If you mean you think I still want to marry Ralph, you're very rude."

"Whether you want to marry him or not—and I may say I hope you don't want to!"

"And why do you hope that?"

"Because I don't think you'll be happy with a man who has behaved as—"

"With a man?"

"What I'm trying to say is that I know you must have suffered crudely."

LETTY was silent. For the first time she had admitted the fact that she had hardly suffered at all.

"You may think me a horrid girl," she said, "but the truth is I haven't suffered so much. I know I don't look like a girl, perhaps it ought to have been when it finally dawned on me—what Ralph had done, I mean. I suppose deep down in my heart I had always known what sort of a person he was, but I just refused to believe it. I was—I was—I was frightened and daunted—I thought how everyone would envy me, and how proud my father would be, but last evening when Ralph actually asked me to marry him at once and go abroad with him, I believed me or not, I didn't want to do it, in fact."

"Perhaps," said Dick, "a girl like you would feel that way toward anyone who suggested an immediate marriage."

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"I can't say about that," answered Letty, "for no one else has—done."

"A lot of people would—every man in the world would—if they knew that besides being lovely and young you are brave and good and clever."

"Did you say every man, Dick?" asked Letty.

"Every man who is free."

A vision of Mary, black-haired and handsome, rose before Letty. She said, "How do you mean, 'free'? What do you think of men who go about kissing girls, if they are not free?"

"I think the emotions were stronger than their sense of duty."

"I'd rather have them than way than the other way about.... She felt herself somewhat hastened—a hasty walk on a highway on a bright summer afternoon—but she reflected that they were nearly at home, and that the study was always unoccupied at this hour. She said sternly, "Dick, are you engaged to your cousin?"

"TO MARY? Good heavens, no? When I said I wasn't free I meant that I have no money and now I have no income. I don't really like this job, Letty. I was intended for a teacher, and I'm going back to Boston to my old position."

"Dick, won't you please admit by your expression that you know perfectly well that I am asking you to marry me?"

"Letty, you know I mustn't think of it. You'd be wretched."

"And maybe you think I wouldn't be wretched if I didn't."

"Your father wouldn't bear of it."

"He likes you very much—more than perhaps he likes me."

"You couldn't possibly live on the best I can live on for the next ten years."

"I could live on very little."

"My father—you forgot—I once balanced your check book."

"It's a great lesson to a girl."

"To be more economical?"

"No, to balance her own check book." They were turning in at the gates of the Observatory Inn, and Letty said, "I could live on anything—on nuts, like a squirrel, because I love you so much—but as a matter of cold fact, I have a little money of my own from my grandmother, and I have a little savings account or money—she was just like you: an old New England woman in a cap and shawl who once did all her own work, and put pennies in a savings bank.... well, you know what I mean. But of course if you don't love me..."

"You know very well that I do."

"You're awfully stuffy about it."

They drew up before the stuff door, got out, and went in. Letty closed the study. Dick closed the door and took Letty in his arms, as if someone else—not he had been urging arguments against their union.

They had stood thus with their lips pressed together for some seconds when a faint exclamation made them turn. Mr. Osmond was sitting in a deep chair, contemplating them with an expression of deepest sorrow, such that even Dick instantly knew he was not an enemy.

Letty was not in the least embarrassed.

"Well, father," she said, "I hadn't an idea you were there."

"I guessed that," said Mr. Osmond.

"Are you very much surprised?" asked Letty.

"Am I surprised?" returned her father.

"Am I not? Of course. I'm not surprised. When a girl has been interested in me before now telephones me at seven A.M.—when a girl who has never lifted her hand stands the police and the law courts on her side—when, in short, my daughter has been in me in an entire new aspect, I have sense enough to say to myself that this is love."

Letty gave a faint laugh and came over to kiss him. "You're wonderful, dear," she said. "I had been thinking it was all my executive ability."

(THE END)

Used in hospitals for throat, nose and open wounds



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WHEN your little folks run to you with the skin scraped off in a sore place... when they cut or scratch themselves... when they complain of the slightest throat irritation—that is when you need to have, and have at hand for instant use, a safe, powerful antiseptic.

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Buy a bottle of Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37 at your druggist's today. The 50¢ bottle is now a whole 35 bigger than before, and you get the large size for only \$1.25. Prices slightly higher in Canada.



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- Stronger than carbolic acid in any usable solution
- Yet safe even if swallowed
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MADE BY SHARP & DOWMEYER

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Look for the Gold Seal



YOU can see from Harriet's experience how easy it is to recognize real Congoleum. How the big Gold Seal is pasted on the face of all genuine Congoleum, whether rugs or "by-the-yard."

Why take chances with an unknown brand? What if it is a few cents cheaper than real Congoleum—you may be sacrificing many months of wear to save those few pennies.

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Here's Harriet getting friend husband's opinion of her purchase. "You certainly are a wonderful little manager," says F. H., "getting a swell rug like this for so little money." Harriet's rug is the "Egyptian" pattern, Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 651. Room decorated by Gimbels Bros., New York.

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This charming French pattern says it with flowers— "Pleasant," Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 671.

ROUNDABOUT GIRL

THE SUB-DEB

BY ELIZABETH WOODWARD

CAST your good eye around this page and you'll see in pictures, a round dozen, what goes to make up an all-round personality.

Did you ever wash up and chipper away at it like a tomboy? See how the rough edges, chopping away here, rounding out there. And all of a sudden an exquisite little statue shows up. Well, that's what is happening to your own personality, only no one is looking away at you—you're doing the job yourself.

You're growing up, standing on your own two feet, being somebody. You want people to like them somebody. You want them to find you interesting every day you're learning a new trick about yourself, a cleverness with people, and another way to make yourself more interesting. In other words, you're developing your personality.

Variety is the spice of personalities. Everyone likes variety. Variety is life. That's what makes people so much fun.

There's Ida. She's lovely to look at. Takes ages fixing her hair, and spends hours over her clothes. You would love to look at her. But she goes to bed at night, skin underneath her skin. There's nothing else there. She rides roughshod over people. Doesn't care about anything but her own good looks. She chills folks. Her face is her forte—she's a show-off.

Ella is just the opposite. She has her nose in a book all the time. Cares nothing about clothes or parties or people, and wonders why she is allowed to stay at home night after night without a date. Her thoughts are so ingrown they've taken root.

But Dot is one of the most popular girls in town. She loves clothes, and looking nice, and people and books, and being with people and going places. And she has plenty of time to do this. Dot has a well-rounded personality. She's not lookaged. Not too much of one thing and not enough of another. She's a Roundabout girl. And that's what I want all you Sub-Debs to be.

So grab your mixing bowl. Let's whisk together a roundabout. First, your hair, well cared for, done up in a way that does you good. And your make-up put on discreetly and expertly. And clothes just right. You can't afford to know who's above breakfast to make you graceful. Sit in a tub of sudsy hot water to keep you clean and sweet. Stir gently but firmly.

Add some twosome sports that you can play with the boy friend. And brain food for the mind. A few cards, a good partner trick or two—jazz, card tricks, reading fortunes, talk pig-Latin French. A little toe-tap for use on the dance floor. And a private tip. Then poised—having yourself in trim, and knowing who's above everybody's watching you. Doing the right thing at the right time. Finally add a downright sincere interest in people. Put this personality away in a quiet place to jell. Serve it to the world. Like fruit cake, it improves with age.

If you want to develop this all-round personality—and I'm sure you do—keep this page stuck up by your mirror. Check it off each day. A perfect record—no blank spaces—will make you a Roundabout girl!



FOLLOW THROUGH: If what you need is a swish new hair-do: A-1116. **FRIZZ, FUZZ AND FURBLEBOWLS.** 3 cents. Hows and wheres to put on your make-up: A-198. **LET MAKE-UP MAKE YOU OVER.** 3 cents. The correct clothes to wear, and to enjoy wearing: A-108. **CAMPUS CLOTHES.** 3 cents. Sure-fire hints to make you a beauty: A-333. **SUB-DEB'S BOOK OF BEAUTY.** 3 cents. Toe talk, how not to be a wall flower. How to dance: A-1034. **FROLICKING FEET.** 3 cents. What to talk about: A-106. **PRIVATE LINES AND PARTY CONVERSATION.** 3 cents. Do you know all the modern answers? A-1141. **SUB-DEB'S ETIQUETTE BOOK.** 3 cents. Games for your dates: A-1024. **NOTHING TO SPEND BUT THE EVENING.** 3 cents. Secrets of making the girls—and boys—like you: A-1022. **HOW TO BE POPULAR.** 3 cents.

Men WILL do these things



THAT'S WHY YOU NEED 4 REFRIGERATORS

HUSBANDS will be hospitable—and bring guests home for dinner, sometimes without a moment's notice. But, with "4 refrigerators" in the kitchen—with a Kelvinator—you are always ready for them, always the gracious hostess.

The pictures show the four separate "refrigerators" you get in the Kelvinator De Luxe models. At the top of the page is the Iso-Thermic Tube Tray. Here you get World's Fastest Freezing Speed. You freeze ice cubes in about 80 minutes, which is hours faster than ordinary freezing speeds. And there are no dials to set, because it is fully automatic.

The next picture shows the spacious food compartment with the new Kelvinator Food File. On the left is the Dairy Basket for butter, cheese, eggs, etc. In the center, the Kelvin Crisper where vegetables keep fresh indefinitely. And on the right, the Thrifts Tray with its three porcelain containers where left-overs are stored for future use.



In the "third" refrigerator, large quantities of delicious frozen salads and desserts are made quickly and can be kept for days.

And in the Frost Chest, another exclusive Kelvinator feature and the "fourth" refrigerator, you keep meat, fish, game or extra ice cubes just as long as you care to. Here, the temperature is below freezing, and it, like the other three, is fully automatic.

Naturally, "4 refrigerators" mean 4 times the advantages—and conveniences and you can get them all in one, for the price of one, in a Kelvinator.

We suggest that you see Kelvinator's 20th Anniversary models, the refrigerator with a place for everything. And let the Kelvinator dealer show you why it is wise to buy the finest in electric refrigeration—on the Red-SoCo Monthly Budget Plan, if you wish. . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 14250 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ont., and London, England.

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1 "One bright summer's day I waxed my furniture and floors, and started out for a walk, leaving all my windows wide open."

2 "Suddenly a thunder storm broke loose—wind, rain and hail! I remembered my open windows and knew that my rooms would be drenched."

A TRUE STORY,
WRITTEN BY MRS. GRACE
BALFE, NEW YORK, TO
TONY WONS



TONY WONS receives thousands of letters from housewives.
• Turn to Tony's Scrap Book
Tues. and Thurs. A. M. [C. B.S.]

assigned her in the opening plays. I had Louise's testimony that Ruth still continued her daily visits to Desmond's flat. What other interpretation could his suddenly affairs? And that, as I had hoped, Ruth's interest had been quickly quieted.

I was relieved when Marie Kellher, who was cast for the leading role in Desmond's play, came to follow my lead. I sat through the entire evening, led by the way, through the exciting passage from a French window in the drawing-room, to the rear wings of the theater.

While Desmond experienced with the light of others, I stood alone in front. I stood for a moment on the deserted stage, looking out at the rows of comfortable chairs, then up at the high, charmingly decorated walls. The whole effect was harmonious and dignified. I was well pleased.

Kittie, however, scolded me: "How can you like Lady Macbeth?"

"Give us some Shakespeare," Carl urged. "You're dressed for it."

Desmond switched off all but the footlights. "Do recite something. Let's see how good the acoustics are."

UNWILLING to repeat any lines I had ever spoken in a professional rôle, I bowed to the audience, and was dismissed. At the back of my mind, an uncharalized notion was knocking for admission. As soon as the girls had gone up to consult Desmond, I said to Carl: "Assuming Wyckton is a town in New England, centuries ago, the Kellhers and the Wyckoffs are the Mon-tagues and the Capulets."

He was serious, as he looked toward Kitty. "You have an uncanny sense for discovering people's hidden motives." Kittie was a youngster, just about the time our vendetta started, she read Romeo and Juliet for the first time. Ever since then, I think she's dreamed of marrying Francis, as the most dramatic revenge possibility on the horizon. I suppose you know she's free now?"

"Yes," I added that I must see about something in the dressing room, but I went in search of Louise.

As I entered the dressing room, Louise and Francis moved quickly apart. She turned a flushed, tear-stained face toward me, and implored me not to go. "We need you, advice!"

Now I felt so culpable, as when I learned that Kate's gossip had defeated my stratagem. Ignorant of this backstairs' communication, Francis had started his propaganda, according to schedule, only to find that he had made an unexpected quarter. Ruth, who usually took no part in these acrimonious family disputes, scented the implied deceit. She had not suspected he was in love with Louise, but had accused him of being envious of me. The surprise took him completely off guard, and he had denied violently his sister's allegation, proving its falsity by the declaration that all his loyalty was centered in Louise.

"So at this moment," he concluded, "mother is adding codicils to her will so that even if she should die, I'll not have a decent income until I get my inheritance."

The few hours since I had last seen him, Francis seemed to have aged, and taken on a sense of responsibility he had never before possessed. He begged me now to persuade Louise to marry him, anything but me.

"I'll go to work," he said. "And I'll never miss the fleshspots."

"I'll take her upstairs." I answered. "Tell Ferri to give the others, when I am seated, whatever they may want to eat or drink, and make my apologies. I won't come down again."

I felt drained of energy, but after I had stretched out on the chaise longue in my room, I tried to be a competent advocate. "I'm not the best lawyer in the world," I told Louise. "It's high time he did."

"Oh, my dear, I'm the last person to deny that! But the job he ought to have is right in his own plane. That, she won't accept. She has a sense of her own power if he steps in. And with that closed to him, what is he fitted to do? At best, he might become a 'customers' man in a brokerage office. Try to cash in on his rich connections. You know how he's built. But even if you could train it, I combined talents wouldn't be enough for us to live on, decently."

"It depends upon what you mean by 'decently'."

"Don't be驻stirred, Irene! You know that I can get along in two rooms, and like it. But think of why Francis has been brought up. He couldn't be contented, working all day at some uninteresting task, and then coming back to a tiny apartment with one maid-of-all-work."

"But you're forgetting the compensation! You'd make up to him for all those material things."

"YOU don't understand! 'Material things' can be terribly important. Not luxuries, but comfort. I've seen it at home. We weren't ever rich, but before father died we had a house we could afford for money. And since then we've had to count every cent. I've seen father and mother each refuse a second helping of some dish, so the other could have it! Not to mention the time we've spent in movie-carts and buying new books. Now they have to care carefully before they can ask two friends in for dinner and bridge. I'm not theorizing. I know what skimping and saving means."

She did just that. I learned, accidentally, that every week she sent home a substantial part of her salary check, which was much smaller than she had led her family to believe. I knew too that the very clothes she wore were the ones she wore, which she had bought to go out with Francis, had necessitated the laundering of her own garments, and cooking her own meals, while still

(Continued on Page 100)

3 "When the storm subsided, I dashed home, sick at heart, to find tables, chairs, piano and 3 floors soaking wet. I hurriedly wiped up the water, and to my amazement, discovered that the harm had been done. The water had not been able to penetrate the wax polish. It took only a few minutes to go over everything with a soft dry cloth and soon my room was in perfect condition again."



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Even when you notice no dampness, perspiration moisture in the confined armpits quickly forms an acid that ruins dresses and turns friends

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For quickest, most convenient use, choose Instant Odorono. Use it daily or every other day for complete, continuous protection against underarm perspiration and odor. For longest protection or special need, choose Odorono Regular and use it faithfully twice a week. Both Odorones have the original sanitary applicator. Both come in 35c and 60c sizes.

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COMMUNITY PLATE

LEADERSHIP IN DESIGN AUTHORITY



(Continued from Page 98)
carrying on an exacting profession, and in addition writing fiction.

When the door had closed behind her, I went up. Don's empty room. Across the roof of the theater, the lights were streaming from the Wyckoff windows seemed to mock me: "And what good does all your comfort do you?"

XIII

THE afternoon of the twenty-sixth, Don took Marie Keller and me on the train for New York. I not only disliked leaving him for three days, but I hated to have our friends think we were going so far apart in spirit.

I had, indeed, decided to cancel the trip, regardless of the cost to the play's success, when certain aggressive moves on the part of my antagonist induced me to reconsider. I was fearing the position I had already attained.

The first, and least consequential, was revealed when the leading caterer of the town of New Haven could not get the orders for New Year's Eve, so Mr. Wyckoff had engaged his services for a far more elaborate menu than usual. The same obstacle confronted me when the orchestra, which we had expected to have play before us, declined to do so. Instead they had been forced to alternate with the orchestra which in previous years had furnished the sole music for her ball. Of the most sinister of her deceptions I learned on Christmas Day.

Every time the doorbell rang, Don waited tensely for Pierre's return. Not until we arrived at the Youngs' for tea, however, did I realize what communication he had been vainly trying to get through to Mrs. Wyckoff. She had enclosed a card, embossed with a crest, and bearing in engraved letters the open sesame to Wyckoff's highest honor: "Mrs. Wyckoff requests the pleasure of—

"So," I said, "what poor Don hoped against hope we'd get!"

Helen said, "Look down in the corner." I read there, "Fancy Dress."

"Do you suppose," she asked, "that's so the pageant crowd won't have to change?"

"Perhaps it's so the audience at my house will have to leave early, to change."

"I never thought of that! But you wouldn't mind if we all came in costume, would you?"

"Not a bit. It always makes things go well."

"Helen," I said, "what do you think?"

"It's always set by you, Helen," she said. "I'm sure that the first ball she ever attended, some forty years or so ago, in Boston, she must have given the example for this. It's always been done that way. Nothing much ever happens until just before midnight. Then everyone lines up for a grand march. Let her and old Mr. Sanford, her cousin, The moment the bell rings, to ring the old bell out, the band strikes up 'Auld Lang Syne,' and off we all go."

"You can get there any time between eleven-thirty and five minutes of twelve. But then the ballroom doors are closed, and the older ladies begin to lead people away who were late."

"She broke off. "What are you smelling at, Irene? Won't your play be over by that time?"

"I wonder if it will be! I'm glad your association with me hasn't caused you to be stricken off the list, anyway."

"It's a queer thing about that list. I got my invitation this morning, just before we went out to deliver some presents. And after that, I've had some presents been sent—Including a lot of people who've never been asked before."

"Who are some of them?"

"Every person she mentioned was on my list. If you all want to go to hell, call a handful of men and women who would remain at our house! I had left the paper containing those names in plain sight. Kate must have copied them for her! At last her spy had been of service!"

My suspicion was confirmed when we dined at Judge Keller's, and Marie told me that all the debutantes who were either members of The Amateurs, or were coming to the play, had been invited.

"Has she got the Ringers too?" I asked Francis, who was also dining there.

"Lord, no! She likes their being your friends. It's only the 'laid-back' she can't bear. She hasn't nice, to say the least."

"After a reverent pause over to your place, we'll have a lively party," I said. I counted on my fingers, "Carl, Kitty, Louise, Desmond, the Clarkes, some of my artistic friends."

"Francis interrupted. "Oh, yes, and Sir Arthur Scofield. A pretty choice lot, I think."

"Suddenly he grinned. "Look, Irene, if you want more people to stay, why don't you have a hitch in the performance? I simply demand the curtain!" So set one of the hundred and fifty can possibly get there in time for that old grand march!"

I shook my head in emphatic disagreement. "Never!"

BUT the first stop I entered in New York, the morning of our arrival, was bound up with a cup which I hoped frantically might insure the same end.

"I'm going to have a cocktail," I explained. "It's the best fun."

"When are you going to give it?"

"New Year's Eve."

"Irén Morell Carr, you horrid creature! Do you mean I'm not going to get any fun out of you?"

"You can't eat the cocktail and have it."

"Yes, I can, too! I never thought of it before, but the only possible reason to go to Mrs. Wyckoff's ball is so people won't think you weren't a guest. Well, I'll frame myself in a picture, no one can say that. And I'll stay at your cotillion!"

At Joe Gruner's office, one secretary was told to inform all callers that he was out of town, and another conducted Marie to the smoking room. Then Joe and I sat down to talk.

He cut short my apologies for having given up at the last moment the part he'd expected to take to this winter. "No! No! The part you play, you had some good reasons. Tell me what's worrying you now?"

"My marriage," I said.

"Fallen out of love with your husband?"

"No."

"Convincing! Absolutely convincing! I won't say it he's fallen out of love with you. No man could. Well, then, what's it all about?"

His affectionate concern melted all resistance. "He—he doesn't think I'm important, compared to certain other people."

"Women. I take it?"

"Yes."

Joe tilted back in his swivel chair. He said to me: "I can remember the time when I didn't care who I was married to. Irene, compared to certain other actresses. What did you do that caused me to change my mind?"

"Worked like a dog!"

"Well, I've been working now! That's why I'm in New York. That's why I gave up that part. But it doesn't seem to do any good!"

JOE regarded me speculatively. "As a confirmed bachelor, over sixty, I could tell you lots of things you're not now in the mood to accept, Irene. But I'll do that. I've got a secret I want you to read this time. I've got a wife. What do I do in the late spring, if you did. You take this back with you to your jerk-water town. Then if you decide that you want to go back to your own field, call me long distance and I'll come and get you."

I told him of Desmond's effort.

"Um," Joe said. "The dialogue would have to be pretty sparkling to put it over. It's the Pygmalion theme, of course, with a new twist. I'll (Continued on Page 103)

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—no more of that
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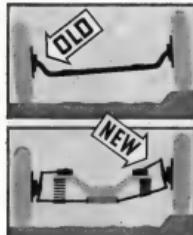
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THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY
LaGrange St., Brooklyn, Conn.

(Continued from Page 109)
read it. Tell him to send it along after he's seen it how acts."

Despite the protests of both secretaries, Joe went with me to see Mrs. Moore's dress.

"I'm not fit for anything special to give that girl the right illusion," he said.

"She's pretty enough, but she hasn't any glamour! These modern girls' looks are so obvious. I could take someone with a much less regular figure, and a lot more attractive, if she had some other-world look. It's not what a woman's face is, it's what it suggests!"

IMPATIENTLY, he rejected the first costumes she tried on. "No, no, it's got to do more for her than that!" "You see, Irene, the climax will only be effective if she's colorless and drab throughout the first act, and only a little better in the second, but come out in the third so breathtakingly lovely that it really will seem like magic!"

At last he himself dug out the most delectable gown I have ever seen. It was of fine, soft, flowing silk, the day of summer's day. The long, full skirt skillfully stiffened, was composed of tiers of ruffles, touching the floor all around. The bodice hung off her shoulders, yet although the fabric was stiff, it had a romantic picture of the old South, it was not dated, but could be worn at any time.

"Too bad her hair's short," Joe said. "However, properly made up, she'll do. The dress is a knockout! Look how graceful she seems when she walks and it swirls around."

Marie herself was so fascinated by her transformation that she would not put on her own street clothes until we had chosen all the other costumes.

In the meantime, when I went into her room, she was still in bed. "I've hardly slept all night," she said. "I'm afraid I've got whooping cough! My little nephew had it when I was a girl."

She added, "I think that I summoned a physician. "There's no doubt that's what it is," he stated. He advised her going home at once, in the seclusion of a compartment, and warned me against the dangers of pneumonia.

I could not isolate myself from her, though, for she suffered less from the paroxysms of coughing than from the knowledge that now she could not act in the play.

Again I'd secured our reservations, I telephoned to Desmond. He was far less upset than L. "It's not an unmissed blessing. I've got a swell understudy."

He would not disclose her identity, though, for she suffered less from the paroxysms of coughing than from the knowledge that now she could not act in the play.

I went straight from the Wyckoff station to his apartment—and there found Mrs. Wyckoff and Ruth.

"Irene!" Desmond cried. "You're come at just the right moment! You know Mrs. Wyckoff, of course. Do tell her that the part is mine, come不及!"

"What part?"

"The lead. Ruth has learned every word of it. I've been giving her private lessons all winter, in walking, and placing her voice, and acting, generally. She'll be making her debut next Friday."

I said distinctly, looking only at him.

"This is something you and I must discuss in private, Desmond. The full rehearsal is to be at my 'boudoir'—We must decide then when to take Marie's place!"

Mrs. Wyckoff rose majestically and addressed Desmond:

"I understood that The Amateurs was an association formed before this—ahem, I mean to say, before I came along. I'm certain my daughter has paid dues to it for a number of months. As its paid manager, Mr. McLean, are you, or are you not, authorized to decide which of its members will appear in its performances?"

"I understand," Mrs. Morell is helping me in every way."

"I fail to see what Mrs. Carr has to do with it." She still avoided my eyes. "If I fail to see what Mrs. Carr has to do with it."

she does not wish Ruth to wear the costume bought for Marie Keller, I can have the local costumer make one, overnight."

"I doubt that," Desmond retorted.

"He told us he hadn't a free moment."

"He's here now," I said. "He moved toward the hall. "Come, Ruth! What time are you rehearsing?"

"Eight, sharp."

"My daughter will be there."

For at least five minutes I savored the smothered luxury of telling Desmond exactly what I thought of his high-handed, arbitrary actions, and of his egotistical, selfish disregard of my feelings.

"When I'm asked to do a favor," I will say, Irene, you have a great desire for inventiveness! But you do that girl an injustice, Irene. She's got more pluck and persistence than all the rest of this company put together. She came to me this fall and said, 'I'm an amateur, but I'd like to have a few parts.' In her position, no one would look at me. I'm like a ghost. But I want to be real. Can you teach me?"

"Very touchingly!" I said. "When did she first tell you? After I got to New York? About a week afterward."

So that was her game! She'd lost Don, and now she was trying to get him back!

"You'll see, Irene, when she rehearses tomorrow morning, I'll be there, I'll go some of the ideas for the play, from trying to develop her. That's why it's so perfect, having her in it." He chuckled.

"The funny thing is, that until you came in, she so plainly didn't want Ruth to act, heh, heh, heh. I don't know what circumstances would she let her. It was really your opposition that did the trick!"

XIV

"I MEAN to say it is quite all right, isn't it?" Sir Arthur persisted.

"Quite," I lied, my heart pounding at the realization that again I had been generalized by Mrs. Wyckoff.

The next day, and just returned from London, with her, she, in itself, had disturbed me. But knowing that the English theory of hospitality differs from ours, I had given no sign of being disturbed when, in his lecture and my dinner in the house, he referred to me and mentioned how awfully kind it was of my next-door neighbor to have invited him to town to meet just the local nabobs who had interested him most, when he had given up his last job.

"These provincial milieus are a unique type," he had said. "They are the product of any one race than of a point of view. Mrs. Wyckoff, for example, is a swells. Her son, a countryman of mine—see—he is in France one finds her country counterparts. In Germany, in the old days."

I had not liked this generation, for it seemed to me to have no weight to it, and after that my summary of her as an unscrupulous, narrow-minded individual.

But when Sir Arthur now informed me that she had urged him to drop in at her ball, tonight, in time for the grand opening of the new theater in the neighbor home, when the play was finished!

I regretted bitterly not having informed him the day before that in this country a guest does not accept invitations which do not extend to his wife.

I thought—"This is the time when trying to be cosmopolitan hasn't paid!"

AS IF he had read my mind, the Englishman said to me, "I'm sorry, but this way, I'd enjoy your party more, Mrs. Carr. I mean to say, you do things so awfully well. But, if I make myself clear, those jolly people you asked last night were rather the same sort one sees in New York. They're not the sort of people Mrs. Wyckoff, in her ugly big chateau, overcrowded with tapestries and expensive—if not authentic—objets d'art, wearing them old-fashioned clothes—even the men—too much."

"I understand," Mrs. Morell is helping me in every way."

"I fail to see what Mrs. Carr has to do with it." She still avoided my eyes. "If I fail to see what Mrs. Carr has to do with it."



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Blue-Jay is a special salve which drives the corn in the foot pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once. A special strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

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Melange does not clog the pores or dry the skin. Does not irritate the most delicate skin. The texture of Melange is so delicate—so fine—that your face never has that "powdery" look.

NEW FACE POWDER PREVENTS LARGE PORES STAYS ON LONGER

Beautiful women everywhere are raving about new, wonderful Mello-glo—the face powder that stays on longer and prevents large pores. Apply it in the morning and, without constant retouching, your face will have a glorious, youthful glow. No trace of shiny nose—no blotches—no "pasty" look. Perspiration does not show through. Make this test yourself. Notice how much younger you look. Enjoy the smooth, the exhilarating fragrance, the delicate texture of Mello-glo. Your favorite store has Mello-glo—a square gold box of loveliness. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00.

"We're dining at seven." I cut short his encumbrances of my alchemy. "I have to make up most of the actors." I glanced at the clock. "Perhaps you'd like to have tea upstairs and then we can go down and count it a privilege if I could help her with publishers or that sort of thing."

"To whom did you talk of her?" I inquired.

"To Mrs. Wyckoff. She was complaining of modern fiction, so I spoke of these stories. She was awfully keen to know who wrote them. I simply couldn't remember the name. Stupid of me, wasn't it? Louisa, tell me all about Mrs. Wyckoff."

"But why say dear Sir Arthur, Louisa? The girl Francis Wyckoff wants to marry, and his mother who swears that she will cut him off without even the proverbial penny, if he doesn't?"

"No! Not really! I say, what a jolly story that would make, in itself! Oh, I shall run her about that!"

"Yes, will?" You promise? That would do Louisa a thousand times more good than any letters to publishers!"

"But of course I shall! I get along famously with the old lady, you know. I told her she had made me a delicious duckie, who ruled the wacky country where I grew up, and of whom I'd stand the most frightful awe, as a child. It pleased her enormously."

I went over to the empty theater, to make sure that the curtain was in order, but this inspection was a purely mechanical accompaniment to the conflict which ranged in my mind. I had counted on Sir Arthur's presence to supper to restrain some impulsive gestures. I had been in Ruth's to her mother's house. I had剖了一幅mental picture of engaging him, and certain of the older group, in discussions which would serve the twofold purpose of keeping away from the party and leading him directly to my parlor. I was certain that I said the word, he would not leave.

But if his desertion were the measure of infatuation Mrs. Wyckoff to reverse her attitude toward Louisa, and if his unattractiveness in the literary world, as well as their mutual liking, he might well accomplish this—most I fear not.

Having contrived to secure him as my guest, chiefly to disappoint Mrs. Wyckoff's expectation of having him stay there, would I not appear ludicrous if he failed to remain for my entertainment?

The bustle of the dressing room, the loud voices, blue-velvet slippers, another train of thought. Ruth had not yet worn it, for the last-minute alterations to fit the bodice to her slender figure had not been completed at the finishing touch. How late it was! How I knew it would be for me to fix Ruth's face and hair in such a manner that even in this spectacular costume she would be unattractive. Her fate was, literally, in my hands.

I FINGERED the jars of cold cream and rouge and eye shadow. Hera was the kind of face which an expert could transform into any portrait. Don's declaration, "I like her face; she is so well bred, so finely modeled," hung me again with the almost physical pain his admiration for her had always induced.

Well, I could oblige those that impressed him to make her look good, of course. A slight modification of these measurements, still subtle to be detected by anyone, and she would look the opposite of well bred and fine.

All during the time that I myself was dressing, I had been thinking, I thought of the tricks which would achieve this end. Making ugly her previously unredeemed

meets. With rouge, I could simulate hollows in her cheeks which would advance her age by fifteen years. And her hair! It really offered the most fortuitous opportunity. It was ash blonde in color, and so soft, easy to manage. Sir Arthur usually wore it smooth, in a knot at the back of her neck. At my direction, the coiffeur we had engaged could put it into tight hawthorn waves which would complete the unflattering picture.

I WORE the white-and-silver robe de style, which was undoubtedly my most becoming gown, and I had never taken more pains to look well. Sir Arthur stared in flattering amazement. "Is this really you, Mrs. Carr, or is it a younger sister? I mean to say, you're awfully young, anyway, but really you look like a girl, a girl ready for her first party. And not quite old enough to go!"

Don came in and rather shyly held out a corsage of white orchids. "Sorry I'm late, but Maggie had to change the ribbon."

Disregarding Sir Arthur, and the customs of his country, I kissed Don before I adjusted the flowers. I wished fervently that only the two of us were seated at the table, so that I could tell him that this was the end of all my activities which excluded him. I wanted to break down the constraint which had lately stood between us, and to admit that I had erred in keeping concealed from him the motives which had dictated me.

But instead, I had unwittingly emphasized the colossal failure to which that campaign was leading.

I surveyed the larger table, already laid with silver, candlesticks, silver dishes of bonbons and salted nuts, and plates piled beside an elaborate double chafing dish. "I say, that looks most awfully festive. I wish I hadn't promised the dinner, but I did."

"The old lady?" Don repeated.

"Mrs. Wyckoff's asked him," I answered. Hastily I spoke of something else, for if I could I could read Don's thoughts. Even since he had mentioned the ball he had been thinking of the occasion. Now he seemed to be in a dilemma. Social ostracism. And this year, even the man who was staying with us would go, but for the first time Don would be chosen as an outcast.

I allowed myself while the men retired to Don's study. "The costume figures are a surprise, even to Mr. Carr. So arrange them on a serving table behind this screen, until they may be needed. I trust you'll spend a happy evening, and we won't want as many as I have expected. Have Maggie take about two-thirds of them upstairs, and put them away."

In THE wings of the theater I found Desmond, getting everything in readiness for Sir Arthur's curtain raiser. "And what a colossal joke that's turned out to be!" I reflected bitterly.

He had come down to the foyer, where two of the prettiest debutantes were already installed behind small tables, importantly guarding the typewritten lists of expected guests, so that no intruders might slip in.

"One more, then," exclaimed. "Oh, Mrs. Carr, how do divine you look!"

"The other eight?" What chance will we stand?"

The first one said, "Marie Keller called me up and told about the Melange collection you're going to have afterward. I'd give anything in the world if I could stay! But my family are such old fogies! They told me that if I didn't leave the moment Ruth Wyckoff did, they'd cut my allowance next month."

Her father was president of the leading bank, one of the "provincial millionaires." Sir Arthur had met him at luncheon. No valid vanity can for his daughter could be compared to outward beauty. Wyckoff's control of his bank's stock!

Collins' voice, as he half opened the outer door, said, "(Continued on Page 206)



"I have had pimples and awful blackheads for years, making my skin as ugly as ever. After that my husband almost left me. But after using Ambrosia only one week he began to tell me how beautiful my complexion was becoming. How happy . . ."

"MARRIED LOVE"

Letters like this prove you, too, can quickly obtain the clear complexion men admire and women envy. Clean your skin to the depths of the pores . . . get rid of clogging impurities that make complexion sallow. Ambrosia, the purest liquid cleanser, does this for you. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing.

Follow with Ambrosia Tightener if pores are enlarged or skin is oily. Tightener is stimulating, reduces large pores, prevents blackheads and pimples.

If skin is dry, follow Ambrosia Cleanser with Ambrosia Cream. With pores thoroughly cleaned skin can absorb cream to end dryness, smooth wrinkles. Ambrosia Cream penetrates, replenishes oil. Gives skin a clear, youthful, kissable smoothness.

Ask for Ambrosia beauties ads at drug or department stores, 75¢. Slightly higher in Canada. Also in smaller sizes at 10¢ stores.



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RED AND GOLD
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Called "Hold-Tite" because its broad sections control the upper as well as the lower curves of the bust and because its straps are so constructed they cannot slip off the shoulder, even with or without disengaging hand. Left: A new harness for large figures, with a wide strap across the bust, with a very big back that crosses over and hooks firmly at the sides, assuring a perfect hold. Right: A new Maiden Form foundation. Dept. ML. Made in France. Bruxelles, Belgium. 24th Street, New York, N.Y.

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LOOK FOR THE NAME  Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Maiden Form
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES - GARTERS - BELTS
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS LABEL

Ladies' Aid

by
SUSAN FAIRCHILD



Some hints on bringing the most modern and useful Ladies' Aid right into your own kitchen

Some nice tips on preparing French fried. Ever hear of "It's a treat. Drain the asparagus, dip each stalk in beaten egg, roll in fine bread crumbs and fry in fat. You'll be surprised how delicious it is."

Probably you won't remember, and then again maybe you know them now, those meetings in country parishes and little towns. I used to like the meetings, too—but the main attraction at those meetings was what was called "the collation." It all comes back with a sort of homesick feeling—those laden tables, the platters of cold meats, the bowls of salad, those hot biscuits and custard pies and "apple sass" cakes and pots of steaming coffee.

But now, you see, I want to take that old name, "Ladies' Aid," and twist it around to a new meaning. I want to say "right out in meetin'" that the most useful Ladies' Aid is the one you can so easily capture in your own kitchen. Yes, girls, you've guessed it. I refer to food—in cans. And food in cans is your spring-board to better cooking and more thrilling meals.

You can start off with food that is fresh. Food that has been seduced into a can at its apex of ripeness and in its unblemished youth. Here's food so miraculously prepared that no suspicion of loss of nutriment or purity or wholesomeness can be laid to it. And when you think of flavor—well, here it is at its highest and best.

ONE of the vegetables that, out of the garden or from the market, loses its flavor quickest, is asparagus. From the ground to the table as fast as you can is the rule. Canned asparagus is whisked into the can right where it grows, and has it a wonderful flavor? It has. If you don't know it, it's time you did. And tenderness and color, too, stay.

Of course, canned asparagus is delicious heated in the juice from the can, dressed with salt and pepper and just butter. Or, with a Hollandaise sauce, if that's your pleasure. But try it sometimes French fried. Ever hear of it? It's great.

Drain the asparagus, dip each stalk in beaten egg, roll in fine bread crumbs and fry in fat—just as you prepared—it you don't already know how delicious this is.

Then there are the slender green stringless beans. You know how you sigh—used to—at a basket of beans waiting to be forcibly "strung" and cut. A backward thing is a string bean. And awkward.

But canned stringless beans are all string and all cooked, each bead tender and juicy and ready to eat. And in combination with, well let's say, ham ("I'll tell you about that.") Or, for a good hearty vegetable "as is," few things

can beat these beans. But anyway, get a can of ham, one of the beautifully cooked whole hams. Slice as many slices as you need—and then heat the beans and ham in a pan. Put them, well seasoned, round in a casserole. Cover them with a thin cream sauce and heat in the oven until the sauce bubbles. Lightly frizzle the ham in a little hot butter and serve with the beans. Pass a green salad. What a meal! Takes less time than it does to talk about it, too.

THAT'S a point. Time saving. Not only is about every food that's good to eat put into cans, and so on hand in season and out, but think of what time savers they are. How they help us out. And out of the cans we are serving the finest foods in the world.

A bridge luncheon or Sunday night supper salad comes to mind right here. Try it. Open a can of tuna. That's a fine one never tires of delicate texture and firm of flesh. Arrange crisp lettuce hearts with the fish in the center. Around the fish lay a can of tomatoes, sour cherries and garnish with mayonnaise. Crackers and cheese, naturally, and coffee, of course.

Here's a simple dessert, if you're in a hurry and still want something pretty nice. Cut pineapple slices in two, dip in a baking plate, cover with a meringue, sprinkle thickly with coconut and brown deliciously in the oven. Children love this and even strong men fall for it. Do try it.

My idea is that pineapple is a favorite with everybody. And speaking of pineapple, the only ripe pineapple we ever taste (off the plantation) comes from a can. Plain ripe fruit is such a dear treat, though. When canned on the spot at peak of perfection, it comes to our tables—a marvel of health-giving and epicurean delight.

MISS RUTH ATWATER
Director of Home Economics,
National Congress of Women

"Any Questions?"
as the professors say

Any little books you'd like to have about the canned foods of today or years past? Any general advice, tasting, or storing them, or about their nutritional value—vitamins and such? Or would you like help getting up a party or planning new ways of using them? I've made a special arrangement with Mrs. Ruth Atwater, Director of Home Economics of the National Congress of Women, and if you write to her, she will do her best to help you. If you can't get to Washington, help you'll get, for I don't believe I go abroad and write. You'll reach her at Dept. L-3, 1239 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

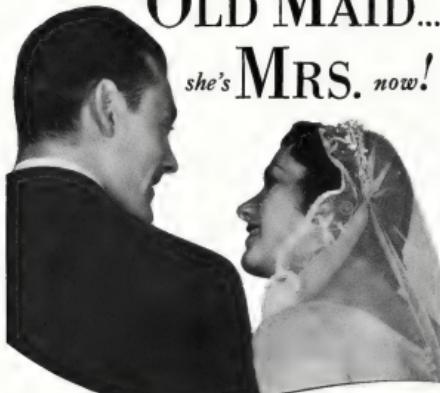
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WHETHER it's fruit or vegetables or those fancy specialties (did you ever taste the delicate Chicken à la King and creamed white potatoes that are perfectly "elegant in cans") the canned foods spell variety. Monotony in food is out of date. The day of the new ladies' aid is in.



Then there are slender green stringless beans—each bean tiny and tender and waste. Few vegetables can beat them.

They called Her "OLD MAID..." she's MRS. now!



Lipstick that intensifies natural coloring
brings the beauty men admire

LIKE all fastidious women, she refused to look painted. But for a while, she made the mistake of using no lipstick...with the result that her lips were colorless, old-maidish.

- She's right in avoiding paint. It not only coarsens, but men don't like it. They object to a conspicuous "painted" look.

But you don't need to go to the opposite extreme and use no lipstick at all. For it is now possible to give lips the youthful color men admire without risking a painted appearance. Tangee Lipstick does the trick. For Tangee contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies your natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE - ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes on your lips—takes on the one shade of rose most becoming to your coloring—the natural shade of you. That Tangee gives lips the healthy glow of youth, while paint has an artificial appearance that makes you look hard, and therefore older.

NOT DRYING — SPECIAL CREAM BASE
Tangee Lipstick is made with a special cream base. Hence it soothes the lips as it adds to their allure. No danger of drying, peeling or

New — Tangee Face Powder gives skin a soft underglow. Contains the magic color-change principle. Prevents powder, mask-like effect.

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Tangee is longer-lasting than ordinary lipstick. For Tangee becomes a very part of you, and no smears on唇hilders when you use Tangee. Get Tangee today—\$3.94 and \$1.20 sizes. Also in Theatrical—a deeper shade for professional use. Oil sale both in drug and department stores.

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TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY
51 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Rush my Make-Up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, and enclosed find the (sample or case).

Check PLESH RACHEL LIGHT RACHEL

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City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 194)

me from the necessity to answer, "A gentleman wishes to speak to you," Mrs. Carr." I stepped into the cold, to face an elderly man, with the sunken collar of his dark overcoat, and the thinness of his hands. In the strong light over the entrance, his brown eyes regarded me with unblinking appraisal.

"I am Henry Ressler," he announced, taking off his hat. "I have not been invited, but I have my son here, and he is to be here, and as my son comes often to this house, I wished to see for myself what the attraction was!"

"I am cold in it," I said, shivering in the wind. I told him I could not bother with their check list. "I'll have another chair sent over," I told Mr. Ressler. "Just take any of these, for the moment."

He followed me. "I wish to speak to you, and I am alone."

Fearful that he would misinterpret a refusal, I suggested that he go back with me to the house. In the drawing-room, I gave Pierre instructions about the extra seat, then turned to him and asked him gently,

"I am a blind man," he said. "I do not mind words. I am also a family man. I have done everything I could to raise my children well. Already, Kitty has had trouble. I do not know what my boy should make mistakes too."

"Carl is an idealist," he went on. "He has a wonderful house. Full of lovely things. But he is not satisfied. He wants a wonderful woman in that house."

"Yes?" I queried.

HE HESITATED. "You—are you not what I expected. I came here to say things to you that I do not think I should say. I am a man who is still learning to open to reason. If I had a prejudice, but the facts did not support that prejudice, then I have thrown it overboard. That is one reason I have made money. So now, seeing you, I think maybe I should not do more than I have done like old ladies. Mrs. Carr, you are an actress. That is what Mrs. Wyckoff says of you."

With every particle of self-control I could command, I contrived not to flinch. I was smiling. "Lady," I am, unfortunately, too elastic a term to be worth discussing."

His expression was admiring. "You have spirit, Mrs. Carr." He held out his hand. "Don't think I am a fool. Listen. That woman has done harm to us both. I could tell you things very useful to you."

"She really doesn't interest me at all," I responded coolly. I heard Don speaking to Sam in the hall; I ran out and caught my husband's arm, and implored him to rid me of this incubus.

To my surprise he said, "Oh, he might entertain you, Sir Arthur. Don't worry, Irene. I'll take care of him."

Sam had come up behind Mrs. Ressler and stood with him. "We three may as well stay here comfortably for a while."

As I returned backstage, my indignation mounted. To see Sir Arthur at Mrs. Wyckoff's! Mr. Ressler had been too much! How pleased she would be! Now that I had seen him, I did not wonder she had always opposed his influence. If he had been in her place, I would not have wanted my children to become the inmates of his!

I GREETED the men and women who were arriving, trying to console myself for the loss of a moment of some time by thinking that a good man did good to me like me. With pleasure I saw Helen Young save herself beside the child psychologist, and Judge Keller making himself agreeable to the Lincoln Clarks. The three seemed to be in a happy mood, though. At least, I had accomplished that!

In the last-minute rush I could only wave to Louis in the gold-headband wrap with brown fur; neither she nor Francis looked at me. I took a seat in the front row, but tonight I saw my face too close to those of the others. I was too close to the ruthlessness of his father, to pretend cordiality.

On the stroke of eight-fifteen, the outside doors were closed, the lights lowered, and the orchestra began to play.

In the star's dressing room I came upon Ruth. Wyckoff, the shapeless beige dame who used to wear丁丁的 clothes, sitting some, slumped in a chair, the personification of abject terror. Automatically I tried to reassure her, as I had many other novices. But she was so near collapse that I found Maggie and told her to mince a little, and make Ruth comfortable.

A certain amount of awkward timidity in the first two acts would be fitting for Ruth's part; but if the audience perceived that the girl herself was frightened, this character would carry them away with a sense of discomfort, and ruin the humor of her lines. I was still trying to inject confidence into her, when a storm of applause marked the termination of the one-act play. Sir Arthur's speech was brilliant, and he bowed with a gracious speech, but Ruth seemed so frozen that I could not leave her for the intermission.

WHEN at last her cue came she went out onto the stage like an automaton. From the wings, I saw how perfectly Desmond had trained her. Her performance did him great credit, and I gradually sensed that he was a born actor.

Between the first and the second acts, she behaved like someone who was hypnotized. She scarcely responded to my congratulations. At the end of the act, however, the clapping was noticeably more frequent. Then she slipped off, and her miserable uneasiness showed through her letter-perfect rendition.

Don called me out of the dressing room. "I think this is rather cruel, Irene. She's so frightened that it's hard to get her to speak."

"It's a little hard to blame her for it!" I retorted. "I was always against her taking the part!"

"Well, can't you do something?"

I went to Ruth. "I'm going to sing life-size, regardless of the presence of the confessor and Maggie. Tangee's a failure. I thought I could do it. But I'm a failure. I wish I were dead!"

I indicated to Maggie her own braiding and makeup. Then I addressed Ruth as if she'd been a child of ten. "Stop it! You've done remarkably well, and when we've got through with you now, you won't know yourself!"

I led Ruth to the washroom, and back to the glass, while we labored over her. When we had finished, perspiration dampened my forehead. I stood away from her, and marveled. Even before the dress was put carefully over her, she had been a picture of grace and beauty. She possessed an ethereal, elusive quality, more stirring than classical beauty.

I wheeled her around. "Look at yourself!"

ACRY of incredulity parted her lips. Then her eyes filled with tears. "Stop it!" I commanded again. "Don't you dare think that mascara won't do the trick!"

For the first time in all her acquaintance, she smiled at me. "I'm not used to having any looks to look to another about."

"It's high time you did!"

I flung open the door as the bell rang for the lights to be lowered. I knew she was safe now, and was better than the contractors paid her the tribute of absolute quiet. All that Desmond had painstakingly taught her, about moving gracefully, and placing her voice, she had done. In addition, she emanated from her own face was illuminated, as if at last she had fulfilled herself. Confident of her own charm, that charm increased.

A furrow, a stampede toward the footlights, and the curtain fell. Three after three, Ruth and Desmond were recalled. When at last the entire cast had bowed before their acknowledgments, the audience surged up onto the stage.

As the curtain closed, there was no joy in the play's great success vanished. It was, I saw, quarter-past eleven. In a few minutes this felicitating crowd would melt away. And only those whose positions



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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
387 Independence Square, Phila., Pa.

were not secure enough to have been welcomed next door would be here.

I saw Carl Rieseler, and his determined walk through the crowd made me round Ruth. I remembered vividly his tale of having seen her, years ago, looking like a princess in a fairy tale.

I heard him utter, as she held out her hand, the words with which Romeo had greeted Juliet: "I never saw true beauty till this night."

Whether she recognized this allusion, or was simply borne along on the rising tide of hilarity, I do not know; but she took him by the arm, led him past the passageway into the drawing-room. The floor had been cleared for dancing; the double doors into the library were open, and now, as I entered, the orchestra struck up an irresistibly gay tune.

I DECLINED to join the dancers, and I went across to the dining room. The people who would shortly have to leave might like some refreshments now, I told Flora.

Flora joined me. "It's been wonderful, Irene!"

I was too desolate to pretend to him any longer: "But it should be only beginning. Don't you think—"

"What do you mean?"

"Look!" I pulled back a leaf of the screen. "I'd wanted it to be such a gala occasion that I got these. And lots more! Everlasting!"

"Fine!"

"But everyone's going in a few minutes. Everyone who counts, when Ruth goes." "She hasn't," he said, "gone yet." Suddenly my eyes popped wide. He was behind the screen, and held me tightly. "I'd get the moon for you, if you wanted it! Oh, my darling, is there really something I can do to help? You're always so composed, so self-reliant."

"I'm not!" I denied. "I'm lost without you!"

Flora coughed discreetly.

"Get the rest of the favors down!" Don told her. He said to me, "Don't mind if I look a little minute. I've got an inspiration!"

I watched him rush up to Fred Young, then to a dozen other men, and finally dart out on to the floor to tap the shoulder of the man he had been dancing with Ruth. In two minutes Fred had cut in. In dizzying succession, the other conspirators followed slowly, with Carl taking every turn he could manage.

Ruth's face flushed, her eyes became starry, as she was transferred from one partner to another.

Suddenly I was afraid Sir Arthur might make the move to go even further. From the household of Don's study, I saw him engaged in a rapt dialogue with old Mr. Rieseler. I tiptoed away.

AT FIVE minutes of twelve, I came into the dining room with Francis, just as the telephone rang. I went into the pantry, but Don was ahead of me.

I picked up the receiver. "Yes, this is he. A smile on his face, his wife said. Ruth is here, Mrs. Wyckoff off. . . . No, I'm sorry, but I cannot ask her to go home. She's enjoying herself too much." At whatever she then said, the smile vanished from Ruth's face. "No, it would not suit me at all, to have you come over here. This party is limited to my wife's friends!" He hung up the receiver.

I lunged to him. "Don!"

"Come on," he said, "I've told them to start on the dessert. And no one is to cut on you. You're my girl! We'll start the new year right!"

The orchestra was playing The Blue Danube when the bell began to chime. And when the last peal died away, Ruth Wyckoff was still waltzing with Carl.

From the doorway, Mr. Rieseler surveyed them with narrowed, unathomable eyes.

(To be Concluded)

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HERE'S ANOTHER—A nutty party dish

Junket Charlotte
1 package Raspberry Junket Powder
1 pint milk
4 tablespoons sugar
Lady fingers
Raspberry jam
1 egg white

Lots of slices of dessert glass with lady fingers. Prepare the junket according to directions on package. Pour into dessert glasses; let stand in warm room until firm. Cut the lady fingers into short pieces. Sprinkle top of meringue made by beating egg white until stiff and adding sugar. Put a touch of jam on top.

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GARDEN-CLUB PILGRIMAGES

BY ELSIE JENKINS SYMINGTON

Every garden-club meeting in May should be planned as a pilgrimage. Even though our own gardens are loveliest at this time of the year, we need to adventure into new beauty. And there is true adventure.

Jane Austen writes for local belles as soon as her cherry trees begin to bud. Oxford, England, salutes Flora in a choral celebration on the first day of May. In this country there are many meetings during the year such as the apple-blossom carnival in Virginia or travel to Washington, D. C., to see its cherry trees in bloom.

Scattered over America are generally open to the public are many beauty spots, such as the famous gardens near Cleveland, the Redwood Groves of California, the Du Pont Gardens near Wilmington, Delaware, to say nothing of the glory to be found in the national parks. Probably the best place to start with flowers east of the Rockies is in the Green Mountains National Park of Vermont, where 12,000 varieties have already been listed.

For those clubs which reach out of a journey far enough to start early morning along the Mt. Vernon Memorial Boulevar, running from the city of Washington to Mt. Vernon, is a delightful experience. The road follows those shores of the Potowmack River which our first President thought were to be the young nation's capital. To include in the excursion a morning in the gardens at Mt. Vernon, which are being kept just as George Washington left them, and an afternoon watching changing scenes of mirrored pictures in the changing light, is indeed a feast of both interest and beauty.

Richest historically to garden-club members is a pilgrimage through Virginia in May. Here you will find the handsome George Washington Inn, the old-time do-it-yourself colonists standing just as they were two hundred years ago, their kitchen gardens, flower gardens, green walks and great lawns almost unchanged. This Virginia trip may start at Washington and proceed through the Wilderness where Stonewall Jackson fought, past Orange County House to Charlottesville. In this neighborhood, besides the University of Virginia, the home of Jefferson and Madison, will be visited, including such lovely old places as Mirador, Lady Astor's garbado home. As in several other cases, the descendants of the original owners still occupy this place. On the banks of the James River, the old-time 18th century estates of the wealthy planters of that day—among them Westover, Shirley and the two Brandtts. And before this pilgrimage is over a visit will be paid to New-Williamburg and its historic college of William and Mary.

IN QUEST OF BEAUTY

Many other quaint houses set in old-fashioned gardens can be found in different parts of the country. Maryland has Annapolis, whose stately houses with their pink and purple roofs are like Old World dignitaries along streets never yet crowded by traffic; Pennsylvania and New York State boast of many fine old places remaining in their original form; Kentucky can show us around Louisville and Lexington, with their old mansions; Connecticut and Rhode Island are full of antique farmhouses now converted into modern homes while as far north as New England into Old stone cottages old homesteads of great charm.

In Georgia, the long ghostlike fingers of moss swinging from the branches of old trees create by their misty grayness a note of earthy beauty unequalled in any other landscape I have ever seen. South

Carolina has the famed Magnolia Gardens of Charleston, while North Carolina's hillsides flame with azaleas in shades of pink, yellow, crimson and orange. The woods of the Blue Ridge and Virginia become natural gardens decked with dogwood and Judas; in Maine we can see wild rock gardens that surpass in loveliness any ever made by man. Hidden in the fastnesses of the lonely Isle of Mt. Desert, gray nests of marmots multiply over the dunes and shimmering birches. Embroidered by every known variety of lichen and moss, they make fascinating studies in grays and greens against the background of trees which are the homes of hundreds of ferns which covers the rest of the mountainside. Also tucked away here in lonely places are water gardens, their hidden, unexpected loveliness taking one's breath away. Such waters as the pools of red rocks washed by a blue sea have inspired the creation of Acadia National Park.

An enterprising park board in Cincinnati is responsible for the recent creation of an all-year-round garden under glass. This great conservatory rises against wooded hillside and so seems a natural part of its lovely background.

FAMOUS ARBORETUMS

Near Chicago, among the many handsome gardens at Lake Forest, are five elaborate ones which adjoin. A garden for the tall and tallish plants, though glorified with much shorter plants brings us out into one of these lovely gardens and then into another. The five of them combined make a continuous paradise.

In Eastern Kansas there are many lovely gardens, and the Rose Garden at Topeka helped last year in securing for this city a \$1000 prize.

In Colorado the Sky Line Trail runs along a high and narrow spine; looking down into the valley below, you will see an uninhabited head, while by slightly turning your head you can look on your other side over a lush green plain.

On the Pacific Coast there are the gorgeous gardens of San Francisco, and those because of the warm and blooming of San Francisco, and farther north, in Seattle, lovely places on Puget Sound.

For a garden-club whose interest is especially horticultural, a journey to one of the great coastal areas, from coast to coast, will make a worthwhile pilgrimage. The best known, probably, is the Arnold Arboretum near Boston, but others not less charming abound. Philadelphia, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Haven, New Haven, New York State. Among the former are the Evans Arboretum at Radnor, the Farce Arboretum near Keweenaw Square, the Marshall Arboretum near West Chester and the Farce Arboretum near Lima. In one at Swarthmore College are possibly the oldest trees of all.

In Portland, Oregon, there is an important arboretum given over to the display of different varieties of trees. In Highland Park, outside Rochester, New York, may be found the largest and most interesting collection of lilacs in the country, just as there is a master display of peonies at Ithaca, New York.

The most famous of all the Parc Garden would make a worthwhile expedition for any garden club within traveling distance of the Botanical Garden of New York.

The plant material of our Western coast must be best studied in the Rancho Santa Ana Botanical Gardens near San Francisco.

Permission to visit gardens should always be obtained either directly from the owner or from the president of the garden club to which the owner belongs.



BY VIRGINIA KIRKUS

BOOKS OF FICTION AND FACT

PRIVATE WORLDS, by Phyllis Bottome, is one of the most significant books of the spring. There's a narrow line between sordidness and intensity, and in this novel dealing with the complications of a mental hospital—the doctors and their families—ones gets the significance of the curiosities parallels in mortal processes.

Sheila Kay-Seth has a new book this spring, *SUMMERSON*. Consider the days of Catherine on trial, during the days when Queen Elizabeth was striving to stamp it out and to seat Protestantism firmly in the saddle. In the character of Kate, a hoydenish young woman, Sheila has created a neophyte rising at all hours and in most unswallowable style across country, one gets the conflict between the call of youth and the flesh and an almost fanatical devotion to the spiritual food which was set before her.

In interesting contrast, there is a first novel, *SO STRONG*, by Jane Culver, a psychological novel of youth struggling against the fears engendered by religion, fears that threaten other emerging forces.

Our Countrymen, by Arthur Penn, presents another picture of an American farm, Michigan this time, in the first quarter of this century, two thousand acres absorbed in irrigation and vigor and agricultural fiber of three generations of strong men and fine women—each reacting as an individual to the pull of the soil that gave them being, some of the younger ones striving to break the bonds, others clinging to everything back into "The Mark section."

Louise Brummfield has a new book this spring, *HERE TODAY AND GONE TOMORROW*, a group of four long short stories, tales of the people who have been on the mind, that leave one feeling somewhat daunted and resentful of the tricks that fate may play, but that impress one anew with Brummfield's indispensible power as a magician of the twisted word.

Father Hurst is another of the old guard on the spring lists, with ANTRÉA'S DANCE, Remember The Constant Nymph? Well, here we have another sort of Sanger's Circus with the reigns of government held by the old, the young, the innocent out of childhood, but determined at all costs—even her own emotional values—to shield his musician father from the hammering of life around him and to the expense of the hang-ups and friends.

Many of you have read the Maudie stories, by Graeme and Sarah Lorimer, with keenest enjoyment and irrepressible chuckles of glee. If you have not as much fun as I have had, then you won't have the book, STAG LINE. The Lormiers have the knack of catching the sub-deb, 1934 variety, off guard, and presenting her, with all her foibles, in all her irrepressible magnetism, her own pretensions and her even more appreciative elders.

Two interesting "family" books this month: Neil Gardner White's *FAMILY AFFAIR*, an old triangle with a new turn of the screw; and Jeanne Phillips' *COPY FOR MOTHER*. *FAMILY AFFAIR* involves a three-generation situation: a mother-in-law who cannot resist wield the power that her financial share in the household gives her; a son who is too opinionated; a wife who finds the home situation beyond her control and who sees danger in the congeniality between her husband and the restless and childless wife of his best friend; and a girl of fourteen, facing the insurmountable problem of

adolescent growing pains. An everyday story, adroitly handled.

COPY FOR MOTHER is off the beaten track a bit—a mother-daughter problem complicated by the growing appreciation on the part of the daughter that her novelist mother has her under a microscope and cannot resist using her for "copy." There's a convincing glimpse behind the scenes of literary circles which those far from the haunts of writers and their kind will relish.

I can't quite make up my mind what I think about Stephen Vizetelly Benét's *THE YOUNG WOMAN'S DAUNTING*. The truth is this: When I was reading it, I kept looking for something that didn't seem to be there, and I was disappointed. After I had finished it, I realized that possibly I had been looking for the wrong thing. It is the story of John Brown's Body—and I was missing a really fine flash light of a big factor in American life, the self-made man, greedy that his daughter shall have what his riches cannot give her. It is the story of a man who is still stalling in his ambition that had its roots in her loyalty to her father rather than in her own fundamental desires.

I found Thomas Craven's *MOSCOW ART* extremely poor, because I am all like to old eminent critics voicing our own opinion, especially if that opinion has seemed in an uninhibited minority to date. It's an iconoclastic book, good reading from first page to last, crammed with rapid fire wit, but it is the author's desire for reasons for being, and hope of perpetuity, the men who have created it, and the human side of the story.

Then there is THE NEW DEALERS, another book spattered by one who calls himself "Unofficial Observer," and in whose barbed commentaries on the men and women behind the guns in Washington, and elsewhere, one senses an authentic note as well as an understanding eye and alluring ear, and an undeniably strong brain—and, oddly enough, now and again, a salutary admixture of imagination and heart.

Samuel Hopkins Adams' *THE GORGON* is a powerful, dramatic story of Piggy Eaton, toroed of her day in Washington, when Andrew Jackson and Randolph of Roanoke and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and others paid tribute to her beauty and boldness and her cabinet connections, and when the ladies of the cabinet stacked even the trumps against her, and lost.

THE SAGA OF THE COMSTOCK LODE, by George D. Lyman, is a book to keep your bushes in trim. It will bring back the feelings on your mind, and to borrow for your own enjoyment when work claims his daytime hours. As full of adventure as the wildest western, as full of glamour as the most intriguing romance, this saga of a nation's growth is told to high purpose with 60,000 men collected in the span of a few months and millions of dollars in silver laying the groundwork of some of the nation's greatest fortunes.

THE HOUSE OF KERWIN, Kerwin's *PARTNERSHIP CONTRACT* is a cure-all for those agonizing moments when you face a table of comparative strangers, and hear the dread words: "And what system do you play?" The forms are simple and pre-printed, no confusions, no obstructions, but the definite relation to each problem as it arises. A "must" book for the bridge player who cannot take time to master the profundities of a game that society demands as part of one's week-end equipment.



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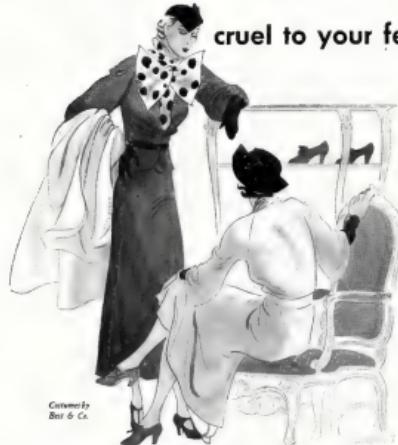
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All There Was to It

(Continued from Page 7)

to the public—just as he did at first to Cilla—easy, persuasive, light love. He knew that he was doing a good job. Joe told him so. And Cilla was distant, aloof and cool, kept him at it.

She gave a dinner one night and used that crystal dinner set which comprised the most beautiful dishes she owned. There was a multi-colored brightness about the glass which couldn't tell where the sparkle came from, but it hung reflections everywhere. Joe and Frances were there, but they didn't sparkle. Joe was rather tired and his mind in a factory adjustment of workers and hours, was not pressing for his attention. Frances was

wearing the old black-lace dress again. She had to, because it was the only evening dress she had that even approximated a fashion. It was a simple, little dress, the shoulders, as badly fitted dress will, and her face looked rather harsh among all the crystal and mirrors, her hair Indian straight. Cilla's hair was straight, too, and parted in that simple, angel way in the middle, so that it had a certain smoothness over her beautiful head. The dress she wore was tied around her neck so that the front was high and the back quite naked, and Joe's gifts of diamonds sparkled on her hand and neck, showing that she was more precious than gold.

FRANCES should have known after that evening, Ralph changed the subject when he called again. She had been alone right without even attempting to linger when he took her home. There were so many signs if she could have read them, if she'd had any gift for reading the signs of men, that she would have known that they abandoned loyalty and reason.

Ralph telephoned Cilla every day. At first there was some pretense of courtesy or necessity. He wanted to thank her for sending his son a present, or he wanted to know where were the other three women used on dressing tables. There were such pretenses and then gradually, with lack of reserve which can grow so easily into abandon, there were no more pretenses.

"How are you today? I had to hear your voice before I could go on. Your voice is like yours, golden. Do you want to talk now or shall I call up later?"

They became a little more intimate, before they were through with them, those telephone conversations. He always called her at noon—that was why he could never take Frances out to lunch any more. His calls was uncertain. She wouldn't be there. She would say that she'd be in within an hour. She kept him waiting and waiting her. He would swear that he would never call her again—that he'd let her call him up—and then find himself at the telephone, helplessly trying to reach her.

THREE was no way that Frances could have known about the flowers of course, except by chance. But she must have the trouble in the end. Cilla had long lived more or less surrounded by flowers. Some she bought, and many were sent her. Joe would not have noticed the bouquets anyway, or the bouquet of certain flowers in the house—tuberose, which Cilla loved, and pale lavender stock that was out of season. Then sometimes Ralph's mood would change and he would send Cilla a flaming bouquet of roses and tulips. "I'm sending you flowers," he told her once. "That's what they should be, because we're so obvious."

He had moments like that when he completely despised himself and all the things that were important to him. For example, the advertising campaign for Burns Glassware is definitely increasing its sales all over the country. Sometimes he justified himself that way, and of course he didn't feel that he needed the slightest

justification. He was making money for the firm. He and Cilla were acting very decently, on principle. "He saw when—she was in a place or at a party if he thought she would be there."

Sometimes she would trick him on that, but perhaps it was punishment for her to do it. Cilla was not perfect. That was Dickensian, that rough, passionate voice which was claiming and demanding and insulting and caressing her in turn, must have given her a star of the senses that Joe had probably never been able to give.

I T WENT on for six months. That is a long time measured in flirtation. Autumn went and winter came. Once Ralph tried to tell her that he had to go to Australia, but she wouldn't hear of it so that he couldn't be cheated.

"I've been seeing quite a lot of Cilla," he began one day.

"You would, of course," said Frances. "What do you think about her? I think she's very attractive."

"She's very beautiful," Ralph said almost meditatively, for at that moment he was making a picture of her in his mind. He wanted to look at her. He had to look at her. He was in a first-class hotel, her. "Lovely," agreed Frances, "and don't you think she's rather deaf with joy?"

If Frances had grown jealous at that point it might have been a good thing, she was so good. She was so good that she lived into this intimacy with Cilla and Joe, and she took a good deal of pride in seeing how well it was working out. She kept a scrapbook of the first big advertisement that Ralph had ever been naturally published. She didn't otherwise notice more of what was going on than she did. But it was Frances' idea, so honorably conceived that she could not imagine trying to stop it.

Ralph didn't try to explain himself too much or too long. He went back to his room and telephoned Cilla. He knew all about the telephones in her house, the one she was apt to talk from in her bedroom. He knew all about the telephone in just what she was doing and just what she was wearing. That was part of it.

"Can I see you for half an hour?"

"DARLING, how I'd love it. But I'm lying down, all crumpled up in an old white-velvet dressing gown, so you can't come now. And some people are coming in for tea; isn't it horrid never to have any time we can call our own?"

"I understand. I'll call you as soon as it is if you wanted to."

"I should think you'd know what I want . . ."

"I don't know. That's what drives me crazy. Makes me so worried."

"That was what I heard yesterday."

"That was when I was with you."

"You're very hard to keep satisfied."

"No, I'm not, Cilla. You were lovely yesterday."

"I don't think I will be tomorrow?"

"You don't care a hoot for me, do you?"

"You think I don't?"

"I'm just an experiment to you — — —"

"That's not fair."

"I'm sorry. But we can't go on like this."

"No," she said slowly, "I suppose not."

Then, as before, he was in terror lest she would cling to that idea and really turn him away. But she was that sort of dependent girl who would hold all his hands and bravado and take what she gave him—a promise to see him soon, a promise to talk to him next day. For those six months it went on, with Joe making money and Ralph making love and being alternately glad and angry that he was so busy, so busy that she saw less and less of him.

The servants at Cilla's house, no doubt, heard and saw something. They must

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had been conscious of those constant little voices whispering of the secret time. Mr. Levering came in for tea when no one else was asked, of the sudden sweep of silence in the room if, when those two were together, a maid had to enter to ask a question or give a message. Most possibly all the time he had stopped before, only with a different guest voice on the telephone, a different guest for tea.

It might have gone on for another month. Hardly longer, because Ralph's feelings were getting so tight that he was more careless about controlling them. Frances thought he looked badly. She told Joe that there wasn't any point in killing Ralph with words, and Joe said—from a good business experience—that work must be done.

"Too many late nights for that fellow, I'll bet," he suggested. "Why don't you send him home early?"

JOE still retained his picture of Ralph courting Frances. Nobody had taken it away from him and he liked the idea, so he hung on to it. The most that the manufacturer of fine cars could do to establish himself was for good men and women, the better Joe would like it.

"A certain lady's worrying about you," he said to Ralph quizzically, when he remembered it.

Ralph stiffened. He had by this time lost all sense of perspective. He couldn't see any farther ahead than his next meeting with Cilla, or look back much farther than his last one. He would remember in a kind of memory box her having said that he was too young to think. He would imagine desperately, and try to live on those imaginings, which had no nourishment in them and were so dangerously stimulating. These imaginings which happen all the time, which sweep around the world many times if they were linked together, are often like that. Not dangerous, perhaps, unless they happen to prey upon a Ralph, or a Frances, or a Joe.

"I don't know what you mean," said Ralph sharply.

Joe chuckled. The fellow was nervous, evidently. Maybe he was going to break. Maybe he was going to run.

"With a pretty sweet girl called Frances Cummings told me she thought you were working too hard. I guess that girl's going to take good care of you, all right."

Ralph didn't say anything much to him by this time. She was something neglected, but he was neglecting practically everything these days except Cilla.

"You must get up now," said Joe.

No, answered Ralph, reluctantly, that Joe frowned. He thought Ralph was lucky to find a girl like Frances, and that he ought to show proper pride in it. But the fellow might be shy about his feelings. That was all right, too, thought Joe.

HE BELIEVED that he'd guessed right when he hurried to the clubroom. Joe was one of those who like to walk, no matter how many cars they own. He passed a florist's shop and through the great windows saw that Ralph Levering was selecting some flowers. That was more than odd. Then, as he walked on, a little wave of tenderness came over him for Cilla, as he thought of the love of those two young people. He wondered if he did everything he should for Cilla. Lately they hadn't seen much of each other. He isn't being as fond as he might be, or as thoughtful.

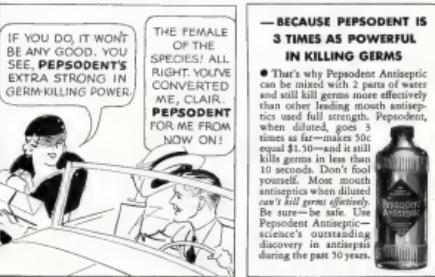
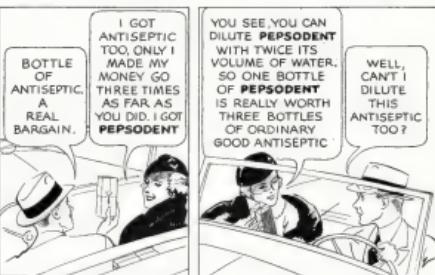
He turned to him that he should send some flowers to Cilla too. He wanted to do it. He walked back to the shop and went in. Ralph was gone, and the same fresh-faced girl who had waited on him approached Joe.

"Yes, sir?" she asked.

"Joe said, "I thought I'd get some flowers for Cilla. Do you got?"

He was a little uncertain. He didn't know what Cilla would like, and he didn't want her to laugh at his choice. There was

HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST



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such a profusion, and though he felt he'd personally like to pick the flowers out, he was quite afraid of not getting the right thing.

"What did Mr. Levering get?" he asked. "He had good taste."

The girl didn't know who Joe was. She did know Ralph by sight.

"Mr. Levering always buys lovely flowers," she said, and flipped her order pad back. Joe, standing beside her, could see:

"Pale pink buds with Melba chrysanthemums—it will make a lovely bouquet."

She wrote a large hand, that scolded, a large and clear hand. Joe was writing something else on that order pad: "Send to Mrs. Joseph Burns before three surely—"

"I'll let it ride, I guess," said Joe, and under his breath, "I'm not so bad, I'm a bit naughty and sly, and I turned her back on him."

No reason why not, thought Joe. Why shouldn't Levering send Cilla flowers? It was all right. And yet—the fellow looked so badly, so spiteful. Of course, Cilla couldn't be blamed for what she did. But Joe knew her. Frances was involved. Cilla caught to stop a thing like that. Maybe it was just this once. Maybe it was a kind of brainstorm. Yet—"Mr. Levering always buys lovely flowers."

JOE had some oysters for lunch. Nothing else. He wasn't very hungry and he walked back to the office long before the next time, wondering whether he ought to mention those flowers to Cilla. The office was quiet with the suspension of the lunch hour.

He sat down in his own private paneled room and picked up the telephone. He dialed. He knew that the connection had been properly arranged. Instead of getting the outside operator, he heard a conversation, that almost daily conversation, part of it in Ralph's office.

"Cilla, you can't stay much longer—"

"But darling, do you think it's easy for me?" So sweetly.

"You don't care, do you?"

"You say the most ridiculous things." He won't be released or satisfied.

"I'm not, Cilla. Be the way you were yesterday."

"How was I yesterday?"

"You know, I sent you out some of those pink and red things you said you liked. They're so lovely."

"They're lovely. They'll make me think of you."

"Oh, please do, Cilla, think of me! It keeps me alive—keeps me breathing—"

Joe was a good host, though quietly honest, that it did not elicit. He had great decency, and there was something in Ralph Levering's voice which shouldn't be exposed to another man. Curiously enough, he thought of that even when he did not know whether or not he had lost his wife.

He didn't change his schedule for afternoon. There were important meetings. It was six o'clock and the end of two hours.

On his own walk he met Ralph Levering, leaving his house. Yesterday that wouldn't have meant anything. Men often dropped in to call on Cilla. But today Joe stopped him.

"Hello, Levering," he said in his quiet way, "what's this about?"

Ralph looked tortured. He didn't care for a minute what he said.

"I love her," he said. "Cilla, I couldn't help it. But I'm on my way out, so that's all right."

THAT was all. He broke off, went down the street, and Joe entered his own house with a feeling either of relief or his house was not wanted. He found Cilla in her dressing room being very careful with a lipstick.

"Hello, darling," she said, "how are you tonight?"

"So good as an angel between the mirrors, with milk-white shoulders bared, for she was slipping out of a hostess gown,

There was no sign of pain or concern on her face.

"Tell me," said Joe, without prelude, "what is there between you and Levering?"

"Why," she began to deny, "what makes you think any such nonsense? Why should there be anything between Ralph and me?"

"Tell me the truth. I know he sends you flowers. I know he makes love to you over the telephone and comes here. What else?"

"Nothing. Honestly, Joe. That's the truth. It's been—well, a little flirtation. I'll admit. But I haven't done a thing to be ashamed of. It's just a flirtation. That's all there is to it."

HE TOOK her by that white shoulder, Hugged his finger into hers. "I wouldn't be so proud of that!" he said contemptuously. "Perhaps there should be more to it!"

He hated himself for bruising her. But he saw Ralph's tortured face, and he realized that all the bearing and coloring he had done was really worth less. For he had built and earned out of love for a woman who had no respect for love and no knowledge of it. There was, and he knew it in that furious moment, nothing left but to be despised except that white shoulder.

It was covered with a velvety dress the next day when Frances came to see her. Cilla had asked her to come. She was suddenly frightened by Joe's sudden attack.

What she said was no news to Frances, for she had already heard most of it from Ralph. He had come to see her again before finding the facts at her. The man with the shoulders, the man with the dark hair, the man with the dark eyes, on Frances' face now, making it seem as she stood by the window and pushed the casement window out so that more air could come in.

"I'm sorry, but if you'll talk to Joe and tell him that it's all right between you and Ralph, it would straighten things out," said Cilla.

"But it's not all right."

"I will," said Cilla, "of course it will. I'll speak to Ralph, if you like."

"Not about me!" exclaimed Frances. "Never about me! Talk to him about yourself."

"But that's such nonsense, my dear. There's nothing between Ralph and me. There's much ado about nothing. It's all a tempest in a teapot."

FRAUNCE moved the window wider open. She didn't say a word and, waiting through her silence, Cilla grew nervous. It was then she said that Frances didn't seem to be listening and made that remark that there never had been anything between her and Ralph, except friendship. And Frances said, "What queer words you use, Cilla."

Cilla knew her ground. When you got right down to it, there was nothing that she could do to help the poor things. There was no evidence for a divorce, even if Joe had wanted one. And she made Joe thoroughly ashamed of that storm of his, that crazy insult, that blouse.

NEXT day she was seeing more of Ralph. After he had that conversation with the Burns Glassworks, Ralph went down hill fairly fast. Someone spoke of seeing him in Chicago, but he wasn't doing anything there.

He had left the city before long. At home she kept meeting memories and hopes, and there was nothing that she could do to help the poor things. So she went to live with an aunt who wanted a companion, and she found a son and an overseer. Frances did difficult things, just as she always had done and always would do. But she couldn't marry Ralph, terribly poisoned as he was by his futile love of Cilla.

Cilla couldn't understand that. But she continued to be very glad, she'd done nothing to be ashamed of.

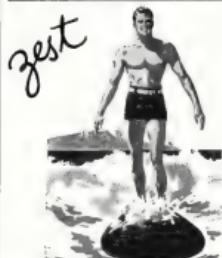


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Persim Products, Inc.
469 Fifth Ave., New York



NERVOUS HABITS



BY MARION L. FAEGRE

The so-called "nervous habits" of children are often enough, not the result of any ingrained temperamental difficulty in a child, but rather appear in consequence of some kind of omission or wrong handling by the parents.

Delayed speech is one of the common distressing habits of children, and arises often from the carelessness of adults in allowing children to pronounce words incorrectly. Because the parent understands that the child is too young to be allowed to continue. Sometimes the amusement caused by the "baby talk" is gratifying to the child, who finds that by keeping it up he gains more attention.

It causes children to begin to learn to speak clearly because it is never required of them. They have only to suggest their wants to have them attended to. Parents sometimes worry about a child who "wets his pants" because the difficulty lies not in any lack of ability, but simply in lack of any need for speech.

Many of the mannerisms of children are the outgrowth of absorption in difficult and engrossing tasks. Look at Bob, who is listening to the cello. While he is watching the music and manipulating his fingers he is also raising his eyebrows, screwing up his mouth or sticking out his tongue. He doesn't yet know how to

direct all the energy he feels, and it finds outlets in these amazing patterns. As he becomes more expert, he learns to incorporate his energy more productively.

Though thumb sucking is so common among children, considered kindly, behavior, its persistence past babyhood gives many an unheeded clue as to a child's unfulfilled needs. The sucking instinct is strong in infancy and the pleasure derived from thus getting food contributes to its continuance. In fact, it persists merely as a habit. It is a solace, and easy to fall back on in times of boredom or tiredness. The child is less unhappy when his hunger, or suspense, or bafflement or lack of something interesting to do is momentarily lulled.

See that the baby has plenty of chance to do the instinctive sucking. If his food comes too fast, he may not be doing enough sucking, so that the rhythmic mouth movement is a natural result. Don't let him get his food too fast; make him stop a moment from time to time when he is nursing, or supply a nipple with a small hole so he is a slow-fed baby. When present the child, getting a fast hold, the little baby may be put into a sleeping bag in which his arms have freedom, but through which he cannot suck.

If the habit is well established in a child, keep his hands and mind occupied. See that he doesn't get too hungry, too sleepy, too bored. He must be interested and active if he is to get to work on his childhood act. But don't talk about it; don't snatch his hands away from his mouth. Don't nag at him about anything.

Investigation shows that the shape of the child's jaw and the roof of his mouth are formed by thumb sucking. The thumb presses back the lower jaw, in which the permanent teeth are forming, and pushes up the roof of the mouth, making it higher and narrower. The pressure of the thumb so affected that some of the lower teeth come in behind others or are crowded from their natural positions. A long period of jaw widening is a high price to pay for laxity in preventing the results of thumb sucking.

Many nervous tics, or habitual spasms, such as biting the nails, twisting a lock of hair or a button, appear to come about as a result, at first, of some irritation. The repeated action, however, gives a sense of relief that affords some satisfaction. Thus a hangnail, a bit of hair falling over the eye, failure to keep the genitals clean, may have been the original excuse for a long-persisting habit. Making sure that a child's clothes are clean, and that his clothes are not too tight in the crotch, may help to prevent the first steps of many nervous mannerisms.

Nervous habits appear to be more common in children than in boys. Whether this is associated with the fact that more gently "ladylike" behavior is expected of girls it is impossible to say.

Superfluous movements are the product of nervous children. These movements are the state of matrrix of the child, his degree of fatigue, his association with other children who have nervous habits, and the predisposition of his family to such habits. A child who wears extremely underweight is more likely to manifest habits.

It is important in the case of nervous mannerisms to remember: Never treat the symptom. Look for the causes and remove them.

LITTLE BOY'S GUIDE, A-1157, CHILDREN'S NERVOUS HABITS, by Mrs. Faegre, contains additional suggestions for overcoming nervous habits in children. Write direct to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila. Pa. The price is three cents.





"I have learned by actual comparison (*writes a lady from Vicksburg, Mich.*) that Bon Ami lasts twice as long and does far better work"

"I have a friendly suggestion to make to your advertising department," writes Mrs. C. S. Southworth. "It is my belief that the economy motive for using Bon Ami could be stressed a great deal more. I have learned by actual comparison, a box of Bon Ami lasts twice as long as the grittier cleansers and does far better work. Since the majority of housewives are in the class where budgeting is necessary, it seems to me this would appeal to them above all else."

Mrs. Southworth wrote us unsolicited. Her letter is typical of many we receive from women who write just because they like Bon Ami so well. Many prefer Bon Ami because it does more than clean, it leaves a beautiful polish. Others because Bon Ami doesn't reddens hands. Or because it leaves no gritty sediment — because it doesn't clog drains — because it is odorless. For all these reasons, Bon Ami is the finest general household cleanser you can buy. Try it on your bathtubs, your sinks, your kitchenware, your windows—and for all your other cleaning.



Bon Ami

"HASN'T SCRATCHED YET!"

To suit your taste—a handy Cake, a can of Powder and a Deluxe Package for Bathrooms.

Copy 1941, The Bon Ami Co.

The well-dressed Leg

by PHOENIX

• Spring's smart "Doggys"



Gullie, there has given his name to the light Phoenix beige hose that picks up the light note of his mistress' hat. Good with navy blue and true brown, *Sister* begs you, with sweet sad gaze, to notice Sister, the warm Phoenix beige for all the bright Spring shades. *Spaniel*, very smooth, is the Phoenix beige name after him—the proper beige for corals, rusts, cinnamon browns. *Greyhound* is a beige that will run with navy and grey beiges. The new Phoenix "Doggys" colors are the hosiery shades for Spring. Ask to see them now. The pair, 85¢ to \$1.95.

• Back to the land!



Women who won't give up silk stockings even for sports are wearing Phoenix. Here's the secret—a Phoenix. Tip-toe that's double, and a Phoenix Duo-heel that's a triple. And here's the secret—Phoenix Long-milled foot, you can safely present a silk-clad calf to the world, the while being awfully rugged and practical underneath. "Standby" service sheers, No. 772, \$1.25 the pair.

• Rings on her fingers—but none on her hose!



The lady is wearing Paris' latest invention in jewelry—a heavy ring carved from a single piece of crystal. And she's wearing Phoenix' latest invention in

hosiery—an absolutely ringless stocking! What a boost to mankind this is! These clear-cut, natural stockings give you the perfect texture that comes from the wearing. All for the moderate price of \$1.25, in Phoenix "Fluff," a very smart, washable chiffon stocking, No. 779.

• Prints go into reverse



A tiny white motif on a very dark ground—or a tiny dark motif on a very white ground! Formal enough to demand the most sinfully filmy and sheer Phoenix Hosiery. Nothing but Certified Silk goes into Phoenix' best manner, and that makes it sheerer than sheer and smoother than smooth. Diamond-cut, one-point fashion marks make the stock of her leg look as nice as the front; if there is something. All seams are silk sewn, and ankles are tailored in Phoenix' best manner, which will please even the fussiest girl. Ask for "Street," afternoon Shadow chiffon, an exquisite stocking, No. 766, \$1.25.

• New "knits" stick close



So Everything Underneath has to fit like the skin! Phoenix Custom-Fit Top, made of a two-way stretch fabric, will never betray you. This discreet little number stretches up and down for tall ladies, out and out for plumper sisters. Nothing to fold over. Nothing to gag the thighs. Phoenix Custom-Fit Top, made of Custom-Fit Top! (By the way, it's the only one of its kind. Don't be fooled.) Be sure to ask for Phoenix Hosiery with Custom-Fit Top, the pair, \$1 to \$1.95.

**PHOENIX HOSIERY
with CUSTOM-FIT TOP**

Gone to the Bowwows

(Continued from Page 23)

Another perennial favorite is that little dandy of dogdom, the Boston terrier. Lucy people like him because he requires so little exercise and so little grooming. He is a particularly good house dog for town people. Although not quite easy on the nerves as the little gentleman from Boston, the Airedale also thrives in both urban and rural surroundings. His fancy claim that no dog is more versatile, Susan Anna, has a storied past.

But if you are going in for fighting spirit, you can't afford to pass up the bulldog. His very appearance is ferocious enough to frighten off the boldest intruder. And his bite is strong. He is claimed by men "not only the most courageous dog, but the most courageous animal in the world." Ready to fight his weight in wildcats at the drop of a hat, he is passionately devoted to children. A child in the family must run her fat down his throat with impunity.

The Irish terrier has all the lightness, charm and prankishness of your true son of Ireland, and can be a joy and can wag his way into the trolley seats.

If you crave a dog that looks and acts out of the ordinary, consider the dachshund. Perhaps he wouldn't win the prize at a beauty show, but nobody can deny that he is a most interesting dog. He is shamed by no other breed. And when it comes to brains, he stacks up at the top of the heap. The Germans, who breed him with a low-hung chassis to run in and out of bushes, have made him a fine professional dog. Right now the smooth-coated dachshund is considered extremely smart.

A comparative newcomer whose pluckitude has helped him up in the esteem of beauty, the Shetland Sheepdog, is both agreeable and adaptable. Steam heat is bad for his superb snow coat, but otherwise this ex-herder of reindeer makes a fine household companion.

Diamonds versus Dogs

THIS Sammy is big enough to satisfy most people who demand something larger than a terrier, but perhaps you are an extremist when it comes to dog poundage. If you yearn for a giant, by all means have one. That is, if space is no object, and if the house is large enough to accommodate your Sammy. He is, however, both agreeable and adaptable. Steam heat is bad for his superb snow coat, but otherwise this ex-herder of reindeer makes a fine household companion.

Most stunning of all is the king of dogs, the Newfoundland. The biggest dog I ever saw is also one of the gentlest. On his hind legs, he towers over the tallest man. He was often used to fight armed men. He appeared in the coat of arms of some of the ancient rulers of Ireland, with this motto: "Coward when stroked, fierce when provoked."

The breed dates back historically to 391 A.D., but it had practically become extinct when a few years ago a dog-loving Englishman salvaged a few specimens from an obscure corner of Ireland and set about breeding them again. They come high, but their proud owners contend that they are cheap at any price.

I am sure that there is a regular army of doggy people, that precious things come down in small parcels, then you have been chewing your nails while waiting for me to get to the toy group. Like Daisyl Miller, don't do that. Wish me to urge upon the ladies that they just as much intelligence, companionship and loyalty in a dog that weighs two pounds as in one that tips the scales at two hundred.

I almost perished of shock when I heard Mrs. Miller's answer to my question, "What is the best watchdog?"

"The Pekingese," she snapped, with a warlike glint in her eye. "A Chinese lion dog. He is a scolding sheet when they called him 'little lion dog.' A determined burglar can slug a big dog, but he can't get at a Pek. Besides, a Pek rarely gives a bark. You can sleep in the middle of the night, there's good reason to rise to an investigation."

For centuries Pekes were the prerogative of royalty. Only members of the imperial family of China could possess them. To have a Pek in those days was to be popular. It was not until an uprising, seventy-odd years ago, that the Pekingese escaped into England. Today, the Pekingese is as royal as ever. Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, an enthusiastic Pekie fancier, would never to say at a meet dog show, "You never own a Pek; he owns you."

The Female of the Species

THIS famous three p's of the Victorian Era—pugs, poms and poodles—have been "out" for years, but now that anti-micears and bangs are threatening to stage a comeback, they are well prepared for anything. Meanwhile, if you cannot think of poodles without visioning overstuffed ladies with triple chins, consider this form of elusive charm, the Chihuahua. Or you may prefer the Papillon, a almost as graceful, and some think even more beautiful. But remember that both the Chihuahuas and the Papillons require the most delicate handling.

Daisy Miller insists that almost any dog will make a good playmate for your child, but under pressure she admits that some are better than others. Among the big fellows, the Newfoundland, the English setter, the Irish terrier, and the fox are especially adapted to youngsters. In the medium-sized class she recommends wire-haired terriers, Irish terriers, Scotties, Cairns and terrier spaniels. The smaller breeds, however, follow, the bulldog. He will take a lot of punishment from a child and like it!

"No matter what breed you settle upon for your dog," begs Mrs. Miller, "pick a live dog."

Dogs, folk, it seems, disagree upon practically everything under the sun, but on this one point they stick closer together than Yale undergraduates at a football game: the female of the species is more intelligent, more devoted and more tractable than the male.

"Look," they triumphantly urge, "at the dogs trained to guide the blind. Almost invariably female!"

Almost invariably female? At least in Daisy Miller's opinion. All this talk of breeds and breeding will still cherish a sneaking preference for that outcast of blood-bloode dogdom, the lowly mutt. If so, it may cheer you to hear that you are in excellent company. Irene Castle, her mother, and her father, George, both adore mutts and doesn't care who knows it. All she asks of a dog is affection and loyalty. She declares that she gets both in bondless degree from Daisy, her poodle of modesty.

George Castle, however, is another optimist who is reported to believe that if a dog boasts six stripes instead of one, then he has six times as many chances of turning out to be an interesting canine.

Of course, if you are a doggy person like Daisy Miller and the Prince of Wales, you will continue to prefer your canine friends to be well-born, well-bred members of dog society. And if you are a "mutt" person like Irene Castle and make dog with a friendly nose and a wagging tail, can work his way right into your heart.

And no barking up family trees!

WHAT A DIRTY TRICK TO PLAY ON A RUG!

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that leaves the worst dirt behind

TIME TO GET A CLEANER THAT CLEANS

Bo, does that old thing
ever eat dirt any more?

"Once upon a time it did, Jack—
but those days are gone forever!"

"Bo-Jack
Biographies"—No. 3

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The Crooked Lane

(Continued from Page 23)

find between Dublin and San Francisco. It was she who told me how it and hyoscyamine were used.

"Exactly. It is incredible how these small far-away things tie in so close together, is it not?" inquired the young man from Vienna philosophically. "Three thousand miles away and many years ago you had a small child named Sheila. And now ten days ago you find that Jerry Hardy takes hyoscine. And two nights ago we find that Fay Staser took far too much. Which all goes to prove, doesn't it, that there is very small space indeed—and not a very pleasant one."

"Jerry?" Mallory, cigarette poised between fingers suddenly tensed, removed his eyes from the curtain and said with a faint shrug. "See here my dear old fellow, exactly what are you driving at? Tess told me that you thought that Fay hadn't precisely committed suicide, but I saw a few short, ugly words written there that made me think that she was dead in quite frankly. I'm inclined to agree with you. I knew her very well at one time—quite well enough to know the unbony horror that she had of death. But she also told me that she was extremely disillusioned, and quite without purpose, your last two or three remarks lead me to doubt it! If you're trying to put me in the box to prove that Jerry Hardy had anything in the world to do with Fay Staser's death, finding me a far better witness for the defense than for the prosecution; and what's more, I'll match with any intensity expert that you walk up to prove that you're more than just a poor soul who was struck down by her. Jerry was the only mortal in all Washington who couldn't so much as say Fay's name without drawing a halo behind him. I've little yellow head."

"It is kind of Tess to think me a little intelligent," said Karl Sheridan, in his most courteous and noncommittal voice. "And if you will forgive me for saying so, it is also kind of you to think that I don't remember having so much as suggested that your good friend Jerry harmed even a hair of that poor child's yellow head—though I confess that I would like very much to know whether he ever gave her that large bottle with the fifth glass of hyoscine in it."

MALLORY snapped the ash so violently off the tip of his cigarette that it flicked half across the room. "I can tell you now that he didn't. What's more, he'd have murdered anyone that did. He knew all about the properties of hyoscine, and the fact that she had a bad heart was common property."

"Was it indeed? Well, then, that opens other vistas, does it not? . . . Mallory, have any idea, I wonder, where the insidious Doctor was born between twelve and one thousand miles?"

"When he was in Baltimore," said Don Mallory briefly. "And he was there again at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. I'm afraid that I'll have to leave him out, though, as the prospect of hanging him higher than Haman would be."

"When I last saw him at the Temples', somewhere around eleven, "he remarked Sheridan thoughtfully, "he was heading straight for the kind of background stories with the child called Vicki. Nothing whatever was said about Vicki."

"Well, something was done about it." Mallory sounded uncomprehendingly. "He got back there Saturday night all right, unless half the staff of Stilhaven are out and-on it . . . I thought it was all off with Vicki."

"I thought so too, I believe," said Sheridan, more thoughtfully still. "Something occurred to alter his mind, possibly,

Have you any idea what hour Doctor Byrd arrived at the sanitarium?"

"The dog-gone—except that it couldn't have been as late as two, because it was around that time that they found the poor old boy."

"Found him?"

"Yes, Lord, I keep forgetting that you don't know all this!" Mallory ran both fine, strong hands through the shining hair that clung as close to his skull as black water. "It's your own fault for being so damnably—completely—omniscient. I stopped by Schubauer on the way back from New York Sunday to find out how the kid was getting on—I've been so infernally worried about him—and Byrd himself was there to inform me that he'd encroached on my time to be sure. Saturday night, sometime after dinner, he went completely to pieces—literally off his nut—and kept yelling at them that he had to get to Washington. Of course, he soon lost his head, got to the moon, and that as good as told him he'd been in bed with fever and nausea and sinking spells for a good week, and even when he said he wanted to quiet if not to sleep, they wouldn't let him. There was any too keen about it. Byrd had taken the phone out three or four days ago, because he used it all the time talking to Fay, and it simply wore him down—but it was one of those plug in and out things, and the telephone was the only thing he could talk to."

"And at what time was that?"

"Around ten, I think they said."

"Was the attendant in the room when he telephoned?"

"NO. JERRY swore we weren't telephoned if anyone was there, but they were scared out of their shoes to leave him alone in the state he was in, so the attendant took over. She was a nice girl. He got the general drift of the telephone calls, if that's what you want. He was trying to get to Washington, and couldn't get the number he was after. And then he tried someone else's."

"The unfortunate Tapatio, I gather," murmured Karl Sheridan thoughtfully. "They must have had a busy evening at the telephone!" Tess Staser tried them, too, but she was out. Mrs. Staser, however, did not answer. It seemed that Fay left some time before nine with a young person known as Kippy Todd."

"With Kippy, did she? Well, then, he probably came home again for a nightcap, and she reconnected her phone. She has a way of doing that when she doesn't want to be interrupted."

" Didn't—" corrected Mr. Sheridan gently.

"She is no longer in danger of cigarette burns."

"But the possibility of young Mr. Todd's going up with her certainly should give us pause for thought."

"And after he discovered that she had left the Tappano, what did he do?"

"Well, then, he started in all over again with the Washington business, and he was going it strong with the operator when he heard the sound of a dozen or so frantic doctors to bark him up and they went in and yanked out the telephone by main force. The minute they did it, Jerry quitted down as suddenly as he'd started up, and he "em" suck him in, and then turned out the lights, and he was last seen that day for the trick."

"And the affable but misguided youth cooperated with him to the extent of going in search of it?" Mallory, both shatter and shiver, lay flat on his stomach.

"He went all right," Mallory said grimly, "and . . ." (Continued on Page 121)

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"Best of any pad I've ever tried. The side padding makes them softer than ever before."

Musician

"For the sake of my daughter I feel duty gratified to let the new Wondersoft Kotex. Nobody but a mother can know how important comfort and a feeling of security are to young girls."

Housewife

(Continued from Page 118)

"you've obviously guessed the rest of it. When Jerry got home last night, Jerry was clean gone—and so were a pair of trousers, an overcoat, some shoes and about seventy dollars."

"Apparently they do not equip. Still—haven't you got some clothes? Is it possible he may have as far as leaving it."

"Apparently they don't. It's not a jail or an asylum, after all, and Jerry had been perfectly reasonable up to Saturday. He must have piled his clothes like a flash, and I took care of the rest. In other words, at any rate, by the time they sent out the alarm, he'd got clear away. It was raining in Baltimore that night, and black as a hoot, so they didn't stand much chance of finding him. I had him go just the direction that he was headed for. And they guessed wrong—twice."

"Just what, then, did they guess?"

"Oh, just that they thought he might be heading for the nearest telephone station and that was a quarter of a mile away; and then someone got the bright idea that he might be trying for a hitch-hike or a bus into Washington, but that was silly. I mean, who would risk him walking on to two in the morning about a mile down a side road to the west of the sanitarium? Lord knows how long he'd been lying there; he was soaked through and dead to the world."

"It was he who told you all this?"

"**JERRY?** Well, hardly! I was only there for about twenty minutes; and all the time he wasn't in a rotten sort of stupor. I mean, he never once came near him to get out of sight—not to come near him—to keep clear of him if he didn't want his neck broken." Dion Mallory dropped his black head in his hands and said in a thick, bitter voice, "He 'killed it at me'."

"He was out of his head, of course."

"Yes, he was out of his head. That didn't seem to make it much more tolerable, however."

"He lifted his head and fixed eyes on mine. Then he looked on the stately little pendulum clock on the mantel, and rose to his feet with a motion of startling swiftness. "Good Lord, quadrant ten!"

"Till you think I'm mad and buried . . . I'll be back again late this afternoon. And if you don't mind my old rattle trap, we'll head out for Green Gardens together. Just ring for Timothy if you want anything, won't you?"

"Very kind of you," I said. "I can say your kindness in putting me straight on some of these points, Mallory. Later, I am sure, you will help me even more. Till this evening, then—and to many other evenings."

He was taking the tall figure take the curve of the staircase three steps at a time, before it swallowed him up. A door banged in the distance almost simultaneously with the sound of a bell. And then the young man taking his ease so luxuriously in the great bed had whipped out of it and was halfway across the room, the telephone book in his hands, and a glib of the most reverberant impatience on his face. A quick scan of the leaves and the long, competing fingers were snapping the numbers out of the dial as though they were so many pistol shots.

BUT though his eyes rested on the next white dish, they never saw it at all. His eyes, dark, narrowed and intent, saw only a row of bottles. . . . Old Verity Scotch, hundred rye, House of Lords gin, half a bottle of camomile. The list on the shelf was longer than ever than the telephone number on the folded paper, half an inch from his hands.

"Long distance? Tarytown 7363, if you please. No, no; it is the private number of a small hotel just outside near Baltimore. This is Greene 4023 calling; yes, I prefer to hold the phone." . . . But just exactly what had he been doing last night, that too curiously and amiable Doctor Hardy, with all those bottles that had belonged to the small, dead Fay Stuart—all those bottles that had been

standing so decorously in the rows of concealed shelves in the one-time light of the tall girl whose deep young voice grew deeper still with disdain when she spoke of the gentleman known as Byrd? How could the name have had Jack Hardy because the possessors of every bottle?

Sheridan's fingers tightened perceptibly about the slim waist of the telephone, but his voice was not raised a fraction. "Tarytown 7363? . . . Might I speak with Doctor Byrd?"

"Who?" But it was actually impossible, if he is there? It is, I assure you, of the utmost importance. . . . Yes, I quite understand—but it is not possible, is it, that he will stay away from or even leave town in such a case? What! I called up again within an hour, shall we say? No? . . . Oh, but my dear lady, you must forgive me if I find that a little arbitrary! . . . Very well, then, may I speak to Mr. Hardy? He is with you at present, is he not?"

THIS small, brittle chatter at the other end was swallowed up in a faint groan, followed by silence. Sheridan was dismaying that Sheridan, waiting blankly, felt himself, too, becoming dismayed and abrupt—a curious, distraught, lonely feeling, as though he had been left dangling in mid-air, and that Atropos might reach out her hand with her scorpion's mace.

"Stilshaven Hospital?" he inquired in a voice that he trusted was sufficiently severe to cover the panic that he felt hovering over him like a dark hand. "I say, doctor, I'm still here. So you see, I was wondering whether it would be possible to speak to Mr. Jerry——"

The small gasp came again, this time accompanied by a rush of fluttering, slightly irregular heartbeats, until the first faint ones were coherent. Karl Sheridan bit down hard on his lip and felt the heavy lines carving themselves sharply between his dark brows. He said, "I see," three times, each time a little more dimly; he said, "Oh, I see," three times. "Are you very much locked?" and replaced the telephone on the hook with meticulous exactitude. For quite a long time he sat motionless, smooth black head in brown leather, staring unseeing. . . . So that was that!

Pneumonia—and double pneumonia at that—and, what was more, double pneumonia complicated by a bad set of lungs, a bad set of lungs complicated by a bad set of lungs. Who knew how long he had been lying there? Was there a chance—even an off chance, strained and remote—that by some fantastical hook or crook he'd got to the surface, crawled up on the Sanatorium's eight nursery where Fay lay waiting curled at the end of the love seat, like some little Persian page in her silver and green? How could he get to Baltimore? Something had to force him to do it. Well, allow him twenty minutes to get to the Washington highway and pick up a bus or a lift—if anyone in his sane senses would consider giving a lift to that desperate, half-clotched figure. And then he'd have to get to the bus. An hour to get to Washington; that might be shaded a trifle one way or another, but was fair enough, certainly. Then he would make it twice or later before he could possibly have arrived at the Stiltshaven hospital, where he'd have appeared in the light of an appropriate opponent for a backgammon game, even if they were the remotest possibility of his carrying out his elaborately contrived suicide. And then he'd have to undergo a elaborately contrived suicide, returning to Baltimore and collapsing completely a



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high tension relaxes any hard lines in the face and neck.

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mile or so from the sanitarium at Stillhaven, within something less than two hours.

Of course, someone else might have been that invisible backgammon player—someone who had gone from the night nursery before Hardy so much as set foot on the sun-dappled porch, perhaps—who had been another and more drowsy player, for higher stakes than backgammon. Tess was entirely within the realm of possibility that Jerry Hardy had found Fay Stuart in precisely the same position that Tess had found him, hours earlier, on that unforgettable night.

Kippy Todd might have been the backgammon player, for instance; maybe as far back as then. He'd put up his eyebrows irritably at the unaccounted speculation. Just exactly why had young Mr. Todd never entered all these elaborate calculations and speculations? Because of the half-affectations, half-contemptuousness in which he had allowed to him, perhaps, because of Dian's easy reference to the likelihood of his having gone up to the study that night with Fay? Because, buried deeper than these, of that subconscious sense of guilt that plagued every human mortal called Kippy Todd, committing a murder? Kippy Todd—no, even when he tried it over, grimly and soberly, it evoked only the image of an easy-going, jolly, amiable youth with a commanding, well-shouldered figure, an errant lady to cry on.

STILL, Mr. Todd should be checked up, promptly and adequately. Tess could understand that. And Mr. Hardy should be checked, too, reluctantly, but more thoroughly still. And, most thoroughly of all, and far more enthusiastically, the elusive Doctor Byrd, so congenitally suspicious in his manner, that was utterly impossible to get even the thinnest wedge of a question through to him.

Here, at least, was one case that it would be a definite and distinct pleasure to investigate with all the enthusiasm, satisfaction, energy and skill for which five years of exhaustive training in the Viennese Criminological Institute had amply equipped him. If the too-curiously-headed Doctor Byrd had gone on to that backgammon party with the happy infant, Vicki Wilde—it was as certainly plausible, they had once more quarreled—then there was no doubt whatever that he had been a simpleton, bashed eleven and two to half past ten to the Sturts', committed the murder, and returned to Baltimore before two o'clock, in order to turn his more formal activities to the resuscitation of Hardy's drenched and dyspeptic companion. Tess was definitely the catch there: One wavy, two letters, fragile, treacherous and precarious, that Sheridan had learned long ago to light on lightly, lightly. Well, if Byrd continued to be inaccessible, it would certainly be possible that the girl Vicki would do well to attend at the Lindsay's party tonight perhaps?

HE PULLED the crumpled bit of paper that held Dick Mallory's telegram toward him irritably, and scribbled across its back, beneath the number of the sanitarium at Stillhaven, four names, very black and straight:

Check Kippy Todd
Check Dick Mallory
Check Vicki Wilde
Check Jerry

The pencil paused, hovered a second uncertainly, and then slashed ruthlessly through the uncompleted name. Of what use to hunt down poor, dying devil when there was no earthly or unearthly method by which he could have gone to Washington and back to Indianapolis? The night unless he had flown through the air or — He paused, riveted, the pencil still poised above the paper.

Through the window. Evidently. Unless he had flown through the air or — As clearly as though it stood there on the long

table in front of him instead of on Mallory's desk in the sitter room below, the laundress with the junty cap rose behind him, and the air about him was filled with the sound of wings.

He wrote once more, carefully and pain-

fully, at the end of the brief list:

Check Jerry Hardy

and rose stiffly to his feet, crossing slowly to the bell by the door, and keeping his finger on it for a full half minute, as he strove to steady the incredulous thoughts that now swung upward in the wake of that flight of wings.

THE shuffling scurry of Timothy's feet on the stairs, and the sight of the small dark figure, gnomelike and reproachful, in the doorway, brought them abruptly back to earth.

"Timothy, I swear that I'd forgotten both the bell and the finger!" You would not be surprised to learn that in truth that the entire room was on fire, and that I wanted to know was once very simple question: You have an airport here in Washington, naturally—do you by any chance know whether it is far from the city, and how far?"

Timothy, thus unexpectedly and gratifyingly endowed with a flying field in Washington, relinquished his reproachful expression for one of modest gratification.

"As you say, sah—just as far as it is just as far as across the Potomac Bridge, and it is called the Hoover Field. . . . Should you care for me to call you a taxicab, Mr. Sheridan, sah?"

"I should like it more than you can possibly imagine, Mr. Sheridan. For that little black horn lying so innocently asleep its cradle — Sheridan, bending to knot with flying fingers the narrow shoes that were the emblem of his calling, and deepened to the exact shade of a perfect Malacca cane, asked absentlv, "How far is it to Baltimore, Timothy?"

"I have been informed, sah, that it is thirty-seven miles exactly."

TIMOTHY crossed to the telephone with dignified alacrity, and ordered a taxi to be at the door of Mr. Dion Mallory's office. Then he waited in precisely ten minutes, in a tone of such surpassing competence that even Sheridan's troubled spirit felt its healing balm. He rose, tilting the mirror on the mahogany desk of drawers to make sure he would do justice to the professed luster of the copper-colored tie, and reflected that one agreeable feature of shaving at night was that it left you a running jump ahead in the morning. Now then, those five minutes were to be the shortest of his life.

"The time is coming, Mr. Sheridan, when I shall almost forget you, but how hate this small black monster!"

He started to twist the dial rapidly, lifting his most engaging smile in the direction of Timothy's expectant, discreet voice, already waiting to the last hour. "Will you be returning for your luncheon, sah? Susan can fix you some —"

"Lunch? Great heavens, Timothy, after having breakfast in the country does one that. I'll need to be home and suicide into the bargain! No, I will not be back until quite late in the afternoon; if Mr. Mallory should return before me, will you tell him that I have several things to do, and that I will be back surely in time to dress for dinner at the Lindsay's tonight? And will you see that the evening clothes in that second bag are in order? And again, Timothy, one thousand thanks!"

Timothy focused his attention once more on the interrupted telephone call, twirling the dial as he listened to Timothy's footfalls, shod in the velvet of perfect consideration, dying away down the staircase. . . . A moment later, the telephone rang. Tonight he must remember to give him something



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more substantial than thanks. . . . A voice with an exaggerated and highly unconvincing British accent boomed ponderously out of the little black box, and with a slight tilting of the jaw he lifted it closer to his ear.

"Mr. Stuart's residence? . . . Might I speak with Miss Sturt? . . . Yes, I quite realize that, but I believe that if you will tell Miss Sturt that it is Mr. Sheridan who is calling with me . . . Not a member of the press—a personal friend. . . . Thanks."

He waited, tense and alert, and a voice, young and deep and lovely, sounded distantly from the telephone.

"Miss Sturt? This is K-E-Sheridan. Would it be possible for me to see you this afternoon sometime? Tonight will not do, I am afraid, because there is some important business that is important for me to know before the Lind-says' party. . . . Four would do admirably—yes. . . . No—no, I am still very greatly in the dark, but I think that you can answer my questions if you will answer two or three questions. On the contrary, it is I who am in your debt—forever, I am afraid. . . . Till four, then, and thank you."

He waited until he heard that the telephone made as he hung it back was echoed by a lusty peal on the doorbell below, and Sheridan, slamming the door to, catching up hat, gloves, the paper with its names and figures, took the steps between the second floor and the ground floor taxicab, his long gallop that landed him well through the front door before the scandalized Timothy was halfway to it. . . . If things turned out at the airport as he hoped they might, he was in for a busy day.

HE GAVE the address of the Hoover Airport without so much as a glance at the freckle-faced youth who was to guide him to the bus stop back in the taxi, and closed his eyes with something approaching determination.

Halfway over the bridge that swings its gracious arches across the Potomac, linking the white columns in triumph simple and weary for all his majesty, to those other white columns, soaring where once Lee had sat, weary, simple and majestic in defeat, Sheridan opened his eyes and noted with a faint smile that the city of Washington that he had returned to was incomparably more beautiful than the one he had left. The noble sweep of trees—the noble sweepes of spacious rooms. There was a sense of quiet elation in his building, somewhat less than noble, a sharp grinding of brakes, and the amiable shrug of the freckle-faced youth at the wheel, assuring him of the somewhat obvious fact that now he was indeed home.

"Will you wait perhaps for five minutes?" Sheridan's voice was once more eager and persuasive. "Not longer, I am sure, and after that there are several other places I must visit."

Accepting the smug nod of his driver with a flashing smile of his own, he pushed the nearest door open and stepped quickly across the threshold. The room was a private office, and it was quite empty except for some scattered and scattered filing cabinets and two enormous desks, at one of which sat a sun-hairied young man with a face as alert as a thoroughbred terrier. He glanced up swiftly as the door was opened.

"Anything I can do for you, sir?"

Karl Sheridan, taking in the room at a glance, advanced a few steps, doubtfully. "Nothing save accept my apologies, I fear! I am looking for information about a man in and out of Baltimore, and this, apparently, is not the place that I should have come to?"

The youngster at the desk pushed back his chair, took a few steps, and a map of maps that he was consulting, and more helpfully to his feet. "Tickets of time-tables? The main office is right through."

"No—no, neither Tickets nor time-tables. Maps—and a little highly unofficial information." His eyes rested

A TRUE STORY

By A FARM MOTHER

who learned in 1922 how to keep her family well with the doctor miles away

HERE'S a happy family, living on a farm in Comfort, Texas. That's real country, with no number of houses in size in San Antonio, many miles away.

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"I have learned how essential regularity is in avoiding those ailments where a doctor is needed. We haven't the time, money, or desire to sick."

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Barbara Gould

"Continued from Page 126)
in the pale green light that filtered through the Venetian blinds, looked as cool as the ice she was holding in her hand. "I'm at the train before her—as cool as an Irish trout pool at dawn. His tired eyes swept approvingly down the flowing length of snowy muslin girdled just below her breast with an elastic band set in moonstones that matched her eyes.

"You make it difficult to believe that it is not everywhere in the world as cool and pleasant as here," he said, taking the glass from her with the grave, courteous young smile that was so peculiarly his own.

"And you've been working hard, poor darling?"

"Quite hard—yes. And with you to help me a little, this morning, I have time to pass here. I can stop a minute to catch my breath. I will work harder yet, I promise. Do you know, the last time that I held anything one-half so cool and green and frosty in my hands was the last spring of my life. How long ago was that? Six years? Six thousand? Well, at any rate, I motored down to North Carolina with a classmate for Easter, and his father brought out some early oranges for us. He took them and buried in a little keg in the cellar and made me a drink that looked almost precisely like this, and that had about it a fragrance that made all the perfumes of Arabia seem a trifly mush."

"Now you're making me feel that I'm a very delinquent hostess," murmured the lady of snow and amber, tranquilly helping him to one of the comfortable chairs. "But that makes you cooler than the mint juice, truly—and, to the best of my knowledge, there isn't a drop of anything stronger than orange-peel tea in the house."

"You're right," replied Mr. Sheridan, of the Vienna Criminologist Institute, agreeably. "All that impressive array of last night is gone then? Is it permitted to inquire to what destination?"

"Oh, it's still here," said Tess. "Tess is still here."

"Stuart is still here," he said. "It's rather a waste of time, isn't it? Because you know just as well as I that I gave them to Byrd, and that he took them straight over to Bill and Abby Stirling. And the first question you want to ask is, What do you as to what Jack Byrd was doing here to get it, when I'd just told you that I detected him—or wasn't I?"

"Oh, it was I," said Tess. "Indeed. Since when have you added nothing reading to your accomplishments, Tess?"

"Since I've asked you to help me, I can't very well indulge in resentment at your being a little bit impertinent about it, can I?" Inquired Tess Sheridan, half apologetically, minimizing the asperity of her remark with a small, fleeting smile. "Byrd was here because I asked him to come, of course. Do you want me to stand in the corner with my face to the wall and say that I'm a detective, and that he is a thief, and remembers that he is a man, and remembers that he is a detective, I cannot imagine which manifestation is the more detectable! I can only wish my head in shame, and implore you to continue to be as considerate as you have been about our mutual enemy. Detective Byrd."

Tess, the long white hands light and sure as usual about their friendly task, reprimanded his glossily forgiving, adorned with another tuft of mint, and leaned back against the cushions, relaxed and gracious.

"I must say that I like you best in the rôle of a culprit—it's extremely becoming! What happened exactly is that Jack Byrd

called up a few minutes after you left for the Stirrings', and said that he'd just arrived from Stillhaven and found a note from me telling him that you were all being having a terrible time with poor Jerry, and there were several things that he wanted to tell me that he couldn't explain over the telephone, but that if he could see me, he'd tell ten times what he could make everything perfectly clear. So of course I told him that he could come over then; especially as there was something that I wanted particularly to ask him."

"Of course," he repeated mechanically.

"And am I to know what it was that you so particularly wished to ask him?"

"NATURALLY. It was because of you that I asked it. I'll give him my name, but I don't want to tell where I got the hyoscyine for Fay. I think that he was afraid that it might stir up an investigation of his hotel, if the information fell into the wrong hands. But I promised that I'd never tell that it was once because I begged him for it that he ever let us have it at all, and that I really had to clear up the way it had come into mine—into my possession. He really was awfully nice about it, K. He said to go straight ahead—not to mind."

"So you rewarded him by turning over the wine cellar?"

"Oh," she cried, the soft violence of her voice shaking her for a moment from her thoughts. "I still have his leather-bottomed bottles—I never wanted to see them again as long as I lived! He had an empty suitcase with him, and he told me that he was going over to the club to get some whisky. I still have his hat and coat at the apartment just as he was leaving, to say that they'd only had three or four bottles of whisky and that about a hundred extra people had turned up, and he never seemed to notice me much, K. I told Byrd that I'd bless him forever if he'd get all that vile stuff that Fay had been collecting out of the house—and he packed it into his suitcase, and telephoned Abby that he'd be back, and then lowered himself out of the house bag and baggage."

"And that was that, K."

"As you say," assented Sheridan evenly, "that was that. You must find me extremely amusing, Tess. Doctor Byrd seemed to find me amusing, too. I am sure. . . . What was it that he told you about Hardy?"

"JUST what Diana said he told you this morning, after he being sent out on the road somewhere, and that he was mortally ill. . . . But K, do you know what it was that he kept raving about all that time before he got away out of the window—all the time after they found out that he'd brought him back?"

"No, Tess."

"He kept calling out, 'Fay, don't touch it—Fay, put it down, darling. Some of you girls stop her! Don't you know she's after her son! Fay's dad's done, don't let her take it!' The lovely voice, shaken with some of the despairing horror of that cry, was abruptly silent; but when she spoke again, though it was quite softly, she sounded like a person in a dream. 'Do you believe in mental telepathy and—and that kind of thing?'"

"I no longer have the faintest idea as to what I believe, I assure you. But it is not the faintest idea, Tess. I am sure. Hardy simply thinks of the drain that she had been taking, and of the harm that they had done her—that it was only that of which he was raving?"

"Tess said, in a voice that was suddenly cold, "I will tell you the whole story, of course. . . . What were the other questions that you wanted to ask me?"

"Oh, yes; those questions. It was for them that I came, was it not? Is there any news about the boy? . . . Kippy Todd came up with her that night?"

"Any number, I should think. I tried one by simply asking him. He didn't come up."

"But you have only his word for it?"



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gentle hesitant voice reached them from the doorway.

"For you, Mr. Sheridan, sal." Some gentleman calling down at the airport; he said you would know who it was."

The smooth brown flow of the liquid halted for a moment, and then Mallory put his hand back to his pocket again, stretching out his hand for the glass.

"I'll manage it. The telephone's

behind that little screen on the table—

would you rather take it in the next room?"

"Hold it! This will do admirably.

This is Vicki, speaking. Trent. Well,

do we start?"

Mallory, filling the second glass with scrupulous exactitude, stood motionless, watching the dark, oval face, his eyes bent over the rim of the glass, his hands clasped, stretching out his hand for the glass.

"Nothing at all from Washington?"

"Well, but what about the Baltimore end? . . . Oh, but, my dear fellow, that

simply knocks everything to pieces . . .

Can you find another field somewhere

around those parts?" . . . Well, then

I'll drop around in the morning and help

you explore . . . Good-by."

MALLORY pushed the glass toward Vicki with the faintest suggestion of a smile. "If you're still trying to track down my poor old Jerry, you're never the one I should be sharing this with. Or is it perhaps up to Byrd that you're spreading news about him?"

"In meeting with singularly little success, in any event," said Sheridan, with a rueful twist to his smile. "The only mortal soul that set foot on a Baltimore or Washington field last night except the pilot and his co-pilot was an elderly gentleman with a limp and a Baltimore accent, headed for Harsbrook Heights, near Hackensack, with a consignment of a new serum for an invalid friend's case . . . Well, I suppose it's time to dispose of our terms of Stillhaven as sprightly as neatly!"

What do you say when you drink good health and good fortune to a fellow in your Ireland, Mallory?"

"I say 'click'!" said Vicki and Dino Mallory, clicking the little tumbler until it rang like a bell against the edge of Sheridan's glass, "as I say it to you, Slanta, Sheridan Slanta—and may we say it many and many's the time again?"

There was moonlight on the Lindsays' wide terrace, as Sheridan stepped through

the French window that led to it, a good night's moon. The silver bulb of the Venetian lantern dully silvery ice-blue, mirrored mischievous reflections. All along the shallow flight of steps that ran its full length, curtains of those trees had been drawn across each hand, and it was there that the host had gathered. Their voices were as gay and unchaste as ever, but the moon had done strange things to their uplifted faces, investing them with a curious filtering beauty, haunted and translucent, that was surely never their natural heritage.

MALLORY had despatched him in order to park the car, and he felt curiously disoriented. That slim silver sheath with the blue-green girdle belted to Andrée Chevalier, surely—and the swirl of cloudy blue was the exquisite Joan, deep in conversation with some stranger. Who was this? He could not even begin to guess the distant curve of the bahastrade? Oh, Vicki Wilde, with the scarlet drained from lips and scarf by the strange alchemy that had dissolved even the garish and the stolid! He selected two of the most isolated cushions, and crept toward her. She looked as lonely as he felt—and there was more than one thing that Vicki Wilde could tell him.

"Are you going to be merciful to a simpleton like myself?" he asked, with his most charming smile. "Might I sit here while we are waiting for supper—or, if I am sufficiently lucky, might I sit here for supper too?"

Vicki sat there blankly, before the drowsy, unhappy little face was suddenly flooded with recognition. "Oh, it's Mr. Sheridan, isn't it? Tea's boy friend! Yes, please sit down. I feel a little like a stranger to you. I haven't seen you since the Thanksgiving dinner Saturday, have I?"

"No—not, to be exact, since I saw you and Doctor Byrd leaving for some kind of backgammon party. I hope that you found good fortune there?"

Her face was small and pale, but his own face lifted to his looked suddenly tense and pale.

After a moment she turned from him, and said slowly, in a voice so low that he had to bend his head to catch it. "No—not there. . . . You see, we didn't go on to the backgammon party."

(To be Continued.)

Father Was Broad-Minded About Cooking

(Continued from Page 8)

When Grandpa Elisabeth died the next winter she left me a silver soup ladle which father's mother had left her.

Father, of course, had the recipe for the soup. It's not like any other spaghetti soup father or I ever found anywhere else. It's almost like drinking the freshness of a vegetable garden. We always had it whenever the weather turned wet. You took a quart of water, let it stop this side of well done. Just stand it, moist with the water which clings to the leaves when it is washed, in a large uncovered pot. Use a moderate fire. When the leaves will fit the steam, drain off the water.

In another pot melt 1 tablespoonful of butter. Toss in 1 tablespoonful of minced dandelion greens, 1 teaspoonful of minced parsley and 1 tablespoonful of minced green onions. Add the spaghetti to the water for 2 minutes, but don't let them brown. Dust in 1 tablespoonful of flour and stir it about. Slowly stir in 2 cupfuls of very fresh milk. When blended, add 1 cupful of the freshly cooked spaghetti. Season with salt and pepper to the boiling point but don't let it boil. Add more milk if you want it thicker. Simmer for 3 minutes and serve at once.

Smash a large tureen and my grandpa had a hand in that.

Father prospered. He was terribly proud of mother, because people used to

say she was one of the loveliest women in the world to look at. We had a pleasant home and entertained a great deal. Father's relatives used to come on long visits.

Father liked most of them. Especially my grandfather. When I told my friends that grandfather was a forty-niner they wanted to know how many Indians he had killed.

But mother's sister Beatrice and father never were very congenial. She had too much character and was chatty. However, on rare occasions father would admit that she was a sterling woman. That was when Aunt Beatrice used to make her tripe-Spanish dish on cook's day out. It took her two days to prepare this treat. She was a one-dish cook, you see, and they had to eat the same meal without recipes. But the result was wonderful.

You use clean-looking honeycomb tripe from a very young beef. Cover it first with cold water. Slowly bring to boil and then drain. Now cover it with boiling spiced wine. Season with salt and pepper for 4 hours. You mustn't let it boil. Keep it simmering. Drain and cut into strips about 2 inches long and no more than ¾ inch wide.

The strong wine made mother nervous. Aunt Beatrice so often burned it. She was such an

(Continued on Page 120)



Dear Anna
March 10

I'm sending the snapshot — did you really mean it when you asked for one?
I'm sending the snapshot — did you really mean it when you asked for one?
I'm sending the snapshot — did you really mean it when you asked for one?
I'm sending the snapshot — did you really mean it when you asked for one?

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Bottle of Admiration. I enclose the sum
necessary to cover mailing and packing.
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(Continued from Page 128)
animated talker she sometimes forgot what she was about. First melt 2 tablespoonsfuls of butter in a large iron pan. You can use only 1 tablespoonful of butter and 1 tablespoonful of bacon fat if you like. Father said it really gave a better flavor. In this hot fat slowly brown 2 onions finely chopped, 2 green peppers sliced into thin long strips, a tiny piece of garlic, and 3½ pounds of mushrooms. Add 1 cup of black pepper, salt, and a dash of Cayenne. Then stir in 2 tablespoonsfuls of flour. Stir well. Then add slowly 2 cupsfuls of canned tomatoes. Keep stirring until the sauce begins to thicken. Now add a dash of Tabasco sauce, just a very little. Beatrice sometimes forgot and put the Tabasco in twice and father would be quite rude about it.

When the sauce is made add to it the cooled and cut-up tripe. If the sauce seems too thick you can thin it with mushroom water made by boiling up the stems and skins of the fresh mushrooms, or the liquid from canned mushrooms. Stir carefully for about 15 minutes. Then let it cool. Keep in refrigerator overnight. Next day add 1 teaspoonful of minced parsley and heat through very slowly.

Father said Aunt Beatrice she should serve with this dish those large country potato cakes made with egg and butter. When he said that was the kind of food that put hair on a man's chest she asked him not to be vulgar.

One night when a cook was in Aunt Beatrice brought her bottle of ink and her stationery into the living room to write a few letters before dinner. When father came home he started to read them and at once, when he took up the ink. She wrote with a blotting pad on her knee and the ink sitting immediately near the edge. Suddenly she smelled the tripe burning.

The ink crashed on father's favorite Canadian shirt. Mother was shocked. She blamed them both very much. That summer Harry Thaw shot Stanfield White.

Whenever father used to say he wanted to go on a trip with me before I left home mother would tell him that it was a dangerous idea to my mind about leaving home. But she did seem pleased when he decided to take me upstairs with him to Nunda on my sixteenth birthday.

Pudding Under the Elms

THE ladies of the Nunda Methodist Church gave a supper under the elms while we were there. Father cooked an Episcoe pudding, but he was very broad-minded about good cooking. They served a steamed gooseberry pudding which he said reminded him of old times when he used to eat it in his boyhood.

This straddled in with hands and paddled with hands their. The canal is filled now and a highway runs over it.

Mr. Letchworth's son contributed the pudding.

Mr. Letchworth was quite pleasant.

He owned the park up by the falls where Mary Jamison had once lived.

She was the white woman who married into the Iroquois tribe in the early days.

He had a fine garden and made a generous gift to the missionary fund. You beat an egg. Then you add ½ cupful of milk, ½ cupful of chopped suet, 1½ cupfuls of gooseberry marmalade, 2½ cupfuls of crushed pine nuts, and 1½ teaspoonful of baking soda. Mix well and pour into a mold. Cover tight. Steam for 2 hours. Serve with this sauce: Cream together 1 cupful of confectioners' sugar and ½ cupful of cream. Add 1 cupful of water over hot water. Do not cook. Add well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Stir until it begins to thicken. Flavor with 5 drops of vanilla. Just before serving stir in the stiff beaten whites of 2 eggs.

Cousin Fannie gave father a dinner party and asked some of his old friends. Most of them had once belonged to the Nunda Volunteer Fire Brigade. Father told me they were very proud of their

shining horse cart. It had "Faggarah Bol-lah" engraved on a brass plate right in front. That is Gaelic for "Clear way." Just why they had selected a Gaelic phrase in the country where the Irish language is dying out, I don't know. He couldn't explain. I suspected, however, that he had had a hand in it. He had a healthy sense of the ridiculous.

Raspberry meringue was the high spot of the trip. Father said Cousin Fannie would appreciate it. Next to the memory of his family he loved Cousin Fannie more than anyone else alive. I feel the same way about her. She was a genuine aristocrat. As she sat at the head of the table, with a hand of cards tucked tightly about her throat, she looked so queenly you never noticed that her hands were large and bony.

When Mother brought in the plain cake with the simple frosting, Father said Cousin Fannie had baked in the days when father lived in Nunda with Great-grandmother Fletcher—when she opened the dinning-room door a brass band struck up outside. Father said he had been to a party that plays every Saturday night in summer on the balcony over the new firehouse. Cousin Fannie had arranged it.

Meringue for the Firemen

FATHER was delighted. The men stood up and father suggested a toast to all the firemen of Nunda. He stood with affection at Cousin Fannie. But I could see he was trying to keep her from seeing the tears in his eyes. She was artistic, but in an unromantic sort of way.

When we returned home father taught us how to make Cousin Fannie's meringue. Beat the whites of 7 eggs above until stiff and dry. Then slowly beat in 2 cupfuls of granulated sugar. Continuing to beat, add 1 tablespoonful of strong coffee beans. Cook in the slowest fireproof oven possible. Cook in the slowest oven possible for 1½ hours. Do not open the oven door while baking. Trust in Cousin Fannie's recipe. Allow to cool in the oven. When meringue is cold, break sides of basin and pour out. The meringue may drop a little. That is quite as should be expected.

Beat together 2 cupfuls of cream and 1 tablespoonful of sugar. Cool the meringue and add raspberry. Pipe on the cream. Dot with a few more raspberries. Then serve to the members of the local volunteer fire department.

When father was in his fifty-first business trip he was ill. He was away all the time about it. The doctor said he would have to take a vacation. One night he told us at dinner that he had lunch with Captain Raines, of the Cedars. The captain invited father to come along with him on the voyage.

He said that the Diving Venus was sailing, too, and that he would put father at the same table with her. Mother wasn't enthusiastic. I noticed she turned her ring around and quivered. But she seemed troubled about his health. I noticed she had fresh marrow on toast for him every night. She would send it to him as he sat in the library sipping coffee.

On his birthday she had a three-rib roast of veal with mushrooms and almond gravy. When the coffee was served she quietly announced that Cousin Ann was suffering a lot from rheumatism. Aunt Beatrice had written her about it, and Mother had given her a box of common Ann-a-cheek. So Ann was going to take the baths at Hot Springs, Arkansas. Mother very gently asked father if he didn't think it would be nice for him to take this vacation with her. Father agreed. He took quite seriously and said yes.

He took mother to the theater after dinner. She was Blanche Batten in *The Girl of the Golden West*. Later they had oysters at Red's. Father and mother sat together after the theater. I was still up when they came home. I had been studying. Mother was very sweet to father and he seemed happy. That was the year I went away to college.

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VANTA Knit Waists and Shirts come in all styles, sizes, and fabrics, in addition to those illustrated at the left. VANTA Garments are designed for baby's comfort.

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VANTA garments are available in all sizes and types of underthings for all children from birth to twelve and also include bonnets, sleeping garments, sunsuits (U.S. Patent No. 1832993), sweaters and winter woolens.

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NEW HOMES FOR HALF OF AMERICA

(Continued from Page 45)

guess the size of this division. Next comes a slow gray area with trailing banners. It is about twelve miles in length and a total hump, a front panic. Then millions are the "overaged." Tens of thousands draw from every rank of toll, all discharged around forty-five or fifty. Enterprising and competitive in most cases, they are not so enterprising as casts them aside as unprofitable. Where can they go? To the Penniless turn?

The Federal Government and the more progressive states think they have found the answer. In Michigan they call it the Subsidized Homestead Community. In Connecticut they have a variation which they call Forest Homes. Shared industrial leaders who have scanned it with particular interest think that it is the promise of a New Deal at all the tonics and purges and policies prescribed for our sick banks and sick cities. This village planning for half of America which lives below the American standard based on the foundations of 100,000 acres at \$5 an acre. They are setting up farms rather than subsistence gardens, which goes considerably beyond the peasant notion of the word. In two counties the land is being sold ready-farmed—electric lines, water mains, schools and public buildings, all at our own costs. Uncle Sam chips in an even million for loans to little people who sash to go back to the land.

Last June the Congress set aside \$25,000,000 to experiment at "redistributing the overbalance of population in industrial centers by means of the sale and purchase of subsistence homesteads." This was to be no temporary relief, but a long-range test of various ideas. So the money was set up as a revolving fund. As fast as land is sold, the money is to be put to work on more homesteads.

Now it is not enough to move unwanted city folk from their slums. They must be moderately contented with their new homes. So here they find their more self-sufficient, sanitary and happy than in the slum. How accomplish this?

New communities must be built, or else homes must be a place where most food can be grown. People must be taught to grow, not eat, in a back-yard shop when meat is at hand. Hence the new communities must have subsistence gardens or cooperative farms, or live within easy reach of existing ones. People do better when they work amid family surroundings. Each new community is to be placed near the blighted regions whence come the home-seeders. And, since people who have grown up in towns are apt with hoes and cultivators, this must be taught to them, for they can achieve true independence. This calls for adult education and technical supervision.

During the past six months the Division of Subsidized Homesteads, under the leadership of that shrewd veteran of the frontier, M. L. Wilson, of Montana, has planned some thirty communities, each an experiment in its own field. With the small farm, the family will be learned, no doubt, to close the way for the next advance toward New America.

Five outstanding varieties of problem areas came to light, each calling for a special kind of community. Now for a quick gloss:

Near Hightstown, New Jersey, you see an Utopy built to order for that most misinformed of big-city folk, the needle-worker of the New York City clothing trade. On the town line there is a fair town where the 200 or more families will work part time for standard wages. Within walking distance they are putting up houses, each set about with a fruitful garden. Farmer is a career. Every man and poultry farm is being created on 100 acres, to serve the only 1000 people of the needle-trade community.

This is Experiment No. 1: Sham folk flock to a small town with a small income, but with time to work and their gardens and cooperative farm feed them all.

No to Youngstown, Ohio. Experiment No. 2. All around the fringes of this sprawling area of steel mills and job centers, a front panic. These workers, are getting houses in established neighborhoods. The idea is to learn whether some kinds of people may not thrive best where they have been living, and others do not survive so well.

The third experiment developed in the Tygart River Valley of West Virginia, held by the Monongahela National Forest. Here 125 families, mostly stranded by the depression, have been living all over on a roisterous scale. To pick up roots, these villagers will work in the national forest, clearing up brush for Uncle Sam whenever the rains let up and fishing isn't good and it is closed season.

The fourth, South Experiment No. 4 arises, with a tang of high adventure. Georgia leads the way here, with the Federal authorities following close at heel. Men in seven counties of the once backwoods of Georgia are buying 100,000 acres at \$5 an acre. They are setting up farms rather than subsistence gardens, which goes considerably beyond the peasant notion of the word. In two counties the land is being sold ready-farmed—electric lines, water mains, schools and public buildings, all at our own costs. Uncle Sam chips in an even million for loans to little people who sash to go back to the land.

Here a splendid educational and research program is being set up, again mainly by the state. Many able unemployed graduates in agricultural colleges train students of the soil, the land, the art of agriculture and agricultural research. The state of the university are also working out a model system of adult training and leisure-time activities. This is a new type of community is coming up out on the prairies of the Great Plains and in the valleys of the Rockies. Years ago Federal reclamation projects were set up there, but settlers failed to fill up the tracts because of the soil, and the Government had to market the crops. Only if a few miles away other settlers have been starving because they had picked bad land for homesteads. Why move to another Federal reclamation tract? No one asked that answered. Among those being moved, incidentally, are five groups of Indians in desperate straits.

Experiments No. 5 and 6 of Subsidized Homesteads is spending all goes for laboratory research. Unlike all others known to science, I have searched in vain for a parallel to this audacity.

If you want to move into such a community or know somebody who ought to. You ask me how to sign up. My answer is short and rude—"Not a chance just now!" All thirty villages have been planned and planned. The experimenters cannot take care of all and could I tell you which kinds of communities will succeed and which fail. All have been devised to see what happens. What will happen is sure. And then your children?

And so will there be nearly thirty communities of the right sort—and many more too. For 60,000,000 of us are on the move. So start educating your congressmen at once.

Every farmer invested in homesteads comes back, no charity! Each home is either bought or rented on a basis that prevents loss to taxpayers.

Perhaps in some eight days all 60,000,000 come to some sort of Americans will have moved to the outskirts of Utopy.

"They shall sit, every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and noe shall make them afraid."

If this is the reward, no price can be too high.



ROADSIDE STAND NO. 365

WHERE DO WE EAT?

WHEN you're motoring along the highway looking for a place to eat, what is it that prompts you to select one establishment rather than another? Or perhaps it would be more to the point to ask, What are the things about most roadside eating places that do *not* appeal to you? One of the greatest缺点 of a hundred roadside stands is their total lack of architecture. By architecture is meant both landscape and structure. The average roadside place is the result of anything but a plan.

The primary function of a roadside eating place is to attract motorists to stop. It must be clean, comfortable, be gay and neat in appearance, and its surroundings pleasant and attractive. The second function of the eating place is, of course, good food properly served.

Here are a few don'ts. Don't let one person serve both motor fuel and human fuel. Don't clutter the building and surrounding yard with advertisements. Don't locate your highway stand in a dead end. You may not have sufficient time to drive in, stop, and to actually stop. A white jacket and a clean towel over the arm create an "eating mood" in your patrons. Do the whole job right, and the name and location of your roadside inn will quickly gain a reputation among tourists from coast to coast.

Here is some help. The ONE DOLLAR ARCHITECTURE GUIDE offers complete architectural plans and specifications and equipment requirements for three different roadside eating places. Two are pictured on this page. ONE DOLLAR buys the architect's complete plans and specifications, as well as a cardboard cut-out model, of any one of the eating places offered. Order by mail from Curtis Publishing Company, Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Roadside Stand No. 365, at bottom of page, is Colonial in design and has space for two tables beside the counter. There are two toilets and a store-room.

Stand No. 366, at top of page, is Spanish in design. The open front can be used with French doors. The capacity is the same as that of No. 365.

Roadside Stand No. 367, pictured next shown, is of Norman design and is much larger than the other two. There is seating capacity for fifty-six guests.



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HOW often have you tossed and turned, unable to sleep because of a tickling in the throat, or a slight cough? Just put Mistol Drops in each nostril before you go to bed—and how much better you sleep! Mistol Drops safely soothe nose and throat irritation, whether from smoking or because you have caught cold.

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NEW GARDEN GADGETS

BY ROMAINE B. WARE

CLEVER gardeners, the country over, are searching for better tools and methods. Gadgets of all sorts find a ready market since there's value in recognition, and each year seem new things offered.

Among items of special interest is a light, chrome-plated pair of nippers with very sharp blades which cut slantwise without crushing. It is claimed that flowers last longer in water if so cut that the cell structure of the stem is not broken.

Cutting, pruning, shearing and mowing are important tasks in the garden, and we are always searching for better tools and methods. Electric tools for clipping hedges have been developed in various forms, but last year saw the advent of one which works on an entirely new principle. The cutting knives are on an endless belt which eliminates friction and makes for extreme efficiency. This tool will not only reduce the time of hand trimming about 75 per cent, but it can trim about 90 percent of the labor involved. This device is also useful for countless other cutting tasks, such as trimming grass along walks or under shrubs, and making in places inaccessible to the lawn mower.

Speaking of lawn mowers, it is now possible to have one which cuts without noise. V belts support gears, and belt and roller bearings eliminate oiling and friction. This mower is light and strong, finished in cadmium to resist rust. Here, at last, is a mower you can use at five o'clock when the neighbors' dog has a tantrum on you for disturbing their sleep.

While we are considering cutting tools, there is one use some gardeners still don't have: a double-edged cutting blade that works with either forward or backward stroke. A flexible steel strip makes this a very handy tool.

Sprinkling the lawn and garden is just as important as mowing, and now it is possible to have an efficient reservoir for liquid fertilizer which waters a square area rather than a circle. It does away with the necessary overlapping waste of watering in circles; it will water the lawn area but not the walk and driveway.

Moles are a serious pest in many lawns and gardens, and in spite of numerous devices and remedies offered for their control, the U. S. Department of Agriculture experimenters claim that trapping is the

best method to rout them. From the Pacific Northwest, where moles are a dreadful root-rounder, comes an improved device. A Portland flower grower caught six moles in one spot with this trap, setting and resetting it again and again. The old belief that traps touched by humans would not catch moles has been thoroughly disproved.

Balsam wool, a shredded wood product, is now offered in the form of a roll. It is a sanitary, moisture-proof strip, three inches wide, and proves ideal to encircle trees and shrubs with sticky substance to trap gnawing insects.

Many gardeners are searching for something to protect evergreens from injury by dogs. There is available this season a chemical substance, put up in collapsible tubes, which can be applied to trees passing canines. A few tubes hung among the lower branches will prove a repellent for six months or more.

In many cases, dusting is recommended, rather than spraying, and a good duster is a desirable addition to one's collection of garden tools. With dusting as well as spraying, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," so go your equipment and supplies before it is time to use them.

If you set out new plants or do much transplanting, a dibble proves most useful. There is one now in cast aluminum which is very light and will rust.

One of the handiest tools recently introduced for seed starting is a dibble. It consists of a short wooden handle and is used by getting a diagonal reception.

Recent years have seen the development of electric heating cables for hot beds, and they have proved both highly satisfactory and very economical. The National Rural Electric Association, after extensive tests last year, told its first year users to place the heating cables right on top of the soil in the hottest frames for the most efficient results. No special preparation is necessary, and when placed in the frames, spread the cable on the surface evenly, push the soil in place, switch on the current, and the thermostat will keep the temperature constant night and day. This equipment can be had complete with all attachments for various-size frames.



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SALAD DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

BY JOSEPHINE GIBSON



Now comes the proper season for those gorgeous salad bowl concoctions. And, it is proper seasoning that makes the salad make the folks about your table hail it as a masterpiece. Even now the gardens of the land are yielding up rare treasure for the salad addict. Radishes, and tender scallions—aspargus and avocados—red-ripe tomatoes and his Majesty, the crisp and sprightly lettuce, are here. Eat up!

Of course, one's salad bowl is never relegated to the realms of unused things at any time of year. But now is the time to crown it as the potente, the mogul and the King of Kitchendum.

It is Spring again, and therefore I am quick in order to again remind you of the secrets of successful salads. Be sure, if you would share the laurels of the skillful salad fabricator, to start with greens extremely dry and cold and crisp.

Do not be afraid to improvise with odds and ends of vegetables and fruits. With discretion, it is possible and even easy, to contrive a masterpiece largely with refrigerator remnants.

But, after all, the kernel of success with salads is the seasoning, which gives that flair of flavor to be found in every salad masterpiece. And so, if you will follow, I'll reveal the seasoning secrets of famous salad geniuses.

Heinz makes vinegars with all the care and skill that famous vintners exercise in bringing forth prize vintages. Heinz cider vinegar, for instance, is pressed from apples fresh from richly-nurtured trees, then slowly matured in oak barrels to make it mellow and extremely blendy. For the gourmet, there are three other kinds of Heinz vinegar—the white pickling variety, the fine old malt vinegar and tarragon vinegar ... such for its proper salad use. (The Heinz Salad Book tells where and where to use each variety, for perfect salad dressing.)

Heinz imported olive oil is merely the first pressing of selected olives from the famous groves of Spain. That, and simply that. Salad geniuses will tell you what that means to salad dressings.

Many an amateur salad maker reaches statutory heights with a touch of a multi-seasoned sauce like Heinz tomato ketchup, Heinz prepared mustard, or Heinz chili sauce.

Which takes us in the subject of the much discussed "Quick Feast Shelf". Drostock's "Quick Feast Shelf"—a perfect treasury from which, in merely minutes, an entire luncheon or a dinner can be conjured. Those ready foods of the 57 Varieties abound with the old-fashioned "home-made" flavors, and they make meals go. But—follow on. Salad days are here again.

SPRING'S "heat-seller" is a book that leads the way to meal-time triumphs. It is the already famous *Heinz Salad Book*. In it you will discover a galaxy of new and delectably modern ways to heighten your reputation as a salad genius. Recipes for party salads, luncheon salads, dinner salads, salads that men "go for", dozens of exciting salad dressings. Brand new sandwich concoctions, too, and many other surprises. That's why I shall place Spring entertaining on an upper level. It really should be in your Kitchen Library, and I shall gladly mail you a copy on receipt of 10 cents to cover mailing costs. Address Josephine Gibson, Department 68, H. J. Heinz Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WE ACCEPT THE DUTY

This page of food news is sponsored by the House of Heinz—the contributing factor to the great success of America to the sweeping revival of good old-fashioned "home-made" flavor. The House of Heinz for 65 years has been dedicated to the creation of the best food products—products that are easy-to-serve, and abounding in the genuine qualities and flavors which in the past involved long, tedious hours in home kitchens. This is the reason why we are so anxious to make these food news pages more useful and more interesting.



OUTDOORS IN MAY

THERE are many things to be done in the May garden—and the only way to do them is to make a start at once.

For dandelions, mix one and one-half pounds of iron sulphate with one gallon of water. Apply as a fine mist and in two days your dandelions will be black and dead. This will never tell anyone.

Flowers. What can you do to languish? They may need dividing. The supply of plant food may be exhausted. And the soil may be too sour—too acid—for them. Slaked lime or agricultural gypsum will give them a new lease on life. Use lime granite for best results.

Feed sickly shade trees liberally with a complete commercial plant food and water abundantly.

Iris. Remove clumps that were flourishing and thriving last year. Now they seem dwarfed and dying. What is the matter? The chances are they needed dividing last July or August. All you can do is thin them now. Dig them up; then set out new rows to dig and boasting. Never let irises go more than three years without dividing and transplanting.

If you haven't raked your lawn, May is the last call. Use a blunt-toothed rake or a lawn broom. When the litter is



cleaned up, roll the lawn to level it and firm the grass roots down. Give a generous application of commercial plant food.

Lawn seed. Sow the grass seeds in side beds on each pony stall, allowing only the main or terminal bud to remain. If you have old plants, the number of stalks can be probably reduced too. You can divide and pinhead all the side buds, by cutting with a paring knife or clipping them off with old scissors.

Cut old canes of climbing roses back to the ground, and carefully remove. Save the last year's new shoots and buds; these are the ones the blossoms will come from next month. Tie up securely to their supports to prevent wind damage, using raffia or strips of cloth.

Roses may be planted. If you are too late for good damask plants, you can buy potted stock. Always plant upon two-year-old field-grown plants. If the rose garden hasn't been pruned, be about it without a minute's delay. June will reward you with a profusion of blossoms.

Syrings may be transplanted from the cold frame or the flats as soon as the weather is settled. Perennials and biennials can be started for transplanting in the fall. Annuals should be transplanted out-of-doors now for the late summer splash of color so necessary in every garden.

Start your gladiolus plantings early in May and plant a succession crop every two weeks until as late as mid-July; and you will have fine bunches of gladioli throughout the garden season. This is a grand flower and one that makes gardens pests never bother.

Now is the great planting month in the principal fruit belt of the country. Everything may be planted: Vegetable and salad gardens—the main crops—and succession plantings of the hardy sorts

BY CHESLA C. SHERLOCK



that were started earlier. In the flower garden, annuals, perennials and biennials can be planted. And with the first rain, new strawberry beds may be started and raspberries, blackberries and dewberries established. But beware of too early enthusiasm, for frosts may yet appear!

Teas. All tea beds may now be set in the pool. The hardy sorts will be blooming by this time, but the tropical sorts had best not be planted out-of-doors until the season has settled down to serious bloom. Try some of the new day-blooming varieties this year.

Early dahlias may be planted the middle of the month, but the main dahlias garden should not be planted until the middle of June. Dahlias do not do well if they are set in the ground before the date.

Prune spring-flowering shrubs after they have bloomed. Then, remove dead wood and such canes as are unnecessary. Prune shrubs in general to restore the specimen carefully and plan to remove entire branches, if possible. See the result in your mind's eye before using the saw. Aim to produce a symmetrical appearance and avoid unnatural pruning.

Prune spring-flowering shrubs after they have bloomed. Then, remove dead wood and such canes as are unnecessary. May is almost the last call for sowing grass seed. Sow in the open ground as soon as possible, before the spring rains for quick germination. Bare spots, of course, should be touched up at any time during the season, adding compost and plant food. Then plant seed, firm down and water thoroughly.

Such ornamentals as barberry, clematis, honeysuckle, hydrangea, ivy, trumpet vine, wisteria, Virginia creeper should be pruned at once.

Cut back butterfly bush to the ground, if you want it to do its best.

If you want humming birds in your garden, who doesn't? There are plenty of columbines. Chimpoo in the quiet corners are best for the hummers. Birds. Try the newer long-spurred sorts.

Burn out tent-caterpillar nests on trees. They are found in the crooks of trees and shrubs. Your feedman has kerosene torches; get one of them and get the pests now before they have a chance to damage new leaf growth.

SHE LOOKS TEN YEARS OLDER THAN WE ARE

WHY, SHE WAS IN SCHOOL WITH ME. IT'S HER DISH PAN HANDS THAT MAKE YOU THINK HER OLDER



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Nurse is explaining about the center of balance on the teeter-totter...and how it scarcely moves at all while the ends fly up and down.

Father says—and he's right—that the reason riding in the new Airflow* Chrysler is so smooth is that we sit at the exact center of balance...instead of way out over the back axle as we did in the old car.

Bobby says—and he's right too—that the Airflow Chrysler has more real sensible improvements in it than any car they have seen in years. And there is

his airplane. He thinks the car could probably fly if it wanted to, but daddy says it won't because it clings to the road like a cat.

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She says also that she feels very safe in the Chrysler...with that strong steel frame actually extending over her head...and the Duplate safety plate glass in the windshield and ventilating windows...and those perfectly grand hydraulic brakes.

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more than a passing suspicion that the neighbors are interested too...there was a demonstrator at the house next door right after lunch today.

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The House—Docile and Confused

(Continued from Page 8)

made the occasion memorable but deplorable. Actually, the House is run by a small group of Democrats, mostly chairmen of committees, all of whom have been in Congress for many years. They constitute the leadership, such as it is, of the House régime, which is now given over entirely to the policies of the Democratic Executive. They get results for the Administration bills with speed and competence, if not with decorum.

Chief among them is Representative Joseph W. Byrns, of South Carolina, who also is chairman of the majority. Curiously enough, both he and Speaker Rainey are among those members of Congress who in their biographical sketches in the Congressional Record fail to give their ages. He must be considerably younger than Speaker Rainey, who is in the seventies, and was first elected to the Sixty-first Congress and to all succeeding. This gives him thirteen consecutive terms, a record. He is a tall, portly, gaunt man with a bulging head and choleric light-gray eyes; he has both ability and experience, though these days there is likely to be little chance for the leader to make either of those qualities count.

Probably the next most conspicuous in Representative John McDuffie, of Alabama, who has served eight consecutive terms since the 1920's. Mr. McDuffie is about fifty. He is a great friend of Vice President Garner and of Lewis W. Douglas, who was in the House for several terms before he became Director of the Budget. There were a good many McDuffies here, but the present Mr. McDuffie is to be Speaker, and he probably would have been if it had not been for the Tammany delegation and certain outside influences which stood against his election. In fact, he and even Mr. McKittrick, who is one of the best qualified men in the House, were a good many, too, who would have liked to see him floor leader in place of Mr. Byrns. As it is, Mr. McDuffie is one of the really important House leaders. He is in close touch with the White House and cooperates with the White House in securing results.

"My Favorite Progressive"

A THIRD figure of importance in the House organization, without whom it would be much more difficult for it to function, is Representative Sam M. Johnson, of Texas, also in his early fifties, and who has been in the House for eleven consecutive terms. He is another of the close friends of the Vice President. He knows and understands the workings of the House of Representatives as few men now remaining there do. I recollect that when my husband used to talk to me about his colleagues on the Democratic side, he often said, "Mr. Johnson, along with Jack Garner, John McDonald and Charlie Crisp, as for whom he had a real personal affection, and for whose ability and integrity he had the highest regard." Mr. Johnson, unfortunately, is no longer in the House, as he ran for the Senate in 1932, losing the race to the present junior senator from Georgia, Mr. Russell.

The Republicans of this House number only seven, and are so overwhelmed by the Democratic majority that they are wholly ineffectual. Their voices are lost in the affirmative Administration chorus. Yet there are among them several whose names are well known, and probably more numerous than any of them Democrat except possibly the Speaker. For instance, Mr. Bertrand H. Snell, the official minority leader. For many years, when the House was controlled by the Republicans, Mr. Snell was one of the white leaders of the majority. He was chairman of the Rules

Committee, was conspicuous in the so-called "Long-winded machine," and in 1932 was permanent chairman of the Republican National Convention. His selection by the Republican caucus as minority leader was a natural one, to which he was clearly entitled. But Snell is a genial, cordial, amiable New York politician, a regular of regulars. According to the formula of so-called humor which consists in calling things by their opposites, I always tell him that he is my "favorite progressive," rather than what I call the "Frosty One," the grim-faced man in the White House! Politics is his second nature. He is never flustered, is highly resourceful, knows every trick and trade of politics, so well does he know it, and provided it is his rule, as it is, he is the logical successor of Reed, Cannon, Mann, Hepburn; as canny as they come. Mr. Snell has made an acceptable leader. In these circumstances, his authority is reduced to shadowy impotence, he does quite as well as anyone could do.

Squire Wadsworth

ANOTHER really experienced member of the minority is Robert Low Bacon. There are few better liked men in Congress than Mr. Bacon, who comes straight through from the first New York district. He is rapidly becoming one of the veteran Republican members. When and if that party regains control of the House, he is committee and a power to be reckoned with. He is a man of the big committees and a power because he seems to be unbeatable in his district. In 1932, perhaps inspired by the example of Vincent Astor, who also for the first time evinced interest in politics, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, who, as a family known for its fabulous wealth, was fired with political ambition and became the Democratic candidate against Mr. Bacon. However, despite the tremendous popularity of Mr. Whitney, he did not beat him, but became him by his own majority. In such a landslide, with Republicans everywhere losing normal Republican districts, that victory must be regarded as noteworthy.

Among the first-term Republicans in this session is James W. Wadsworth, of New York. Mr. Wadsworth is new to the House but not to the country. He was, as will be recalled, a member of the New York legislature, and made a real contribution by being one of the pioneers in opposition to the prohibition amendment, which he fought unsuccessfully and unflinchingly, both while a legislator and while returning to practice law. There was a time when he was conspicuously mentioned as a possible Republican nominee for President. If he had not been defeated for reelection in 1932, he might easily have become a member of the Roosevelt team. Mr. Hoover, whom none of the politicians wanted. Of course, what defeated Mr. Wadsworth for the Senate were the drys. He had the hard luck to be ahead of his time. His retirement from politics in 1932 as a non-contingent candidate for 1932 was a political blunder, for Congress stirred considerable interest, and his presence in the House undoubtedly raises the average as to intelligence and character. In the Senate, as chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, Mr. Wadsworth's job was to handle the semi-bills on the floor. The skill and patience and clarity with which he answered questions, met objections and got the measure passed was a technical achievement of infinite pleasure to follow the debate from the gallery, as I always used to do. He has not, of course, been conspicuous at this session. No Republican can be. But when the time comes to listen to something besides doggerel, it is likely that Mr. Wadsworth will be one of those to whom we

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SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC CLOCKS

shall give heed. At any rate, he is someone always to be reckoned with in the political picture. In private life, Jim Wadsworth besides being as much a member of the squirearchy as the President himself, is a practical farmer; a true "fifth father," as it were, to a herd and a raider of livestock. His roots are deep in the land where his ancestors have lived and farmed for generations before him.

A Republican of really national reputation is James M. Beck, of Pennsylvania, who served Congress during Harding and Coolidge from 1921 to 1925, and is now in his fourth congressional term. He is undoubtedly one of the greatest constitutional lawyers in the country, and has been a constant and determined defender of the Constitution in or out of politics, against the New Deal encroachments. Except for Ogden Mills, he has made perhaps the most comprehensive and courageous stand against the progressive program. His intellect and ability are outstanding, and his presence in the House adds greatly to its dignity. He is as deeply sincere in his convictions and as explicit and unaffected in expressing them as Carl Gutzlaff.

There are scores of other men in the House of real individuality and capacity; men like William B. Blandford, of Alabama; Edward F. Pou, of North Carolina, chairman of Committee on Rules and senior member of the House; Loring M. Black Jr., of New York; Robert L. Doughton, of North Carolina, chairman of the important Ways and Means Committee; Harry C. Canfield, of Alabama, chairman of Banking and Currency; Edgar Howard, of Nebraska, a picturesque figure who dates from the time of William Jennings Bryan; these and a host of others are found on the Democratic side.

Among Republican stalwarts, "Ice" Bacharach, of New Jersey, is high in the minority councils; Frederick R. Leibach, also of New Jersey; Allen T. Trewhiddle, of Connecticut; John E. Coffey, of Massachusetts, are all ranking minority members, as is Hamilton Fish Jr., of New York.

But no piece about the House of Representatives should be written without mention of that unique character, George Holden Tinkham, of Massachusetts. Big-game hunter, author of prolation and internationalism, short of stature, with a belligerent manner, he is a man of many parts. He has a strength with the people of his Boston district that makes it possible for him to be elected even when he does not get back from his travels in far parts of the world in time to vote for himself. He is a character to whom no ordinary political rules apply.

Country Lover

BY FRANCES M. FROST

IN MY country the circling days move slowly
From friz to dusk, and the pulse of the heart is slow.
Sky is a thing of intimate, wild weather,
Gusty with rain or leaping mouth with snow.
In my country the feet of men move slowly
Down scurrying roads; their shoulders, turned to brown,
Swing in the long scythe harvest of bending grasses.
They walk with wind and hills when other men do.
And there is quiet in their stride and silence
In naked throats and dew upon their hair.
In my country there is room for darkness
And the pace of Time on hills rock-scoured and bare.
And only the seasons shifting in the sky
Mark the years wherein a life goes by.

DAINTY HELEN QUITS THE RAZOR

No More Bristly Hair On Her Arms



NOW! Actually Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

No Masculine Stubble—No Stiff Re-growth

Modern science has at last found a way to actually GET RID of arm and leg hair. A way that forever banishes the bristly regrowth that follows the razor, electric shaver, depilatory, or wax. That preserves her charm and allure; and that men shrink from when they feel it on a woman's skin.

This new way is called **NEET**; an exquisite toilet accessory. All you do is sponge on like a cold cream; then rinse it off with clear water. That's all! Every

wiggle of hair growth rinses off with it. No stubble. No sharp regrowth. The hair is so completely gone that you can run your hand across your arm or leg and not feel a hair left on.

Women by tens of thousands are using **NEET**. Ending the arm and leg hair problem once and for all. Making hair delicate and unattractive stubble. You can get a tube for a few cents at any drug or toilet goods counter. Just ask for **NEET**. It's really marvelous.

WANT MONEY?



For that dress
whose lines are
"just right?"
For trips, a
little treat, a
permanent
wave?

WE'LL tell you how to
earn "luxury money" or
necessary dollars—easily!
Everything you'll need (free,
of course) will be sent in re-
sponse to a card or note from
you. Address:

Manager of *The Girls' Club*
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
386 Independence Square
Philadelphia Pennsylvania

KNITTING WOOL NEW NOVELTY
SOFT & FREEZING MID SEASIDE
COLONIAL YARN HOUSE, 1221-B Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

PRUNING
for
Vigorous Growth
Glorious Bloom
Pruning Guide
FREE
Wm. Ellsworth & Sons, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo., Philadelphia
Write for it today!

STIRIZOL used for Feminine Hygiene
will soothe irritations, reduce
inflammation and promote healing, without
burning delicate tissues. Red, non-toxic, eco-
nomical, pleasant and easy to use. At Drug Stores.

Your Iron Fairly Glides!

ELASTIC STARCH



This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to the starch and stir until it thickens. Then add the starch to the starching creel, no boiling required. Ends starching time. Elastic starch is safe and has no objectionable odors.

TRY THIS FREE
THE HUBINGER CO., No. 740, Kockus, Iowa.
Your free sample of **QUICK PLATE**, plastic,
and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

THE MOVIE PROBLEM

PART I

THE COMMUNITY FORUM

EDITED BY CATHARINE OGLESBY



The movie's place in the community is larger and like that of a problem child in the home. It can be so wonderfully good, and so amazingly bad. But what to do?

At the many conventions which I attend, at the many visits which I make to clubs and organizations of interested, puzzled and heated discussion. And when I visit Hollywood to view movies at their chief source of production, I hear the producers speaking of these same groups with no less interest, wonderment and vim.

In surveying the situation, it seems that the problem movie is being given two methods of treatment. There is one group which is seeking connection through information, another which is seeking to stop it.

In an endeavor to present these treatment methods of the movie problem, I have invited Catharine Cook Gilman, chairman of the Motion Picture Committee of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, and Mrs. A. F. Burt, chairman of the Better Films Council of St. Louis and St. Louis County, Missouri, and originator of the Family Night Program, to discuss their plans. Mrs. Burt's story follows.

A BETTER FILMS COUNCIL AT WORK

In 1929 I was appointed state chairman of the Committee on Motion Pictures for the Missouri Federation of Women's Clubs. Prior to that time there had been no concerted effort by the clubwomen of St. Louis for cleaner pictures and advertising. In the autumn of 1929, the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America selected twenty key cities and listed the percentage of pictures shown in those cities recommended by previewing groups. It was found that St. Louis was at the bottom of the list. The percentage of indorsed films running all the way from 98 per cent in Beloit, Wisconsin, to 40 per cent in St. Louis, Missouri. Another survey was made of the states to determine how many theaters were booking selected programs for children. It was discovered that New York ranked first, Pennsylvania second, Georgia and Florida third, while Missouri was at the bottom of the list. The advertising in St. Louis was the lowest in the most populous in the United States. After studying the situation, I decided that the Eighth District Federation of Women's Clubs could hardly make a dent in dealing with the industry; but that joint action would be the most influential.

On October 6, 1930, I called together the presidents of the high school and college groups of women in St. Louis and St. Louis County to discuss our motion-picture problems. As a result of that meeting, the Better Films Council of St. Louis and St. Louis County was organized in

December, 1930. Since that time various other organizations of women have joined in the movement, until at the present time the following organizations are members of the council:

The Board of Religious Organizations, Catholic Alumnae Child Conservation Conference, College Club of St. Louis, Conference of Jewish Women, Eighth District Federation of Women's Clubs, Federation of Community Councils of Parents and Teachers, League of St. Louis Council of Parents Teachers, St. Louis Tercentenary Shakespeare Society, War Mothers, Wednesday Club of St. Louis, Women's Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis, Women's Christian Temperance Union of St. Louis, Joint Council of Women's Auxiliaries to Trade Unions, Delphian Council of St. Louis, Ladies' Auxiliary to 12th Engineers, Hospital Hill Parents and Teachers' Patrolmen, Alpha Omicron Pi; today these groups have a membership of 75,000; today their membership is 250,000 women.

Through the Better Films Council, the above-named organizations are participating in the movement to exert a decided influence on the character of films shown in our community. To frame the work of the Better Films Council, we have chosen two main objectives: The first, negative criticism and force; the second, cooperation, persuasion and a constructive program. We chose the second, cooperation with independence. By cooperation we mean the intelligent attempt to use the motion-picture industry, through its organized agencies, for the purpose of developing facilities which will be available to us to exert a direct influence on pictures at the box office.

It is our belief that the producer, critic and public all have a part to play in elevating the general standard of motion-picture entertainment. We also believe that it is the duty of the community, with the cooperation of the theater management, to work for the betterment of motion pictures.

Many of the better and finer pictures that come to our community are not given the support that is necessary to encourage theater management to bring more of that type to us, and the Better Films Council, through the component organizations, is endeavoring to create a demand from the public for better and finer pictures.

The influence of the whole movement was immediately apparent. The indorsed picture programs so far as Friday night would be a night of itself, rather than one night on a three-day showing of a picture, in order to emphasize the Friday Family Night programs.

At the request of a theater owner, in one section of the city where the theater patronage is mostly foreign, the council has asked the Americanization chairman of the section to advise the mothers as to what pictures to send their children to see.

A recent check-up on the Friday Family Night programs shows, out of fifty-one neighborhood theaters exhibiting

eighty-six feature pictures, only four questionable pictures were shown. In order to help the theater owner select his programs for Friday Night, advisory committees of three members, representing the Better Films Council, are formed for each neighborhood theater.

Mrs. Lay, chairman of Short-Subject Films, and her committee have previewed short subjects and stage shows that have been given with outstanding or recommended pictures.

On April 11, 1933, the St. Louis Council invited a program of short subjects for the council, and reported a juvenile attendance never equalled at a first-run theater in St. Louis. The council was invited to attend a private showing of *Skippy* to criticize the stage show that was to accompany it. The show was reported excellent and the attendance was so large the program was held over at another first-run theater the second week. The same procedure was followed with *The Millionaire*, and the council invited a preview during the preview of the picture and the first showing to check up on the stage show. This program was reported excellent.

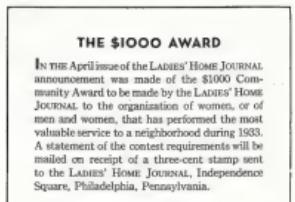
The council was asked to preview the short subjects to be shown with Abraham Lincoln. One change was requested by the council. This superb epic of the screen faltered at the box office, but the support given by the combined groups represented in the council was unmistakably apparent.

THE LAST BECOMES FIRST

The manager of another theater invited the council to a private showing of *The Great Meadow*. The feature shown with this picture on a double-feature program was not recommended; but as the manager, on such short notice, was unable to secure another feature, no protest was made, only regret was felt that the council members were unable to give publicity to the beautiful picture, *The Great Meadow*, magnificently produced.

After a letter to the Better Films Council was written in 1932 and 1933 reports showed that we have brought St. Louis from last place on the percentage list of indorsed pictures to the equal of any city in the United States. We have also been instrumental in bringing St. Louis from last place on the list of selective programs for children to the first and most honored position, and the advertising is as clean as that in any city in the United States, if not the cleanest. After the advertisement of the Friday Family Night program, as the result of our organized efforts, it was presented to the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America in convention and adopted by resolution, and is now being carried out in a large number of towns and cities throughout the country.

Next month the Community Forum will present the opinions of Catharine Cook Gilman, chairman of the Motion Picture Committee, National Congress of Parents and Teachers.



THE \$1000 AWARD

IN the April issue of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL announcement was made of the \$1000 Community Award to be made by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to the organization of women, or of men and women, that has performed the most valuable service to a neighborhood during 1933. A statement of the contest requirements will be mailed on receipt of a three-cent stamp sent to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Presenting two new 1934 GE REFRIGERATORS

Now distinguished style joins matchless mechanism



LONG THE OUTSTANDING LEADERS in mechanical performance, General Electric refrigerators now offer you new brilliant beauty in modern styling. You will instantly recognize in these de luxe models the most attractive cabinet designs ever presented in electric refrigerators. Aristocrats of style, they are winning the enthusiastic plaudits of the most discriminating buyers.

Take Your Choice!

Within the smooth gleaming walls of the beautiful new Monitor Top is the same famous sealed-into-steel mechanism that made refrigerator history. Its record of dependable refrigeration service at lowest cost is unparalleled. Built for a lifetime . . . requiring no attention, not even oiling . . . the distinctive G-E Monitor Top is universally recognized as the Standard of Excellence.

The new de luxe G-E flat top model steps far ahead of all conventional type refrigerators. Smartest in style . . . finest in cabinet appointments . . . it will lend a new modern note to your kitchen. Here's new beauty of design, convenience features and performance capacity to be found in no other popular-priced model.

See these style leaders at your General Electric refrigerator dealer's, and also note the complete line of standard G-E Monitor Top and flat top models . . . a size and price to meet every requirement.

GENERAL ELECTRIC FEATURES

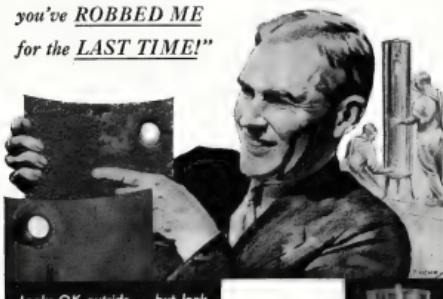
- Mechanism so quiet in operation you can scarcely hear it. • Uses less current. • Sturdy all-steel cabinets with gleaming white enamel exterior, or gleaming porcelain both inside and out.
- Sliding shelves, adjustable in height. • Stainless steel freezing chamber, cannot chip or rust, freezes more ice faster. • Convenient temperature control for fast or slow freezing, refrigeration uninterrupted during defrosting. • Automatic interior lighting illuminates entire interior when door opens. • Auxiliary foot-pedal door opener. • New modern hardware. • De luxe Monitor Top models completely equipped with covered glass food containers, chiller tray and vegetable pan.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

For your nearest dealer see "Refrigeration Electric" in the classified pages of your telephone book. General Electric Company, Specialty Appliance Sales Dept., Section J-5, Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

"Goodbye, RUST.."

*you've ROBBED ME
for the LAST TIME!"*



Looks OK outside... but look
what's inside after 20 months—

*Outer wall of an especially
rusty tank from a "poor under" region.
Cut open for inspection.*

WHEN rust eats its way through your hot water tank, you're forced to do one thing: take out the tank.

But you are not forced to put in its place another tank equally vulnerable to rust.

You can escape the cost and irritation of later replacements by choosing a tank eternally proof against rust... a tank of Monel Metal.

Clean Metal . . .

Clean Water

This Nickel alloy resists corrosion from every water-borne source. It produces no metal-caused dregs to contaminate your hot water for cooking, defile your bath, or stain your treasured linens.

Instead, you have the comfortable knowledge that the *inside* of your Monel Metal tank... like its *outside*... is as gleamingly clean as polished silver.

Replace your tank for the last time. Your plumber is ready to give you an estimate of the price of a

*Sound outside... Sound inside
for 20 years... Guarantee*



Monel Metal tank installed, based on the size you need. You'll find the cost decidedly reasonable.

Monel is the same beautiful metal that is preferred in modern kitchens for sinks, cabinet tops, tables, and range tops.

It is the same metal used in *Kitchens of the Future* at the Century of Progress and in model kitchens the country over. You've probably seen it featured in special displays at your favorite department store. Mail the coupon below for complete information.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
1 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

Monel Metal

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 1 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

- Please send information on:
- Monel Metal Hot Water Tanks and Autoregio Gas Storage Heaters.
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Just a new sweater, a bright-colored hat, gay scarf or gloves will lift your heart like a song! Do you sew? There are many ideas in the Paris Portfolio, of ways to give new dress the Paris touch. And if you're the type who doesn't like to sew, there are directions for buying things to buy. And if you know how to plan, you can manage a new thing or two—though we mustn't get started talking about planning or we'll talk on and on. But whatever you do, have something new!

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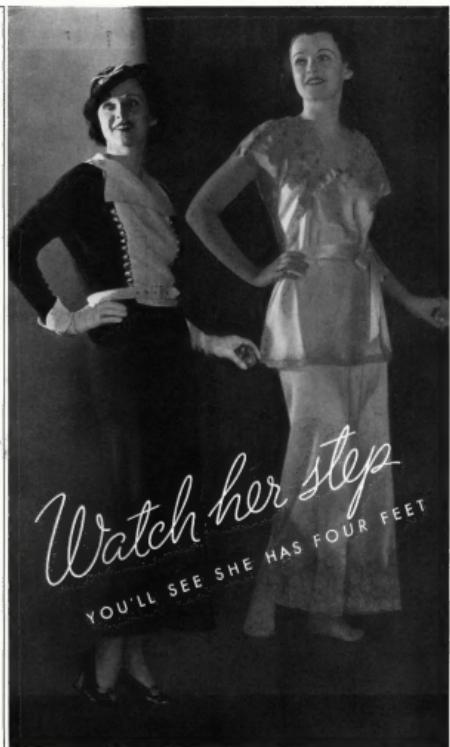
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